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MY TRAVELS.

A

SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS

WITH A YOUNGER SISTER.

APTER RETURNING

**FROM JOURNEYS IN FRANCE, ITALY, MALTA,
AND TURKEY.**

JW

WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford Street.





SANTA SOPHIA.

Europe
e.

MY TRAVELS.



BUYUKDERE.

LONDON:

F. WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS,
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1837.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following chapters consist of extracts taken from a journal kept during a tour I made through parts of France, Italy, and Malta, to Constantinople, in the beginning of the year 1831 ; and on my voyage home to England, in the summer of 1832, by long-sea. I have described the towns, the different places of interest, and the scenery, as they struck me when I visited them ; and the questions in the dialogue are almost the same as those I asked at the time. The historic remarks have been carefully gathered from books of established authority. Both the history and geography were written with a view to render this little work instructive as well as amusing. I have also made use of the information of travellers more experienced than myself, and

whose observations I thought more judicious than my own remarks on the same subjects; among others, I may mention "Italy and Italian Literature," by C. Herbert; "Tour through Switzerland and Italy," by W. Thomson; and "Boyd's Guide through Italy."

I trust it will be seen that I have spared no pains to render the book as attractive as possible. There are but few anecdotes and no fiction; the details are facts which I saw and observed on the spot. I have only to hope that my young readers will find as much pleasure in perusing my tour, as I did in making it.

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MY TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

Calais—French Diligence—Boulogne—Abbeville—Paris
—Dijon—Lyons—Geneva—Chamberi.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. DEAR Sister, I am so glad you have returned home again. And now I want you to tell me all you have seen, for I am sure you must have met with many strange things.

Ellen. Indeed, Mary, I have seen many cities and countries since I last parted from you ; and I have been amongst people, whose manners and customs are very different from those you live with. I shall be most happy to answer all your queries, my dear girl.

M. Thank you, Ellen : you know I must wish to learn particulars about the places from whence you brought all those curious things. I think the first city you visited was Paris ?

E. Yes, I crossed over from Dover to Calais, and from thence I went in a diligence to Paris.

M. What sort of a vehicle is a diligence? is it like our stage-coaches?

E. No, but it is not unlike an omnibus. A “Diligence” is a very long carriage, divided into three parts. In the “Rotonde,” which is the hindmost, the seats are placed sideways, like those in an omnibus. “L’Intérieur” is the middle, and similar to a common carriage. The “Coupé” is the front, and has only one seat, facing the horses, and commanding a good view of the country, it having windows at three sides. This machine is drawn by *five* horses, three first and two behind; the harness consists of chains or cords, but very seldom of leather. The two postilions look very picturesque, being usually dressed in jackets made of skins. They wear enormous boots, which they leave hanging at the sides of the horses whenever they get down. “Monsieur le conducteur” sits immediately outside the coupé, where the driver’s seat would be in an English coach; but there is no such thing in a French diligence. “Monsieur” is the principal person about the diligence: he pays the postilions, provides the dinners, and takes care of the luggage, and he is paid by the traveller as soon as he arrives at his destination. When a diligence is leaving a town, it is amusing the fuss the postilions make; they have a short whip handle with a long lash, which they hold perpendicularly above their head, and

by a dexterous twisting of the wrist, crack it so as to make a sound like a succession of pistol shots. Between this noise, and the heavy machine rumbling over the ill-paved streets, the clamour is astounding.

M. A French diligence must indeed be a curious sight to one accustomed to our English coaches. What towns did you pass through on your way to Paris?

E. We first stopped at Boulogne. You may remember that it was in the harbour of Boulogne that Julius Cæsar moored his fleet, ready to sail to England. But just after they were anchored, the Romans were quite astonished and terrified to see the tide go out, and leave their ships on dry land. You know there is no ebb and flow in the Mediterranean, and as they had never seen it before, they thought it was something supernatural. But their fears were allayed, when, in a couple of hours, the water returned again, and they found it was only a regular flux and reflux of the ocean. The people living at Boulogne, and along the adjacent coast, were supposed, before the discovery of Britain, to be the "*Ultimi hominum*," the remotest of mankind. The next town we came to was Abbeville. Abbeville is in some measure a frontier town, strongly walled and fortified. We arrived at night; the gates were locked, and the drawbridge up; and

it was necessary to let down the one, and open the other, before we could proceed. This was done with a great deal of noise and ceremony ; at the gate some soldiers only, I think, half awake with red night-caps on, came to us with a lighted lantern, examined our passports, and looked at each of us in the face ; after undergoing this scrutiny we were allowed to pass on. The last town of note we went through was Beauvais ; famous for its cathedral that the English had begun to build when the town was in their possession, in the reign of our Henry VI. But the French retook it before the church was finished, and it still remains only half completed. About eight o'clock at night we entered Paris.

M. How is Paris lighted ? with gas, like London ?

E. No indeed ; but with oil lamps, suspended on the middle of a cord, that reaches from one side of the street to the other. After being used to the brilliant lights of London, these lamps appeared very dark and dismal. And now I want you to tell me, Mary, on what river Paris is built ? and also look out in your Ancient Atlas, and find its former name.

M. Paris is built on the river Seine ; and its ancient name was Lutetia.

E. Quite right, my dear. But it was not always the fine large city it now is. It formerly

was confined to a small island in the middle of the river, which was named by the first French, “Ile de France;” when the town was afterwards enlarged, they gave that name to the province which surrounds the present city. Can you tell me anything of the history of Paris?

M. Paris is such an ancient city that it is not known who was its first founder. Julius Cæsar fortified and embellished the town of Lutetia when he conquered Gaul. Julian the Apostate also resided there for some time. Clovis, king of the Franks, crossed over from Germany in 486, and making himself master of all the country lying between the Rhine and the Loire, he gave it the name of “France.” Childebert, his third son, became king of Paris, which was willed to him on the division of the kingdom at the death of Clovis. Some time after Paris was joined to the other kingdoms, France was governed by one monarch, and this city became the capital.

E. The history of Paris from thenceforward is mingled with that of France. The “Ile de France” is joined to the main land by a curious old bridge, called the “Pont Neuf,” which, though it stretches from one side of the Seine to the other, in the middle rests on the island. This bridge is like a street, having little stalls at either side of it, and a great number of basket-people selling small wares. On the centre is the cele-

brated statue of Henri IV., king of France, the first of the race of Bourbons : he finished this bridge in the year 1609. On the island is the venerable edifice, called the church of "Notre Dame," so ancient that the date of the first building is not known ; but it is probable it was founded by Clovis when he became a Christian.

M. You went I suppose, dear Ellen, to see the gallery of the Louvre, and the other public places in Paris, described in the "View of Paris" which you gave me the other day ?

E. Yes. I was very much pleased with the sights of Paris ; the public walks attracted my attention, particularly the garden of the "Tuilleries," which is ornamented with statues, and "jets d'eau." Tuile means a tile, and this grand place is so called, because it was originally a tile maker's yard. But it was the winter season when I visited these gardens, so I did not see them in their beauty ; indeed, they looked very desolate, the leafless branches of the trees covered with frost ; the ponds frozen over ; and, what I did not expect to witness in the latitude of Paris, people skating on them.

M. Is it coal or wood that is burned on the continent ?

E. Always wood ; but charcoal is used for cooking. The wood is piled across two iron rests, called *dogs*, I suppose from the brass ornaments

that are usually on the fronts of them. These dogs are placed in the open space where we should have a fire-grate. On the whole it is not unlike the manner in which our cottagers burn their wood fires.

M. A room heated in that way must be nice and warm ; I know to sit by a wood-fire in a cottage is delightful of a cold evening.

E. So it is. But the rooms in Paris are very lofty, and the floors are tiled instead of being boarded ; the side-tables also are covered with marble slabs ; all very delightful of a Parisian summer's day, but rather too cool for Christmas time.

M. Are not the French people much livelier and gayer than we are ?

E. They are proverbial for their gaiety and love of amusement : a new opera, it is said, will sometimes give rise to, and sometimes stop, a revolution.

M. Did you meet with any person of note in Paris ? I have heard Papa say, he never went there yet, but he was sure to be in company with some literary or otherwise distinguished character.

E. There is always distinguished company at Paris ; but I remained too short a time to meet with any of them. We took a peep into Galignani's reading-rooms. Galignani you must have heard of ; he has published a newspaper, which

is circulated all over the continent, indeed, I may say, the world. We also went to visit Monsieur Lechevalier. It is to this gentleman that the curious reader of Homer owes the discovery of the tombs of Ajax, Achilles, and Patroclus, on the plains of Troy. Monsieur Lechevalier visited these plains with a Homer in his hand, and comparing the text of the poet with the actual appearance of the surrounding country, he enthusiastically admired the correctness of the description, and refuted all that modern critics have written against the authenticity of the Iliad. The two learned works which Monsieur Lechevalier has published, and the great number of difficulties he has elucidated in the study of antiquities, have raised him to a distinguished rank among travellers and antiquaries. But though such a great man, he appeared to me quite unaffected and simple. He was sitting in his dressing-gown, in a large and rather ill-furnished room. He kindly placed me sitting next him, and showed me some pet rabbits that he had; and I am ashamed to say, I was more attentive to his little favourites, and to his account of them, which he good-humouredly told me, than to the learned discourse he held with the gentlemen about Troy. We left his house much gratified with our visit to the kind old gentleman, thinking how true genius always despises affectation and pedantry.

M. After seeing everything in Paris, where then did you proceed to ?

E. We took our places in another diligence for Dijon ; which is——What ?

M. The capital of Burgundy. Oh ! now you were in the land of vineyards.

E. Yes, indeed we were. But not, I think, such vineyards as you imagine, which are, if I am not mistaken, indescribable trellised walks, covered with vines, the bunches of grapes hanging ready for us to pluck them as we passed. The vineyards of Burgundy are far different. They are large fields on the sides of the hills ; and the vines, at the season when we passed, which you must remember was winter, looked like sticks placed in the ground as marks. But in autumn, I am told they appear quite beautiful ; the long branches that these sticks shoot out, are fastened to poles, and the hills look like one green slope, the grapes hanging down in the greatest luxuriance.

M. That must be quite as beautiful as my idea, perhaps more so. What sort of a town is Dijon ?

E. It is, for a French country town, remarkably clean and neat ; the places most worth looking at, are, the town-hall, which, with the square in front of it, is the chief ornament of the place, and the wing, which is still preserved, of the

palace, where the warlike princes of the Dukedom of Burgundy once lodged. Dijon, you know, was the birth-place of the French naturalist Buffon. From this town we proceeded on to Chalons. On what river is it situated ?

M. On the river Saone, at the mouth of the canal which unites that river with the Loire.

E. Yes, dear. Here we left our diligence, and slept for the night. We had travelled day and night in the coupé, and though in the pleasantest part of the carriage, I felt very much fatigued, and was glad to leave it, and exchange it for some other mode of conveyance.

M. Oh ! indeed, I am sure you were very much tired. I remember when going to see Grand-mamma, I had to sleep one night in the coach, and I was delighted to go to bed early next evening to rest myself. How fatigued you must have been sleeping three nights in such a manner !

E. As tired as I was, I had to rise the next morning before five o'clock, to be in time for the steam-packet, in which we were going to Lyons. We had a beautiful sail down the Saone : there are high hills on each side of the river ; these were covered with verdure ; in some places a forest of trees, with an old chateau perched on the top of a hill, looked quite romantic. We passed the town of Macon, famous for its wine. Whenever we approached a place, there was a bell rung,

and if there were any passengers, a boat would come out to us. There are some fine suspension-bridges over the Saone, but not high enough for us to pass under without lowering, not our masts, but the unsentimental chimney.

M. Did you like Lyons as well as Dijon ? I believe it is a much larger town.

E. Lyons is the great silk manufactory of France, as Manchester is that of cotton in England. It is surrounded by a beautiful country, and is considered the second town in France. It contains some handsome buildings, the finest, without exception, being the "Hotel Dieu," which is more like a grand palace than a common hospital; but unfortunately the day we stopt at Lyons was wet, and the weather caused me to have rather an unfavourable impression of the beauty of the town. Where is Lyons built?

M. It is situated at the junction of the Rhone and the Saone: both rivers meet here, and running southward fall into the Mediterranean near Marseilles. Lyons, I find, was anciently called Lugdunum.

E. So it was. It was the scene of many a sanguinary conflict during the Roman Commonwealth; and also under the Emperors was made memorable by the dreadful slaughter of its Christian inhabitants, headed by the martyr Pothinus.

M. Oh ! all the misery the poor Christians

suffered in early times ! Did you continue to sail down the Rhone ?

E. No, we took our places in another diligence for Geneva. On our way we passed the curious phenomenon called the "Perte du Rhône." It happens near the small village of Coupy. The Rhone, you know, rises in the snowy mountains of the Canton of Uri, and, flowing through the Lake of Geneva, dashes over rocks, and through ravines, gradually increasing in size until it meets the Saone at Lyons. At the "Perte du Rhône" the river is seen running in a ravine, when it is unexpectedly stopped by rocks ; instead of flowing round them, it rushes down an aperture, and is suddenly lost. No one has ever yet discovered the depth of the cavity into which it falls, and nothing thrown in ever appears again ; though the river, having been hidden for a considerable space, as suddenly appears flowing on quietly in its course.

M. How very curious that is ; how I should like to penetrate the mystery ! Was it a wild place ?

E. Very wild, quite Alpine scenery ; rugged rocks and shattered mountain-trees ; the village also had a wild look ; the people were small ; and everything denoted we were coming into, now cold and bleak, though often beautiful and romantic, Switzerland. The fields soon became covered

with snow. We saw Mont Jura's snow-clad hills ; and as we approached Geneva, the white peak of Mont Blanc towering above the other Alps in solitary grandeur. We came to Geneva in the evening, and having shown our passports, and obtained leave to enter through the strongly-barred gates and well-guarded drawbridges of this frontier town, we arrived at the hotel, and were very glad, I assure you, to have a good wood fire piled up, as we found it very cold. But what other weather was I to expect at Geneva in winter ? Tell me now, Mary, the geography, and, if you can, the history of this town.

M. Geneva is built on the Lake of Geneva, which was anciently called *Lacus Lemanus*. The origin of the town of Geneva is not known. Cæsar speaks of it as a walled town of the Allobroges, a Gaulic nation under the dominion of the Romans. It was destroyed by fire in the third century of the Christian era, but was rebuilt by the Emperor Aurelian, whose name it bore for some time. In the wars between the Franks and Burgundians, in the time of Clovis, it was again ruined, and almost every vestige of Roman industry or arms obliterated. In 426 it was incorporated into the first kingdom of Burgundy. From that time it underwent many revolutions, and finally became the property of the Counts of Savoy.

E. Even then Geneva had not rest ; it re-

belled, and revolution followed revolution, until, in the year 1815, the Genevese were admitted into the Swiss confederation.

M. Is Geneva a pretty town? The surrounding scenery, I believe, is very fine.

E. It is a very romantic-looking town, divided by the Rhone into two unequal parts. Nothing, in fact, can be more striking or beautiful than the situation of Geneva and its blue lake, the lovely Leman. The town is bounded by the range of Mount Jura, forming an amphitheatre round it. It is also a curiously built place; some of the houses, particularly those on the Boulevards, are six stories high, with projecting roofs, like the portico of a church; others are under arches, some ten yards long: the upper part of the town, however, contains some handsome buildings. I saw here a very curious kind of carriage. It was exactly like the half of an Irish outside jaunting-car, having only one seat, on which the persons sat sideways, and a driver's place facing the horse. You may remember it was at Geneva Calvin, the founder of the Calvinist reformers, first preached, and there he also died. I expected to have seen the Genevese very strict; but they dance and sing on a Sunday evening, like their neighbours the French, though I found the hotels much more cleanly. Geneva has been the birth-place of many celebrated men, such as Rous-

seau, Necker, and others. Voltaire, also, the celebrated French writer, resided near this town, at a small village called Ferney. I should have liked very much to have gone to see his house, which is still preserved there, as well as the furniture of his rooms, but we had not time, as we were obliged to hasten into Italy.

M. Is it not at Geneva they make those beautiful little watches, one of which you brought home?

E. Yes, it is ; but the artificer would not let us into his workshop ; I suppose for fear we should learn the art of making them ourselves.

M. Is the water of the Lake of Geneva clear or muddy ?

E. It is so very pellucid, that when sailing on it, we could see the bottom. It is curious that, as we rowed towards the town, we could easily trace the dark blue waters of the Rhone, not mixing with, but flowing separate through the lake. Lake Leman is very deep, and never frozen over.

M. Where did you go from Geneva ?

E. We went to Chamberi, the capital of Savoy. At Chab, the first town we came to, our trunks were examined ; for what, do you think ? to find if we had any revolutionary books. We passed over a beautiful romantic bridge, called the "Ponte Abbi," over the Chasont river. The deep glen, with the stream running through it,—the Swiss

cottages, with their curious projecting roofs, scattered about, not formed into a village;—altogether the scenery told us we had left the rich flat country of France. When we looked around us, and beheld the snowy mountains on all sides, in some places the snow being relieved by patches of the dark green pine; and at the side of the road, our Christmas rose and green hellebore in blossom, reminded us that, though not in Switzerland, still we were travelling on its borders. Chamberi is a large and improving town. How easy it is to know when you enter a truly Roman Catholic country! one of the first things that attracted my notice in Chamberi was an ill-painted image of the Blessed Virgin, in a niche of the wall, covered with a wire frame, a cross on the top, and a lamp burning before it. This was the first of those little shrines I had seen; but I afterwards found them in great numbers in all the towns, and at the sides of the roads of Italy. The Virgin and Child have usually a silver or gold tinsel crown fastened on each of their heads, which, to my eye, gave them a much more mean appearance than they otherwise might have had. The women also, at Chamberi, wore small crosses hung about their necks. In Savoy we got curious bread; it was made in long rolls, as narrow, and not unlike the tube of an Englishman's pipe; these tubes were porous, crisp, and as brittle as glass. Some

officers at the “table-d’hôte,” at Chamberi, told us they were made on purpose for people to suck up their wine through, and they set us the example by doing it themselves.

M. I cannot help laughing at the idea of getting a plate of tobacco-pipes to eat; though I think they must have been very good.

E. They were very nice indeed. At Chamberi we made preparations for crossing Mont Cenis. We hired a vettura, a vehicle exactly like a common coach. There were two Sardinian officers with us, which made it very pleasant, as they were company which we required on the dreary road we were going to travel. Our conductor, or vetturino, as that personage from hence-forward is to be called, was named Baptiste, who, though quite a young man, had often guided his vettura, full of company, across this pass of the Alps. But I think, my dear Mary, we had better defer our journey until to-morrow, and go and take a walk this lovely day.

CHAPTER II.

The Pass of Mont Cenis—The Hospice—The Bandits—
Arrival at Post-house—Susa—Turin.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. DEAR Sister, you promised me that you would tell me to-day of your journey across the Alps. I have got my work, and am longing for you to begin. We stopped yesterday at Chamberi.

Ellen. Well, Mary, I will keep you no longer in suspense, but re-commence my travels. On leaving Chamberi, we entered a frightful narrow valley, along the little river Arc. There were high precipices on either side, almost touching over our heads, only partially covered with snow, and the gorge we were in was so deep, or rather the mountains were so elevated, that there was no snow whatever on our path. We stopped at Aiguebelle, where the new road, constructed by “Napoléon le grand,” commences. The Alps were nearly impassable, and in winter all communication was cut off between Switzerland and Italy, until Napoleon, amongst his other excellent works, had two

splendid military roads planned, one over the Simplon, the other across Mont Cenis. In 1811, the Emperor commenced making the latter pass, and in less than six months the architect, the Cavalier Giovanni Fabbroni, with the command of three thousand workmen, finished the new passage. We slept at Aiguebelle, and at five o'clock next morning set out ; and ere this day was to close we hoped to cross the Alps. The valley of the Arc now became very wild ; the people were poor, diminutive creatures, all afflicted with that sad complaint the goitre, or swelling of the throat, and many of them apparently idiots. There were path-ways made on the almost perpendicular face of the mountain, which the peasants climbed up to cut wood for firing. A man then sat on his bundle of faggots, and another giving him a push, he went sliding down, guiding himself with his feet.

M. Oh ! what fun that was ; only I should have been afraid of the rocks.

E. I rather think the fear would greatly diminish the pleasure. We arrived in the middle of the day at St. Jean de Maurienne, situated in the high Alps ; from this to Lanslebourg was a continued rise, bounded on one side by a mountain, on the other by a torrent. At Lanslebourg, which is at the very foot of the pass, the carriage had to be placed on a sledge, as it had been snowing

three days previously, and no wheeled vehicle could ascend the mountain. And now we came into the region of snow. The mountain, at one side, was a white slope, while we had a deep precipice at the other, at the bottom of which there seemed to be nothing but dazzling drift. From the mountain we dreaded every moment that an avalanche, or detached mass of snow, would fall and overwhelm us; we dared hardly speak, and the carriage and mules made the least possible noise. It is said that the concussion of the air, caused by sound, hastens the fall of an avalanche. However that may be, we had a providential escape, for we heard that the next day a diligence was hurled down the precipice, and all the unfortunate passengers buried beneath an avalanche.

M. Oh! shocking! Oh, Ellen, how dangerous it was for you to travel such a road. How much it would have fretted us all at home had we known the horrors of the pass you were crossing.

E. When we arrived at the top, a sudden gust of wind overturned the carriage, and threw the mules on their fore-knees. Ah! if they had stirred, moved but one inch, we should all have been precipitated down the precipice, and found a grave in the snows beneath. The wind that was blowing on the top of the mountain, and of which we had encountered the first gust, is called a "tourment;" it drifts the snow in such

a manner as entirely to efface every trace of the road. We had not felt it on the Lanslebourg side of the mountain, as the height sheltered us, but now it opposed us with all its fury. With some difficulty we were dragged out of the carriage, and had to wade knee-deep in the snow. The sun was gleaming on us with insulting brightness, the sky around it was a deep black, which looked quite awful when contrasted with the dazzling white under our feet. This black sky is a curious phenomenon, often observed on the top of very high mountains : it arises from the air being so rarefied as not to be able to reflect the light, so that only the direct rays of the sun, or any other luminous body, come to the eye, while all the rest are lost,—so say the philosophers ; I only can tell you that the sight appeared to me very impressive : I cannot wonder at the superstitious people of former days being terror-struck on witnessing some of the phenomena of nature. As we toiled on to the Hospice, we met numbers of men clearing the drift off the road, so that it might be distinguished from the fields of snow around. The plateau on the summit of the pass was the most magnificent scene of solitary grandeur I ever witnessed. The Hospice, a large lonely monastery, erected, like that of San Bernard, for the benefit of distressed travellers, is built facing an extensive lake, which was entirely frozen over ; the whole plain was

surrounded by high white mountains, now tinged with brilliant and varying colours by the setting sun ; before us the sky had assumed an azure hue, which looked quite beautiful. At the Hospice the men and mules were refreshed, and we got some hot soup, which we all required after our cold walk. We were very anxious to arrive at the post before nightfall ; so, as soon as possible, we again started. The sun soon set, and the stars appeared, shining with a brilliancy I never before witnessed. As we were descending, we had to stop until above twenty pieces of ordnance passed us, transported on sledges from Piedmont to Savoy ; it looked quite romantic, and reminded me of Hannibal crossing the Alps, to see the soldiers in military array, on the tops of these mountains. You know, Mary, it is conjectured that it was over Mont Cenis that this great general marched his army when, having conquered Spain, he went to subdue Italy also. Again we began to move on, hoping soon to arrive at the post ; but the carriage stuck fast in the snow, and could not be extricated. Some men now came to us, whom we hailed as friends. On this part of the pass there are several houses scattered, and persons placed in them called *Cantoniers*, whose duty it is to assist travellers in distress, and lead them to some of these abodes of refuge. There is also a race of banditti who live on the mountains, and who, pretending to be *Cantoniers*, endeavour to

extort money from, and, if they can, plunder the traveller. It was these latter men who now came to us, and surrounding the carriage they tried to upset it, instead of, as we thought, extricating it. The muleteer came to the window, and in great terror told us what was the matter. The gentlemen put out their heads, then jumped out, and with drawn swords threatened to cut off the hand of the first man who touched the vettura. On hearing this, the bandits went away, muttering to themselves. The gentlemen then had to go and look for assistance, and I was left all alone. And now, dear Mary, only fancy me by myself in the carriage, dreading every moment the return of some of the banditti, and surrounded by a set of men scarcely less wild looking. I cannot describe to you my feelings ; I remember with terror the few moments I was alone on that wild mountain, the stars glittering in the dark sky over my head, wastes of snow around me, and a dreary solitude, only broken by the unintelligible calls of the guides, as they tried to move the vettura. However, the gentlemen soon returned, having fortunately procured a mule, and we arrived a short time after at the post, half-way down the mountain, humbly thanking Almighty God for having guarded us from all the dangers we had met with. Before I left home, you all used to jest with me about meeting with adventures ;

but crossing Mont Cenis in winter is one I should not at all like to encounter again.

M. Indeed, I do not wonder at your not wishing to meet with such another adventure. Crossing the Alps, I see, is too dangerous to laugh at, or be amusing. I was frightened, thinking that the banditti might have upset you, and, perhaps, plundered you. I suppose you suffered greatly from the cold?

E. Very much; I will give you an instance of its intensity. The snow had quite soaked through my travelling boots; the friend I was with, fearing I should catch cold, persuaded me to take off one, and put on what you would call a warmly-lined slipper. I suppose it was frozen, for the sensation it caused me to feel was that of being burned with a hot iron. The foot on which was the wet boot was only numbed; but that which had on the slipper was in torture; the pain did not leave it for weeks. One of the men who were guarding the cannon fell down dead, literally frozen to death with the cold.

M. The cold was indeed intense which would kill a soldier, inured as he is to bear all kinds of hardship, poor man; but I believe to be numbed to death, one feels as if they were falling asleep, so I have read. The pain in your foot must have been, though in a much greater degree,



BANDITTI.



like that which I have experienced, when I first have taken a piece of ice in my hand, feeling so hot that I threw it away again. You were anxious, I am sure, to get into warm Italy?

E. You guess right. Next morning we were again in motion. We passed through several fine galleries, cut through the solid granite. As we descended, we saw the valley of Piedmont stretching out like a map before us; at the foot of the mountain we entered Susa. It was Sunday, the bells were all ringing, and the people going to mass. I felt it so enlivening to hear again the sound of, and see the bustle of human life, after the solitude of the day before. The female peasants of Susa wear a high stiff-backed cap, with one worked border; the men had three-cocked hats, and their hair fastened behind in a cue: both sexes carry small muffs, I suppose to keep their hands warm.

M. Oh, how droll we should think it, to see a man with a muff; though in that cold place it is absolutely essential to save their fingers. Happy England, where we are not afraid of having the tops nipped off our fingers!

E. Indeed, you may well say that: we are blessed in being able to call England our home. We now entered the valley of the Doria Riparia, watered by the stream of the same name. It had a more cultivated look, and was not so wild and

narrow as that of the Arc. At Rivoli, the next town we came to, commenced the rich plain of Lombardy, extending as far as Venice and Bologna. The road from this to Turin is a straight line, at each side lined by noble elms. The snow had all disappeared in this flat plain, and though it was still very cold, and the trees were leafless, yet the fields had a refreshing look, after the dreary regions I had left. About eleven o'clock at night we entered Turin, when I was glad, I can assure you, to rest myself after my three days' toil, and happier still that I had crossed the Alps, and had now the prospect before me of entering the lovely and blooming plains of Italy.

M. Really, Ellen, it was quite natural to have wished for rest. But truly, sister, it was well Mamma did not know of the dangers you were encountering, or she would have been quite miserable. You have passed them now, however, and we are safe at Turin.

E. Though we were fatigued, and glad to rest, such was not the case with our companions, the Sardinian officers; we were seated at our tea, the water for making which was brought to us boiling in a saucepan, when one of our fellow-travellers paid us a visit, and offered to conduct us to the opera, where he and his friend were going to rest themselves after their journey. We were, of course, obliged to him for his kindness, but refused to go,

which surprised him greatly ; he could not imagine how we preferred going to bed, rather than to the opera. Will you not now, Mary, tell me the geography and history of Turin ?

M. Turin is built on the river Po, and is the capital of Piedmont : it is one of the most ancient cities of Italy. It was made a Roman colony by the Emperor Augustus, and called Augusta Taurinorum. After the union of Piedmont with France it became one of the principal cities of the French empire.

E. On the downfall of Buonaparte, and the consequent dissolution of the empire he had created, Turin was given to the King of Sardinia, who reigns over Piedmont, Genoa, and the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. He has made Turin his capital city. This town is very curiously built ; the streets intersect each other at right angles, running from gate to gate, and dividing the city into one hundred and forty-five squares ; at one particular square they may be all seen, crossing a common centre. Down one of these long streets, called the "Strada del Po," we walked until we arrived at the Po, which, though a good-sized river, has not the clear blue waters of the Rhone. There is a handsome stone bridge over the stream, forming a termination to the street ; this bridge was built by the French, and is one of the finest pieces of architecture in Italy. Turin is situated

in a large fertile plain, the flatness of which causes a curious deception,—every street seems to be terminated by snowy mountains by which it is surrounded. The houses are five or six stories high; built of a grey hewn stone, they looked more like large palaces than private dwellings. The windows are ornamented with mouldings, forming pediments over them; the foot-paths are under arcades or piazzas, supported on pillars, serving as a protection for pedestrians against the burning heat of the sun in summer. There is one square, called “Piazza des Herbas,” where, as in our Covent-Garden, all the vegetables and fruits are sold. The people of Turin seem to feel the chillness very much, for all, even the men, carried small earthen pots, full of lighted charcoal, in their hands; indeed, the weather required these fires, for it was very cold.

M. You did not then, as yet, experience the warmth of an Italian climate: but you were still only on the borders of Italy, you had not crossed the Apennines. What sort of language do they speak in Piedmont? Italian, I suppose.

E. Not pure Italian, but a peculiar dialect, called “Piedmontese:” it is a mixture of Italian, French, and Spanish, and has a very barbarous sound. I did not hear the soft and beautiful language of Italy until I came to Florence. But now I think, Mary, we have crossed enough of

mountains for to-day, and, if you please, we will not begin to ascend the Apennines until to-morrow.

M. I agree with you, Ellen, particularly as I hear Mamma calling to us to go out with her ; so I must run and put on my bonnet.

CHAPTER III.

Alfieri the Poet—Alexandria—The Apennines—Genoa—Vettura—Spezzia—Anecdote—Pisa—Leghorn—Florence—The wonders of that town—Remarkable men of Tuscany.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Ellen. I THINK, Mary, we stopped yesterday at Turin?

Mary. Yes; and you promised to tell me, to-day, of your journey from that place to Genoa.

E. At three o'clock in the morning we again set out, in another vettura. We had still cold, bleak, snowy scenery, but no mountains,—all was one dead flat. The houses along the road, and in the towns, were built of brick left unplastered, which gave them a very mean appearance. We passed through Asti, rendered famous as the birth-place of Count Victor Alfieri, the immortal father of Italian tragedy.

M. Will you tell me something about Alfieri, before you proceed on your travels?

E. He was born in 1749. As a writer and a man, he was an original in the strictest sense of the word; in his eccentricities he is said greatly

to have resembled our own poet Byron. He had a strong passion for horses, even to the exclusion of love for any human being ; though in later years this madness gave place to other fancies. He was so fond of travelling, that the rapidity of his movements is beyond calculation ; but his most distinguishing and permanent peculiarity was his extreme love of solitude, silence, and even darkness ; his greatest pleasure was to hide in a sombre corner of some old cathedral, and listen to the solemn peals of the organ. His life does not exhibit much morality of conduct ; and to sum up his character, he was both proud and irritable in his temper. Alfieri was so enthusiastic a lover of independence, as to be compelled to banish himself from his native soil. His tragedies and poetry, however, have raised him to a high rank among men of literature ; his countrymen always hailed his tragedies with acclamation ; breathing, as they did, such a noble spirit of liberty. It is said, that when Alfieri was composing, he often wrote, shedding a torrent of tears.

M. Thank you, Ellen, for this sketch of the great poet. And now we will move on again. From Asti where shall we go to ?

E. To Alexandria, where we arrived in the evening. Near this town is the plain of Marengo, where was fought the great battle between the French and Austrians, when Buonaparte remained

the victor. Alexandria, or rather Alessandria, is built on the Tenaro; we crossed that river over a handsome stone bridge, partly roofed in. When day broke next morning, I found we were ascending the ridges of the Apennines. Oh! how insignificant they looked when compared with the Alps! Tell me where the Apennines lie?

M. They run along the north-west, and down the middle of Italy, dividing it in two lengths.

E. When we had ascended half way, we left the vettura, and walked to the top. Between the hills we could catch a glimpse of the Mediterranean, covered with a white haze. Oh! Mary, even at present I can remember the delight I felt at again beholding the sea. The last time I had looked on the salt waters was at Calais, and now I stood on the Apennines and again saw them.

M. Dear sister, I think you must have been as delighted as I am, when I go down to Brighton in the summer, when I absolutely almost go mad with joy, watching the waves dashing on the shore.

E. Indeed, Mary, I think you do lose your senses there, you laugh, and sing, and dance about so wildly. We wound our way down the Apennines by a river, along the banks of which we continued the whole way to the sea. And now the weather and the scenery were entirely changed, as if by magic; we again entered a plain, but instead of winter, we were suddenly transported

into the most delightful spring. In place of snow, the hills were all clothed in green, and up the slopes were different gardens and vineyards ; scattered over the plain, were the gaudily painted country-houses of the Genoese, not yet opened, as the season was not enough advanced. In their gardens we could see trelliced walks, covered with the, as yet, leafless branches of the vine, in summer forming cool and shady avenues. As we approached Genoa, the villages began to form the suburbs of the town. At last we arrived at the sea : what a lovely sight it was to behold ! a large expanse of waters so smooth and so placid, the sun sparkling and dancing on its waves, and every moment a vessel, its white sails set, leaving or entering the harbour ; while numerous fishing boats, with the men busied at their occupation, enlivened the scene. We entered Genoa in time for breakfast.

M. Were you as well pleased with the town of Genoa, as with the approach to it ?

E. I think more so. It is called, and well deserves the title of “Genoa la Superba.” The town is built on the slope of the Apennines, forming a grand amphitheatre facing the sea. The streets are some on the shore, some on the hill ; the three principal ones are in the elevated part of the town ; they form one glittering range of polished marble. These “Palazzi” have marble pillars in front, the spacious hall leading to a

splendid flight of polished steps; the landing places being adorned with statues, and vases containing orange trees; the houses have flat roofs, and many of them platforms ornamented with treillage of honeysuckles and jessamine; the bastions are covered with hanging gardens, which are very beautiful, and form agreeable promenades; altogether the “tout ensemble” of Genoa struck me as being more lovely than any other city I had as yet seen. Will you tell me what you know of the history of Genoa?

M. Genoa, anciently called Genova, at the head of the Ligurian republic, fell successively under the Roman, Greek, Lombard, and Frank powers. The modern republic, after subverting that of Pisa, maintained a series of wars with its formidable rival, Venice. Andrea Doria rescued it from the thraldom of Francis the First, and after restoring it, by the aid of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, to its liberties, he again resumed his rank as a private citizen, when he might have raised himself to the throne. The republic of Genoa possessed the flourishing colonies of Caffa and Tana in the Crimea, and that of Pera and Galata near Constantinople. On the restoration of its independence, it possessed a large naval force, but was obliged by Louis the Fourteenth to reduce its number to six galleys.

E. That sketch is quite right, I find you do

not forget what you read. After being under a variety of masters, it was surrendered, at the treaty of Vienna in 1814, to the king of Sardinia. Though not now a free republic, its commerce is still flourishing. Its exports are chiefly olive oil, fruit, cheese, paper, and costly velvet. I have thus digressed from my account of what I saw in the city, my dear sister, as I wished you to know something of a state that once ranked so high among those of Europe, and whose commerce and navy were equal to that of Venice, the Queen of the Sea: you wish now, I suppose, to hear of some of the places I visited? We went to the palace of Andrea Doria; it is worthy of its master. In the garden is a large fountain, in which Andrea is represented as Neptune, holding his trident, and drawn by sea-horses; denoting that this glorious patriot had conquered the ocean, and raised Genoa to such splendor when he was Doge. We saw the covert-way by which he made his escape into the garden from the pursuit of the Fiesco conspirators. You remember reading in your history, that Fiesco was drowned when in the act of conspiring against the life of the greatest man Genoa ever produced.

M. Yes; he wished to deliver up the republic into the hands of the French; he died at the early age of 22, and on his decease the other conspirators abandoned the project. Fiesco, I suppose,

was jealous of the power of Andrea Doria. What other places did you go to at Genoa?

E. We visited the University ; it was established in 1751, and is one of the finest edifices in Genoa. Among the churches we went to that of the Annunciation ; it is remarkable for its painted dome ; its windows are of painted glass, and the pillars that support the roof of different coloured marbles. In the Cathedral are said to be kept the real mortal remains of John the Baptist, brought, according to tradition, from Lycia ; one of the chapels, in the form of a rotunda, contains his relics in an urn. In the evening we went to the theatre of "Carlo Felice ;" the fronts of the boxes opposite the stage are beautifully painted, and the house is lighted by one large chandelier hung from the roof ; though the theatre is so splendid, the scenery did not appear to me to be either as well painted or managed as those of our English theatres.

M. How are the females of Genoa dressed ?

E. The upper classes wear a white muslin veil gracefully thrown over their heads, the ends hanging down on each shoulder ; the peasant women have their veils made of chintz or coloured muslin ; this head-dress looked quite classical. Indeed, the palaces of Genoa, the churches, the public buildings and walks, the theatres, not forgetting the excellent and splendid hospitals ;

the females, with their unique head-dresses, the priests clothed in appropriate black vestments, the friars with ropes round their waists, and shorn crowns, all walking or driving about the streets, formed quite a picturesque panorama, that delighted me, it was so different from the other cities I had visited. I left Genoa with feelings of regret, very foolish, when I had the prospect before me of seeing other towns, considered so much more splendid.

M. You have made me quite love "Genoa la Superba." Will you tell me, has this city been the birth-place of any other great men besides Andrea Doria?

E. None of note except Christopher Columbus. This celebrated navigator was born in 1442; he was the son of a wool-carder, and was destined to follow the trade of his father; but he took a dislike to it, and began to study mathematics and cosmography. This latter science gave him the idea of a continent in the western ocean. When neither the governments of Genoa, France, nor Portugal, would listen to his project of making the discovery, he applied to the court of Spain, which furnished him with three vessels. You remember he found out the islands of Cuba, Hispaniola, and finally, in his last voyage, discovered the continent of America. He was twice called home, and once thrown into prison, but he fully proved his inno-

cence of the charges brought against him, and was liberated. He died in 1506, and was buried in the Cathedral of Seville, where was engraved on his tomb, "Columbus has given to the kingdoms of Leon and Castile a new world."

M. I think the Genoese must be proud of Christopher Columbus, and regret that his remains are not buried in their cathedral instead of in Spain. Did you see any memorial of him in Genoa?

E. In one of the public buildings I saw a fresco painting of him. I have not heard of a statue or monument having ever been erected to his memory.

M. From lovely Genoa where did you go?

E. We again resumed our course on a road along the side of the mountains which overhung the sea for several hundred miles, round the great bay of Genoa. Our Italian vettura was quite different from either a French diligence, or the carriage of Mont Cenis. The coupé of the diligence was exchanged for an open calash; there was no "La Dernière," and the vetturino, as the conducteur was called, sat behind. This machine was drawn by three horses instead of five; we sat in the calash, which was the coolest and pleasantest part, the curtains having been tied back so as not to impede the view. I cannot describe to you the beauty of the road from Genoa

to Pisa. Until we arrived at Sestri, we had the sea on one side, formed into creeks and bays by rocky promontories; on the other the Apennines, clothed with pines and olive trees; while lovely wild flowers spangled the sides of our path. We were continually ascending and descending, and every moment a fresh scene of beauty would burst upon our view. At Sestri, a small village, we slept. Next day the aspect of the country entirely changed: we left the sea and ascended the mountains more inland. At Borghetto we commenced the passage of the Bracco, one of the loftiest summits of the Apennines; we passed through several galleries cut in the rock, these were made by order of Napoleon; indeed the whole road was designed by that great man. The head-dresses of the females also altered; instead of the veil they wore square pieces of muslin, laid on the crown of their heads, one fringed end hanging down behind; their hair being neatly braided over their foreheads.

M. That is the very head-dress we see represented in our paintings of Italian women; it looks very picturesque.

E. It does indeed; but in one village we passed through, the head-dress was very curious; the hair was all fastened behind in a silk net, with tassels hanging down the back; on the crown was a very small straw hat, ornamented with a bunch

of narrow riband, and tied under the chin ; on a pretty woman, with her sparkling black eyes and braided hair, it looked quite elegant.

M. It must indeed. Is it one of these hats and bags you have in your museum ?

E. It is ; but we are digressing from our journey. We arrived in the evening at the pretty little town of Spezzia ; by the bye, what was its ancient name ?

M. The Gulf of Spezzia was formerly called Portus Lunæ.

E. It is one of the largest harbours in the world. A droll thing happened here : when we returned from walking about the town, and viewing the harbour, we found our travelling companions, who were Englishmen, arguing with the hostess about bed-rooms. It seemed that another vettura was expected, and there would not be bed-rooms enough for the travellers, if we each had a separate chamber ; I know not how the gentlemen settled the dispute, but they procured for me a very comfortable room to myself. Supper was then ordered, and in revenge, the host gave us potatoes with their coats on, a fork to help gravy with, and a chocolate pot for a kettle. This, of course, made us laugh very much, but that was not enough. A young man of the party had a severe cold, and he wished for some sliced orange with sugar strewed over it. When it was brought

to him, we could not imagine why he made so many wry faces; but he soon explained himself by exclaiming, that it was salt and not sugar they had given him. This was a refinement of vengeance that amused us highly.

M. It must have been very funny. Salt over his orange instead of sugar! Oh! the ugly faces he must have made.

E. Next day we visited the marble quarries of Carrara; the marble was celebrated even in the days of the Romans for its purity, and the quarries still furnish materials for the sculptor. The last hill we ascended we were drawn up by bullocks, which go slow but sure. When we descended we lost all the lovely mountain scenery; the country became a dead flat; the road was bounded on each side by mulberry trees, with vines forming festoons between them: in this respect the customs of the Italians have remained unchanged for nearly two thousand years, as this was the way, Virgil tells us, the vines were trained in his time. Pisa and Leghorn are built in a marshy flat, which is, however, well cultivated. At Pisa we stopped for the night.

M. Did you go to see any of the buildings of this ancient city? But I think I had better tell you its geography and history. Pisa, formerly called Pisæ, is built on the river Arno. It is supposed to have been erected soon after the

Trojan war. In more modern times, it was the capital of a great republic. It had a fine fleet which put down the African corsairs, was a terror to the Saracens, and checked the ambition of Genoa ; but at last that republic conquered it.

E. Why, Mary, you know the history of all the republics. Pisa now is one of the principal cities in the dukedom of Tuscany ; it is the largest town next to Florence. I went to see the "Leaning Tower ;" it is the campanile or belfry of the cathedral. When on the top I held fast by the railing, for the tower has such a slope, I dreaded falling down : what is most curious is, that it was designedly built in that manner. It is a beautiful edifice adorned with 200 columns of granite and marble. From the top we had a fine view of the country, even as far as Leghorn and the sea. The Duomo or Cathedral is a noble Gothic edifice ; it was evening when we entered it ; on the high altar were wax candles burning, which shed an awful and solemn light round the large interior. This church is supported by pillars, some of marble, some of oriental granite. The side altars seemed beautifully decorated. The bronze doors, made by Bonano, are extremely curious ; different scenes, taken from the New Testament, are represented in basso-relievo. On the top of the cathedral is a bronze griffin, said to be of Egyptian workmanship. The Campo-Santa,

or burial-place, the next building we visited, is a perfectly unique edifice; the arches and pavements are of white marble. It contains sarcophagi and statuary, but what makes it so remarkable is, that the walls are painted in fresco, with sacred history, by the first restorers of painting. This building was finished in 1283, from the designs of Giovanni Pisano. Pisa is a beautiful town, it has a fine broad quay on each side of the river, adorned with many noble and elegant buildings, which give it an air of grandeur, in spite of its poverty and fallen splendour. When we had seen all the curiosities of this city, we proceeded on to Leghorn, or, as the Italians call it, Livorno.

M. Leghorn, I believe, is not a town of any note, except as being a seaport.

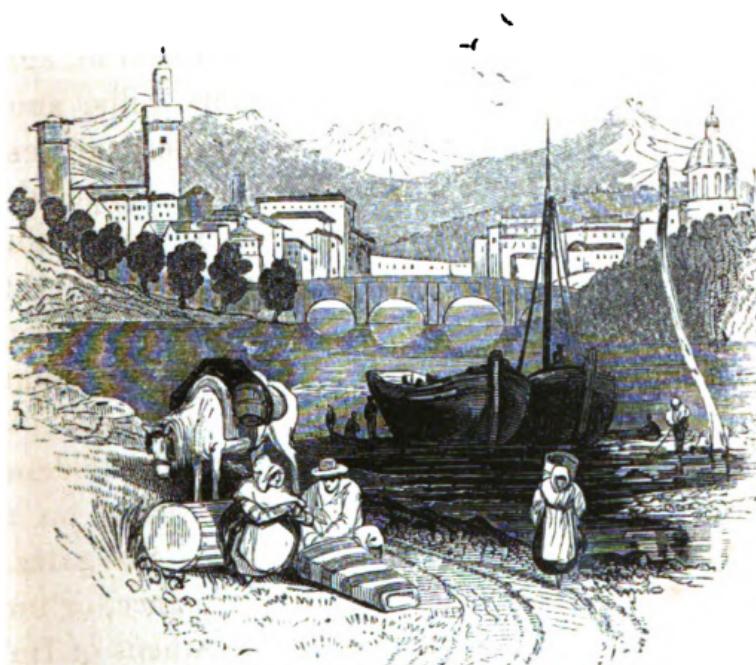
E. Cosmo the First, or Cosmo de' Medici, and his two sons, had the marshes drained, cut canals, and formed two commodious harbours. The present Grand Duke of Tuscany has constructed a new aqueduct, and made a beautiful promenade called the Condotti. Leghorn is a good deal frequented during August and September, for the sake of sea-bathing: but it is quite a commercial town, and has not much to interest the traveller.

M. I suppose you did not stop long there, but went on to—What city?

E. We went from Leghorn to Florence. Our route lay through the lovely Val d'Arno, justly

called the garden of Italy ; it seemed highly cultivated, the fields being separated from the road by mulberry trees, with vines trained from one to the other. Florence is beautifully situated at the foot of the Apennines, on the river Arno, which divides the city into two unequal parts, connected by four bridges. The environs are diversified in an agreeable manner by valleys and lofty hills, among which, far to the right, are the deep groves of Val' Ombrosa, whence Milton is supposed to have drawn some of his richest descriptions. A little nearer Florence, stands the celebrated Chartreuse, the seat of those religious ascetics whose austerities excite the pity of the many, the sympathy and admiration of the few. We saw at a distance one of the royal residences of the Grand Duke, beautifully situated on the side of a hill. At last we entered the gates of the classic and learned city of Florence, or more properly Firenze, justly called the Athens of Italy. But ere I give you an account of what I saw in it, you have to tell me its history.

M. Florence was formed into a Roman colony by Sylla, about 60 years before the Christian era. Afterwards the city was nearly destroyed by Totila, king of the Goths, when he invaded Italy, but was rebuilt by Charlemagne, king of France. It was the first city in Italy which assumed a republican form of government, and



FLORENCE.



becoming powerful by commerce, it carried arms against almost every other town in that country. Florence was at the zenith of its glory under the house of De' Medici, which seemed to have been raised to quiet the sanguinary civil wars that raged between the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. It is now the capital of Tuscany, and governed by a prince with the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany.

E. Very correct indeed, Mary ; I am glad, and much pleased with you for remembering so well the history you read with your governess. In return for your information, I will begin my walk through Florence. The first place to which we bent our steps was the Royal Gallery. In going to it we passed through the square of the Grand Duke, the finest, as to extent, in the city. On one side is the old palace ; on another the edifice called "La Loggia dei Lanzi," an open gallery, under the arcade of which are some fine specimens of sculpture, among others a bronze group of Perseus with the head of Medusa, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, supposed to be his masterpiece ; the air of Perseus, I thought quite godlike. The fountain in the middle of this square was erected by order of Cosmo the First, after the design of Ammanati. It represents Neptune in his car drawn by sea-horses, while the God is supported by the monsters of the deep, blowing

shells, from which the water falls into the basin beneath.

M. This fountain must have reminded you of the one you saw in the garden of the palace of Andrea Doria at Genoa, of which you gave me a similar description.

E. It did ; both figures seemed to me fine and athletic, even gigantic looking men. In the centre of the Piazza del' Annunziata, another spacious and elegant square, having Corinthian pillars supporting the arcades that surround it, I saw an equestrian statue of Duke Ferdinand the First, with two fountains on each side, ornamented with tritons or sea gods. I must tell you, that all the squares in this noble city are adorned with statues or fountains, and sometimes with both, which give an air of elegance to Florence above every other town I was in : though I cannot admire the style of Tuscan architecture, as exhibited on the fronts of their buildings. It was introduced by Michael Angelo, but it appears to me rather too dull and massive. The streets also, in general, are narrow, and paved with large flat stones ; at night they are lighted by the lamps burning before the pictures and altars of the Madonnas.

M. How curious that must appear to an English person ! an image or a painting is never paid such homage by us.

E. We adhere to the second commandment.

But I believe we were going to the Imperial Gallery. You must not expect me, Mary, to give you a detailed account of all the wonders of this splendid collection. I have already made you a present of a printed catalogue of the pictures and statues, with those marked most worthy of attention. The Royal Gallery is an immense building on the south-east side of the Arno, forming a wing of the Palazzo Vecchio. Cosmo the First had it erected by Vasari in the sixteenth century. It is to the Medici family, those noble patrons of the fine arts, that Florence, and indeed Europe, is indebted for this collection, the most splendid gift which princely munificence ever conferred. Within its walls an uninterrupted history of painting may be read, from its first dawning in Tuscany, in the eleventh century, till it set, with all its brilliancy, in the rich tints of Venice. Numerous interesting remains are here also preserved of the sister arts, consisting of vases and Etruscan ornaments, which date from a period even antecedent to the Roman history. Beside the great hall and other corridors, there is a number of rooms, each dedicated to one particular school of painting: thus there is the Dutch cabinet, the French cabinet, and so on. The finest pictures and statues are collected together in the Tribune, a small octagon room, lighted by a cupola, the dome of which is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the floor is a rich

mosaic pavement. Elsewhere are beheld the scattered rays of genius, but here, in this hallowed temple, they are concentrated into one focus. Facing the entrance is the far-famed Venus, named from its discoverer, de' Medici. This exquisite statue is supposed to have been sculptured by Cleomenes of Athens; it was found in the Villa Hadriana at Tivoli, broken in twelve or thirteen places, and was brought to Florence in 1689: what I admired in the Venus was the exceeding sweet expression of her countenance. There is a number of other statues, splendid specimens of art, surrounding this temple: among them I must mention the original statue of the young Apollo; full of god-like composure and grace, it is considered equal to the Apollo Belvidere. There are also collected here many of the most beautiful works of ancient and modern painting. Those which struck me most were, the St. John in the Wilderness, by Raphael;—such fearlessness, and yet such an holy expression as is depicted in his boyish countenance!—Herodias's daughter receiving the head of John the Baptist, also by Raphael: the beauty of her face, and the insensible smile that plays round her mouth, is well contrasted with the savage expression of the executioner's countenance. But if I were to enumerate, even the chefs-d'œuvre collected in the Tribune, I should, if I did not tire you quite, certainly

puzzle you very much. I visited the gallery every day, and I always found out something new to admire ; but it is one thing to see a painting, and another to listen to a description of it; be it ever so elaborate, no description can convey the expression of the painting or statue. The gallery, which is the longest and principal room, the others branching off from it, has the ceiling adorned with fresco painting ; the pavement is marble. But I must not forget to tell you of the noble hall of the "Niobe;" it was my favourite cabinet, and I think it alone would repay a traveller for the journey to Florence. From the afflicted and horror-stricken mother trying to shelter her youngest infant under her robe, and looking upwards as if imploring mercy from the enraged but unseen god, to her noble looking son who has just died, it is one connected tale of sorrow, beautifully and touchingly pourtrayed in marble. You know the story of Niobe, Mary, for I have seen you reading it with interest.

M. I remember how all her sons and daughters were slain by the arrows of Apollo and Diana, in revenge for her exulting over their mother Latona, boasting that she had the largest family. Ah ! Apollo soon left her to bemoan their deaths. Poor Niobe, I believe, was changed into a stone. But I want to hear more about

Florence. Did you go to the cathedral? Is it as beautiful as it is said to be?

E. The Cathedral, or Il Duomo, or the church of Santa Maria del' Fiore, for it has all these three names, did not please me as much as I expected. It is a very large building; the outward walls are encased with black and white marble; but though they are polished, they seemed to me much damaged by the rain and time. The building of this church was commenced by Arnolfo Lapo in 1296, and was finished by Brunelleschi in 1442. The grand cupola was much admired by Michael Angelo. The interior gave me the idea of a church turned inside out. It is very plain, and the walls being whitewashed appeared to me very mean for a cathedral. The pavement, however, is composed of curious marbles, and the side chapels are decorated with rare mosaics and paintings. The campanile or belfry was more to my taste; it is a quadrangular building, light and elegant, faced with a variety of small polished pieces of marble, and ornamented with statues. It well deserves the eulogium of Charles the Fifth of France, who said "that it deserved to be incased in gold." But the church of St. John the Baptist, or the Baptistry, pleased me the most. It was formerly a temple of Mars, and is of an octagon form, with a roof resembling the Pantheon, resting on granite columns. The bronze gates, of

exquisite workmanship, Michael Angelo enthusiastically pronounced worthy of being the gates of Paradise. The interior of this beautiful little church, for small it is when compared with Il Duomo, close to which it is built, is ornamented by twelve fine statues of the Apostles by Ammannati, and over the altar a group of St. John supported by angels in the clouds. When I visited the Baptistry, there was a number of women at the font with their children. The white-robed priests seemed to heed but little the wail of the infant ; the mother would tenderly take off its cap and bare its tiny shoulders, and then a priest chaunting the service would wash its forehead, breast, and back, with consecrated water ; the mother would then dress her baby and leave the church ; the whole time of the ceremony, there were little boys walking backwards and forwards before the altar, carrying enormous lighted wax candles, for what purpose I cannot tell you. I hope, my dear girl, you do not expect me to give you an account of all the churches I saw in Florence, or in Italy. Churches are the principal places, and those first visited in Roman Catholic countries, particularly in Europe, as in them are usually to be seen the finest specimens of painting and sculpture ; but you would derive neither information nor pleasure from an enumeration of all those I went to, were I even to enter

into a detail of their several beauties ; so that if you please, *ma chère*, I will only tell you of one or two of the principal which I visited in each city.

M. Indeed, Ellen, I shall be quite satisfied if you tell me of those remarkable ones which I have either heard or read about ; I could not understand a description of all the others. But did you see any other place of note at Florence ?

E. Yes, we went to the Pitti palace, the present residence of the Grand Duke ; it bears the ponderous stamp of a boisterous age, when every domicile was exposed to aggression ; indeed to me it looked more like a barrack than a palace ; the front is of grey stone done in rustic, which has by no means a regal appearance. But the finest front is to the Boboli Gardens, which are attached to it ; they are of great extent, very tastefully laid out in promenades, ornamented with statues and fountains. Here the citizens of Florence come to walk, and enjoy the cool breezes in summer. The Pitti palace was built in 1440, from the design of Brunelleschi, by order of Luca Pitti, a Florentine, who wished to outshine the Medici. It was not half finished, and he was on the verge of ruin, when the Medici saved him, by purchasing the building from him. What a wrong thing it is to envy and try to vie with one that is a superior in rank and fortune, by erecting palaces, or keeping

magnificent horses and chariots, until you bring yourself to ruin, and the world very justly laughs at your folly ! In the Pitti palace we saw the lovely Venus of Canova, that first of modern sculptors. When Buonaparte robbed Florence of the Venus de' Medici, to adorn the Louvre with it, the then reigning Grand Duke, despairing of ever regaining it, engaged Canova to sculpture this one. The goddess has the last room of the splendid suite of apartments dedicated to specimens of the arts, appropriated solely to herself ; it is surrounded by mirrors, and she stands alone, her head inclined to one side, her hand employed in drawing her robe to her bosom as she emerges from the bath, modestly shrinking as it were from observation. The ceilings of the rooms of this splendid edifice are painted in fresco, the floors are either mosaic or polished oak ; it is elegantly furnished in the French style. I was more pleased with my visit to this palace, than I expected to be from the appearance of the outside ; but in Italy I scarcely ever saw a building or square entirely finished. It is very odd, but the Italians always leave them half done, intending, I suppose, to complete them at a more convenient period, but like other people's good intentions, never put into execution.

M. Ah ! Ellen, you are always laughing at me about my good intentions ; I will never tell

you of them any more until they are accomplished.

E. Very well, Mary, I intend however soon to finish about Florence. I shall only glance at a few of the other places I saw, though I must leave more than half untold of all I beheld in this Athens. At a short distance from the Pitti palace is the public museum; we were shown there what delighted me very much, a botanical garden formed in wax, the flowers looked like natural ones. I must not forget to tell you of the Ponte Vecchio, a curious old bridge exactly resembling a street, from the number of gold and silversmiths' shops that are built on it. The Florentines manufacture beautiful little crosses and crucifixes. The quantity of chestnuts that are consumed in Florence astonished me, in fact they are the principal food of the peasantry: they are kneaded into bread, and dressed as sweetmeats; there is in every street a number of stands for selling hot chestnuts; the man has a pot of lighted charcoal with a pan on it, on this the fruit is kept roasting, covered over with a thick cloth to retain the heat; when a person wishes for some, he goes to one of these stands, and for half a paoli, a coin worth about two-pence, he gets a large handful of chestnuts from under the cloth. I often bought some, they were so warm and good, and the weather was still so very cold both at Florence and Leghorn.

M. Indeed ! was it so cold there, and so warm at Genoa ?—that was curious. Will you tell me how the people of Florence dress ? Was the costume different from that of the other peasantry you had met with ?

E. The Florentines have a dress peculiar to themselves ; that of the females is very picturesque. They wear a laced corset, through which is seen a clean linen under-garment, a short, full petticoat, and a round black hat, shaded by a dark plume of feathers. The men have a jacket, wide breeches, fastened by a band round the waist, and sandals. To remark the costume and manners of the Florentines, one should promenade the square of the Grand Duke, which I have already described to you. It is always thronged with people, and appears to be the rendezvous for all sorts of company. The Florentines seemed to me more polished, and of a more amiable and friendly disposition than the inhabitants of any other town I visited in Italy. Even the lower class of people had a sense of propriety in their manners, as if they were proud of their native city and of the fame it had acquired : the written language of Florence is the pure and soft Italian, though it is said not to be spoken here so well as at Rome, if we believe the Italian proverb, “ *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana,* ” which in English means, “ the Tuscan language in the mouth of a Roman.”

M. Before you leave this pleasant city, the people of which as well as the town itself I am beginning to love, will you tell me something about the great men who flourished there?

E. I cannot, Mary, enumerate all those distinguished for learning and the arts, that Florence, or rather Tuscany, has given birth to; but I will with pleasure, as far as I am able, give you a slight sketch of a few of the most eminent individuals. We will begin with Dante, the author of the immortal "Divina Commedia," and the father of modern Italian poetry.

Dante Alighieri was born in 1265, descended from an ancient and honorable family of the Guelphs. His real name was Durante, but for shortness he assumed the other. He was only nine years old when he saw his beloved Beatrice, a girl about his own age, his first and only love, in whose honour he wrote the Divine Comedy. Dante's life passed happily amidst music, love, and poetry, until he reached his 25th year, when he received a shock in the death of Beatrice, which he never entirely recovered. I need not enter into minor details of his life, but will just say, that having, in his 33rd year, attained a distinguished rank in Florence, he was suddenly exiled by a faction of the Guelphs; he wandered about from city to city, received every where with marks of honour; nothing could, however, assuage

his distress of mind, and he died at Ravenna at the age of 56. In the Piazza del Docomo, his seat is pointed out to the curious stranger, together with that of Machiavelli, the Florentine politician.

As Dante was the father of modern poetry, Machiavelli is regarded as the first of modern political teachers, and has given his name to that system called "Machiavellian."

Niccolo Machiavelli was born in 1469, and after a number of adventures, he was arrested by the Medici, as being privy to a conspiracy, and subjected to the torture; when released from prison, he retired to a country-house, where he gave himself up to study and contemplation, and where he died in peace in 1530.

Giovanni Boccaccio was born at Paris in 1313, his father was a Florentine. Boccaccio is immortalized by the Decameron, or Hundred Tales of Love. He died through grief for the death of Petrarch.

Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa in 1564. You well know the biography of this great man; how he invented the telescope, and by means of it discovered the true cause of the phenomenon of the Milky-way, and a number of new stars: but his name is immortalized by his having proved the truth of the Copernican system, so named from Copernicus, a Polo-Prussian mathematician,

about a century before. Galileo, for this, was thrown into prison by the Inquisition, and obliged to read a recantation of his error, for such they called the theory of the solar system as now universally acknowledged. Galileo died in exile, blind and poor, in 1642, on the same day that the great astronomer Newton, our countryman, was born. When dead, the Florentines raised a monument to his memory, in the church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Florence. In the museum they preserve his famous telescope ; we wished to have seen it, but were told that it was locked up, as the room wherein it was kept was undergoing repairs.

Francesco Petrarcha was born at Arezzo in 1304, of Florentine parents, who had been banished from the republic at the same time with Dante. Petrarch was only nine years old when he saw the fountain of Vaucluse near Avignon, the romantic scenery of which left such an impression on his youthful fancy, that neither time nor the cares of the world could obliterate the recollection of it. He celebrated his love for Laura in a number of beautiful sonnets, which have immortalized his name. She died of the plague at Florence, and the only solace Petrarch experienced in her irreparable loss was depicting the history of his unhappy passion in verses of matchless purity and elegance. He died at Arcqua in 1374, at the age of 70 years.

Arezzo was also the birth-place of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, architect, sculptor, painter, poet; a sublime genius, and a very moral man; he was born in 1474. When Florence lost its liberty he fled to Rome, where he died, in 1564. His countrymen brought back his remains and laid them in a tomb in the church of Santa Croce. The monument is of pyramidal form, with his bust above three figures, emblematic of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, those great arts he so remarkably excelled in.

There is a number of other great men whom it is needless for me to enumerate; painters, sculptors, architects, poets, and patriots, and those distinguished for learning and the sciences, who flourished in this modern Athens, from the revival of literature at the end of the thirteenth century, down to the present time. I have given you only a short account of those most known.

M. Thank you, Ellen, I shall, I hope, remember what you have told me of their history; and now we will leave dear Florence, and where shall we proceed to?

E. From Florence we went back to Leghorn, by the same route we came. In the cottages along the road, and in the villages, the women and girls were employed plaiting the straw for making those bonnets which are called Leghorn, and also those which we now more properly name Tuscany.

The road and fields were covered with frost, which gave the scenery rather a bleak appearance. And now, Mary, we will for to-day end our travels at Leghorn, though I will not ask you to remain there three weeks as I did ; on the contrary, to-morrow, if you wish, we will proceed on our route to Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

The “*Il Francesco*” steam-boat—Orbitello—Civita Vecchia—Company on board—Drive to Rome—Rome—Pope’s coronation—The ancient and modern city—The Carnival—Metastasio.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary.—WILL you to-day tell me of your route to Rome? Did you go by sea or land?

Ellen.—We went by sea. A short time before we arrived at Leghorn, there had been a steam vessel, named “*Il Francesco*,” elegantly fitted up in Scotland, and sent out to Marseilles. From that port it coasted the north and west of Italy, stopping at Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples. It then sailed round Sicily, stopped at Malta, and returned by the same course back to Marseilles. In this vessel, which had just arrived at Leghorn as we returned from Florence, we took our passage for Civita Vecchia, where we expected to arrive the morning after we sailed. But though the steamer was Scotch, the captain and sailors were Italian, the worst and most timid people at sea in the world. Our way lay directly close by the celebrated island of Elba, through

the channel of Piombino, between it and the shore ; and only that it was night we should have been delighted with a clear view of the empire of Napoleon. In the morning, instead of being at Civita Vecchia, we were only lying off the island of Giglio, nearly fifty miles from it, all sea-sick ; the whole day we were tossing in a very high sea, without advancing. When evening came, the captain resolved to put into a little port called Orbitello, formed in the hollow of a mountain that projected into the sea, on the Italian coast ; as we approached the shore, the surge beat violently over the rocks, above which was a small curious town, with the houses erected one over the other, up the face of the precipice, and the whole surrounded by a wall. Orbitello is one of the ports built to guard against the depredations of the African pirates, so common formerly in these seas. We anchored in the harbour for the night ; some of the gentlemen went on shore in a boat at the risk of their lives, that they might have the pleasure of sleeping on land. They said the town consisted of a few miserable cottages, in one of which they obtained a bed where five of them slept together. Next morning, the wind abating, we raised anchor, and again moving forward, without meeting with any more adventures, we arrived at Civita Vecchia in the evening.

M. Had you any ladies on board the “ *Il Francesco* ?” were there many English ?

E. We had no females, not even a stewardess. I see you are shocked, but in Italy there is no such thing as chambermaids, or women attendants, in the hotels, steam-vessels, or other places for the accommodation of travellers. One soon becomes accustomed to be waited on by men, though I often thought it was a degradation to the "Lords of the creation" to see them employed in such menial offices. If ever you travel, Mary, you will find you must needs bear with cheerfulness the customs, and accommodate yourself to the manners, of the people you go amongst. We had forty-two passengers on board; among them a Yorkshire farmer, who, wrapped up in his big frieze coat, was always praising England: "No place like England, Sir." An American gentleman, Consul from the United States to one of the ports on the Mediterranean, who, entirely differing from the Englishman, thought there was no place like America. There was one person I was very glad to meet with, an Irish Protestant clergyman, to whom I had often listened with pleasure, when he from the pulpit expounded the Scriptures: I had now the gratification of talking to him. Contrasted with this clergyman was a Roman Catholic priest: poor man! he was so sea-sick he could not leave his berth, and that was in the state-cabin. When a gentleman or the steward would go to him, and request him to eat something,

he would say, “Niente, grazia,” “No, thank you,” in such a pitiful tone, that I quite felt for him. The other passengers were mostly Italians, who said little but wish for land.

M. A motley company. Is there anything remarkable about Civita Vecchia?

E. No. It was anciently called Centum-Cella, and is the port of modern Rome, as Ostia was that of the ancient city. It has a good quay and handsome custom-house. We stopped there all night. They had illuminated the town in honour of the new Pope; the lamps consisted of small pieces of wick, fastened in a little tin socket full of oil; they emitted a dismal light; I should have thought they were placed in the windows more in sorrow for the late Pope's death, than in joy for the coronation of the new one. Next day we continued our route towards Rome. It certainly was the most amusing journey I ever made, if meeting with disasters is a subject for mirth. The vettura was hired conjointly with some of our steam-packet friends, who, like ourselves, were proceeding to Rome. About a mile from the town of Civita Vecchia we entered on a barren waste, quite uninhabited, which continued to the very gates of Rome. The mal'aria is caused by the dismal swamps round the Imperial city, which prevent the people from living in it. There is one post-house and inn on the road, but ere we reached





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it the carriage broke down twice. Some of the passengers became very angry, and said they would walk on the rest of the way ; but when we overtook them, toiling under the hot sun, while we were coolly seated in the mended vettura, they were glad to enter it again. At the post we intended to dine, but we found there was nothing to eat ; the cook, or maître d'hôtel, or postmaster, whichever name you please to give him, was standing behind a range of stew-holes, scolding in bad Italian. There was a dead kid hung up in a corner, some sour bread on one shelf, and some eggs on another. The gentlemen, without asking any questions of Mr. cook, for that would have been loss of time, as he would not heed them, took the eggs and boiled them ; those who wished it broiled some of the meat. With these, and some bad wine, which one of the company discovered, we ate rather a good luncheon, enlivened by laughter at the cook's anger and our own contrivances, for we had to hold the eggs without cups in our hands, and all drink out of the same goblet.

M. I am laughing now, as I picture to myself your embarrassments ; they were very droll indeed.

E. When we finished, and had settled with the chattering master, we drove on to the capital. Long ere arriving at the city, we saw the stupendous dome of St. Peter's towering over the other buildings and churches. We entered within the

walls of Imperial Rome about five o'clock in the evening, and I was filled with solemnity and awe at the idea of coming to this once proud city, the Mistress of the World. But these feelings were soon dispersed at observing the people all in a bustle, hurrying towards St. Peter's, the town illuminated, and every one rejoicing at the coronation of the new Pope, Gregory XVI., the first who had taken that name for two hundred years.

M. I suppose the illuminations were more magnificent than those of Civita-Veccchia?

E. The most superb sight I ever witnessed was the front of St. Peter's blazing in light. It was one sheet of flame to the cross on the top of the ball over the dome; the whole front, the pillars, the great dome, as well as the smaller ones, were all distinctly marked out; it looked like a splendid fire-temple.

M. Oh, how beautiful! it must have been a grand sight; how was it produced?

E. By innumerable small oil-lamps, fastened all over the building, and, by some mechanical process, lighted at once. One moment we were in darkness; the next, St. Peter's burst into brilliant flame, and shed a bright lustre over the whole city. Round the Obelisk in the centre of the square, before St. Peter's, there was a number of carriages driving at a full gallop, chasing each other in a whirl; but what seemed to me so

curious was, that none of them ever left the circle, each following in the track of the vehicle that preceded it: this lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the ring separated, and they drove away. When we had gratified our curiosity looking at this scene, we went to the Castle of St. Angelo, where we heard there were to be fireworks displayed. You have seen those at Vauxhall, they give but a faint idea, however, of Roman fireworks. I cannot describe to you the number of different scenes, but I must tell you of the illuminated temple, with which the spectacle opened. The Pope's name was inscribed in stars on the front. I almost dreaded to see the Fire-god issue from the portal of this edifice of flame. After a number of rockets had been thrown up, cataracts of fire sent down, fiery tongues and other devices exhibited, the whole concluded with a "girandola," which is an immensity of flaming figures discharged in the air, and descending with different evolutions, so that the whole town seemed covered with a canopy of fire.

M. What a magnificent, yet awful sight that must have appeared! I should have been quite terrified; it is, I suppose, in imitation of the girandola that the large lustres are made, which are called "girandoles?"

E. Yes, it is. We waited until it had finished, and then returned to our hotel.

M. Do tell me all you saw at Rome, that famous city.

E. With pleasure ; but first I require you to inform me of its geography and history.

M. Rome is built on the Tiber, and is the capital of the States of the Church. It was anciently called Roma, and the first stone was laid by Romulus, the descendant of *Æneas*, seven hundred and fifty-three years before the Christian era. For two hundred and forty-four years Rome was governed by kings, but their tyranny at last became so oppressive, that the people banished Tarquin, surnamed the Proud, and established a democracy, under consuls, chosen every year. During the Commonwealth Rome advanced from being a petty town, to becoming the capital of the known and civilized world. Julius Cæsar, the last consul, being too proud and ambitious to brook the sway of the people, took the title of "Imperator," and again established a monarchical government. Under the emperors, the Romans gradually sunk into luxury and indolence ; but though they had forgotten their former glory and valour in war, the city was embellished and beautified with magnificent buildings. The death-blow, however, was given to the splendour of Ancient Rome, when Constantine, three hundred and twenty-eight years after the birth of Christ, divided the empire, and made Constantinople the





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capital of the eastern portion. The Goths invaded Italy, took Rome under their king Totila, and pillaged it. After a variety of masters, Charlemagne, in 800, yielded to the Pope that part of Italy called the States of the Church. The government at the present day is pontifical, the Pope being the head.

E. Yes; such is the history of Ancient Rome. Under the Popes the modern city rose to splendour, and in the middle ages might be said again to have become the Mistress of the World. But as learning spread over Europe, the different kingdoms shook off the yoke of the Roman Pontiff and became independent. At the present day the Pope, though still the spiritual head of all the Roman Catholic church, only reigns as a king in the Ecclesiastical States.

M. I thank you, Ellen, for giving me this account of Modern Rome. I have not yet arrived at its history in my studies. Now will we not resume our travels? Of course the first place you went to visit was St. Peter's. Is it not a magnificent church?

E. You do not expect me, I hope, to give you an elaborate description of St. Peter's, or, indeed, of the wonders, ancient and modern, of this city, splendid even in ruins. I have lent you Vassi's excellent guide through Rome, and as it is in English, you may, if you like, read the descrip-

tions there given. But do not look so down-cast, Mary, I will tell you of some of the places I saw in Rome. We will begin with "Il Chiesa di San Pietro." I was much struck with this splendid edifice. It is situated on a gentle acclivity, at the foot of the Janiculum hill, in an immense piazza, anciently the Circus of Nero. The semi-circular colonnade which sweeps so gracefully round till it ends in a square with the front of St. Peter's, forms a stately approach. Adorning the centre of this piazza is a large Egyptian obelisk of red granite, brought to Rome by order of Caligula, and placed in its present position by Pope Sixtus V. This obelisk is so situated as to form a sun-dial on the area below; opposite the north is the meridian line of Rome, on which is represented the signs of the zodiac at their proper distances; as the season advances the shadow shortens, so that every month the point of it falls on the sign in which the sun revolves. This obelisk is placed between two fountains, that are constantly heaving their pure waters, which sparkle and form a thousand rainbows when the sun shines on them. These fountains were great favourites of mine, they looked so beautiful and refreshing; but the basins into which the water falls were kept shamefully dirty, and had quite a neglected appearance. The size, symmetry, and splendour of the interior of the

church struck me mute ; it surpassed all I had fancied of it ; the beautiful marble pillars, the magnificent dome, painted in mosaic, the immense baldacchino, or canopy, supported by four spiral columns of Corinthian brass, one hundred and twenty feet in height, covering the high altar and tomb of St. Peter, the latter adorned with costly lamps perpetually burning, and precious stones ; the statues, the superb altar-piece, the fine monuments and admirable oil and fresco paintings that embellish this house of prayer, filled me with wonder and amazement ; I could but bow my head, and worship that God to whom such an edifice was dedicated.

M. I have heard that the internal symmetry, of this immense church is so admirable, that a stranger on first entering is not struck with its size. Did you find it so ?

E. Yes, the enormous proportions of the whole fabric are so well adjusted, that they appear far less than they are in reality, while they overpower the colossal size of the statues, reliefs, altars, and doors. The statues of children holding vases for holy water, though really gigantic, do not appear insmoderately large. To judge of the size of St. Peter's one must ascend to the roof and walk over it. It seemed to me like a silent town ; the quantity of cupolas starting up everywhere, the colossal statues, and the stone roof,—I feared to lose my

way on this curious place. From the top of the dome we had a fine view of the city below.

M. Did you descend to the tomb of St. Peter?

E. No female is permitted to see it except on the full moon after Pentecost, and on that day no man is allowed to enter it. There is a curse annexed to the breaking of this superstitious observance. The sepulchre is called the "Confessione di San Pietro," and the ashes of the saint are kept in an urn of gilded silver.

M. What a curious prohibition! The Vatican is the palace of the Pope, and is attached to St. Peter's; are there not some fine paintings and statues in it?

E. The museum of the Vatican is a depository of great magnificence, and probably unrivalled in its collection of rare antique statues. One becomes quite dazzled with the population which covers the gallery, the columns of various colours, polished mosaics, and richly-painted ceilings. The two statues that struck me most, were those of the Apollo Belvidere, and the group of the Laocoön. You have heard much of both these famous specimens of antiquity, and also have seen copies of them. The glorious statue of the Apollo commands our admiration at the first glance. It was found at Antium about the end of the fifteenth century. Michael Angelo caused it to be placed

in a small apartment, where, like Canova's Venus in Florence, it stands alone. One observes in this fine statue the noble attitude and majestic aspect of an infuriated god, who loses not his gravity in his anger. In another cabinet is situated the group of the Laocoön. How inimitably is represented the vain struggle for life ! Who that looks at this piece of sculpture, does not forget it is marble, and, sympathizing with the father's love for his offspring, would not try to help him in his misery ? The collection of oil paintings in the Vatican is not large ; but most of them are noble specimens of great masters. Among them, and that which attracted my attention most, was Raphael's eminent work of the Transfiguration ; it has almost been considered the master-piece of this famous painter, and its equal does not exist. The gallery of the Vatican pleased me more than any other I had ever seen. It certainly contains the most splendid collection of statues, reliefs, mosaics, and fresco, of any other museum in the world. The principal entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's, by the superb staircase of the Scala Regia. It was constructed by Bernini, and consists of four flights of marble steps, adorned with rows of marble Ionic columns, forming a perspective of singular beauty and grandeur. But I must not omit telling you of the "Sala degli Animali ;" this room is entirely dedicated to statues of ani-

imals ; dogs in every attitude, and other beasts finely sculptured, attracted my admiration and astonishment, so true to nature were they all. The library of the Vatican is a noble gallery, four hundred paces in length. Though deficient in printed works, it contains a rare collection of more than thirty thousand manuscripts. The room is divided down the centre by arches, the pillars painted in fresco, representing every person who discovered a letter from Adam downwards.

M. I am certainly wiser now than I was before. I never knew that Adam invented or discovered a letter.

E. Every day we learn something new, Mary. The library also contains a quantity of curious relics, such as coins, vases of terra-cotta, medals, and ancient bronzes. We were shown a remarkably old Bible, written in the sixth century, in Greek, and from which, it is said, all the subsequent copies of the Septuagint have been taken.

M. I would rather have seen that old book than anything else. I am so fond of ancient Bibles and rare works, even though I do not understand them. Ah, you are smiling at my foolishness, Ellen. Will you tell me when was St. Peter's church and the Vatican erected ?

E. I will give you a short account of this cathedral, the building of which is curious. When

the apostle St. Peter obtained the crown of martyrdom, in the year of our Lord 66, under the reign of Nero, his dead body was buried in a sepulchre dug in the sand, under the present church. The place was then a kitchen-garden, where the Emperor used to amuse himself torturing the Christians. Some time after, when Christianity was established in Europe, Pope Anacleti erected over the tomb a small oratory. In the year 306, the Emperor Constantine, at the suggestion of Pope Silvestrio, raised there a magnificent church of the cathedral form. Nicholas I., about the year 1450, finding that this building was falling into ruins, began to erect the present temple. It was continued under the reigns of eighteen succeeding Popes, and not completed until a period elapsed of one hundred and thirty-five years. Among the artists employed in this building, were Bramanti, Raphael, Sangello, Buonarotti, and Carlo Maderno, all men of celebrity. And certainly "La Chiesa di San Pietro" does honour to the feelings and tastes of those Pontiffs who spared no expense on this magnificent cathedral. It is not known whether Constantine also built the Vatican, or under the reign of what Pope the first stone was laid. Charlemagne was crowned there by Pope Leo III., in 800, and when the Apostolical See was removed from Avignon to Rome, Gregory XI. made it the Pontifical Palace.

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The succeeding Popes embellished and beautified it, and now, as I before remarked, it is considered the finest gallery in the world.

M. You visited the Colosseum; is it not a very wonderful building? Will you tell me about it?

E. The Colosseum is accounted the most curious, as it is the most perfect ancient ruin in Rome. It is even now a stupendous building, consisting of four stories: that is, three rows of porticos, one above another, the fourth open to the air; surrounded by a lofty circular wall, ornamented with pilasters and pillars. This immense amphitheatre is built of both brick and stone; it is adorned with the four different orders of architecture, the lowest columns being of the Doric, as it is the most massive, the highest the Composite, being the most light and elegant. Flavius Vespasian, on his return from the Judaical war, began this building. It was finished by his son Titus, in the last year of his reign. Adrian had the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes transported into the piazza, from which the amphitheatre was named Colosseum. It was capable of containing 100,000 spectators, assembled to witness,—what? the sanguinary fights of the gladiators, unfortunate men, who, without being enemies, were obliged to murder one another. When the conqueror stood over his adversary, he waited but the

bending of the Roman's thumb, to kill him or let him free. To this building wild beasts were brought to tear each other; or, what was still more horrid, unhappy Christians here struggled with the infuriated monsters for their lives. When I stood in the area of the Colosseum, and thought of all the precious blood that had been spilt there, of the groans of the dying, mingled with the shouts of the spectators, I could not but shudder, and feel thankful that those days of barbarous amusements had passed away, and other games more suited to intellectual and rational man had filled their place. There is a cross erected in the centre of the piazza of the Colosseum, and a number of altars around, where prayers are repeated, according to the belief of the Romish church, for the good of the souls of those who perished here in former times. Whenever a pious Roman Catholic passes through the area, he or she kisses the cross.

M. That reminds me of asking you, did you witness any of the rites of the Church of Rome, while at that city?

E. I was not fortunate enough to arrive in time to see the Pope's coronation, and to receive his blessing, which is a very imposing ceremony. Nor was I there on any remarkable day. But I will tell you of a superstitious observance that I witnessed. Among other churches that we visited,

was the beautiful and elegant "Chiesa di San Giovanni Laterano," the first church that Constantine built, when he became a Christian. Near it is the "Santa Scala," or "Holy Stairs," which Helen, the mother of Constantine, brought from Jerusalem. They were taken from the house of Pilate, and are said to be the steps which our Saviour ascended and descended when brought before that governor. They are covered with wood, and held in such veneration by the faithful, that they ascend them on their knees. There is a chapel erected over them, and five other flights of stairs leading to it. I saw a number of carriages standing at the portico, and gaily dressed noble females alighting from them, would first reverentially kiss the steps, and then ascend them on their knees.

M. I am afraid I should be inclined to smile at such a sight, though, from your serious countenance, Ellen, I think you did not laugh; but you have often told me to respect human weakness, and be thankful that I am taught a better faith. Did you visit any other curious place, or see anything else worth describing to me?

E. Indeed, Mary, every place in Rome is worth telling you of, but it would be useless to enumerate to you all the noble churches; ruins, hallowed by time and memory; obelisks, that one can hardly believe could be carried from Egypt and be so perfect; monuments, or, as they are

called, "colonne" or columns, each erected to commemorate the brave actions of some hero of antiquity; beautiful public gardens, fine palaces, and splendid fountains that are to be met with in this far-famed city. I was at Rome during the Carnival. I thought it a very childish-looking amusement, to see an assemblage of people, some masked, on foot or in carriages, showering comfits, or pelting each other with sweetmeats. The horse-racing in the Corso, the longest street in Rome, was curious. The horses, which seemed to me to be smaller than our English ones, ran without riders; they were decked with ribands, tinsel, and small spurs, so placed as to prick their sides at every step, and urge them on. They appeared not to require this stimulus, for at the starting-post they were neighing and pawing the ground, as eager to begin as an English jockey could wish. During one race, a horse became frightened, and turned back suddenly in the middle of the course; the shrieks of the people were dreadful, and there might have happened some serious accident, if the poor animal had not been cut down by the soldiers.

M. The poor horse! what a sad end to his race: one becomes so interested for an animal at a horse-race. Is there not a part of Rome dedicated to the Jews?

E. The "Ghetto," as it is called, is situated on the muddy banks of the Tiber, and exhibits

a degree of filth and squalid misery seldom to be met with. The unfortunate Jews are here shut up every night by two gates. There is a church facing one of the entrances, with a text taken from Isaiah, in Hebrew and Latin, inscribed on its front. On a particular day, I believe Good Friday, the Jews are compelled to hear high mass in this church. This persecution of God's own people is a sad remnant of barbarism in the Roman Catholic religion. But I am afraid you will be wearied hearing of Rome, though I have not told you half its wonders. From the Capitoline hill, or Campidoglio, once so crowded with temples that it seemed the residence of all the gods, there is a fine view, comprising both the ancient and modern city. Casting your eyes towards the north and west, you behold Modern Rome, spread over the Campus Martius, twining round the base of the Capitol, and along both sides of the Tiber; no longer the "Golden Tiber," but a muddy yellow river. On the other side, over the Seven Hills, and intervening vales, are the vast deserted ruins of the proud Mistress of the World. Beyond these remains is the dreary Campagna, the Alban mountain, forming an insulated mass, covered with luxuriant woods. Towards the east are the Tiburtine hills, and still more in the background, the Sabine mountains, encompassed by the Apennines capped with snow, closing in this

panorama to the east and north. The Tiber can be traced winding its sluggish course through the pestiferous plain of the Campagna until it enters Rome, and passing through its streets and ruins, shortly after joins the Mediterranean. It made me melancholy and silent, as I recalled the scenes of grandeur and magnificence, feasting and pleasure, that once enlivened these gigantic remains of other days. All passed away! even the tombs of the Scipios and Cæsars are erased from the soil in which their bodies reposed.

M. But if the warriors and statesmen of ancient times are gone, has not Rome been the birth-place of great men in later times?

E. I believe the poets, who have given soul to the sacred music and operas of Rome, the painters and sculptors who have adorned her churches, public buildings, and streets, were all foreigners. Metastasio is the only native poet of note, that I can remember. Pietro Metastasio, the first of operatic poets, was the son of a poor huckster, and was born in 1698. While sitting in his father's booth, he attracted the notice of the celebrated lawyer and critic, Gravina, who immediately took him into his service, educated him, adopted him, and left him a handsome legacy at his death. Metastasio, instead of trusting to his poetical talent for a livelihood, placed himself under the

professional guidance of Castagna, a celebrated lawyer at Naples ; but in this city, under the influence of the genial atmosphere, and surrounded by everything to draw forth the “ hidden soul of harmony,” he could not apply himself to the dull study of the law. He composed poetry, which was received and admired at court, and he surrendered himself to the enchanting pursuits, which were his vocation by right of birth. From Naples he went to Vienna, in company with a beautiful actress, of whom he had become enamoured. Here he was the favourite of the Emperor, and his days flowed on smoothly and calmly till the year 1782, when he died. When you are old enough, Mary, to appreciate the beauties of Italian poetry, you will read Metastasio, and I am sure you will be much pleased with his delightful operas ; but, at present, I think we will not lose this fine afternoon, but go out and enjoy a walk. To-morrow, if you wish, we will leave Rome, and proceed on our route towards Naples.

CHAPTER V.

The Pontine Marshes—Terracina—Fondi—Santa Agata—Naples—Its history—Mount Vesuvius—The Crater—Splendid view—Pompeii—Herculaneum—Museo Borbonico—Grotta del Cane—The Neapolitans—Poets and Painters of Naples.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. DEAR Ellen, what route did you take in your journey to Naples?

Ellen. We went by the road. Though not considered as safe as the steam-packet, we preferred it. We bade adieu to Rome at six o'clock one morning, having spent only weeks in visiting the interesting places of this city, where months might be profitably and delightfully passed. The country in the immediate vicinity of Rome was very dreary, no houses, and scarcely any cultivation. We were travelling on the old Appian Way, which is paved with large flat stones, and lined with ancient tombs, of a pyramidal shape. At Albano we breakfasted; here the scenery changed, presenting an agreeable variety of hill and wooded glen. At "Torre de Tre Ponti" we entered the dreary Pontine marshes, on the

excellent new road called the Linea Pia. These marshes consist of a large flat of land, lying between the mountains and the sea, about twenty-five miles in length, and ending at Terracina. After various attempts, in the days of the Romans in the middle ages, and afterwards by succeeding Pontiffs, to drain them, the finishing stroke was put to the Herculean labour by Pius VII., in honour of his predecessor, Pius VI. He constructed a new road, on the foundations of the Via Appia, and drained the swamps by means of canals. In the summer the marshes are covered with rich pasture, and afford grazing for numerous droves of buffaloes and flocks of sheep. But it was in the month of February we passed through, and cold, wet, and dreary was the drive. It was also dangerous, on account of the banditti that inhabit the mountains, which were about two miles from us ; they infest this road, and sometimes have been known to carry off vettura, passengers, and baggage, and keep them in their fastnesses until ransomed. The marshes, from these causes, are usually well guarded ; but in consequence of the disturbances in Rome and the Provinces, the soldiers had all been summoned to the capital, and the station-houses were empty. You may guess, Mary, that as night came on I did not feel myself particularly comfortable, at the prospect of being carried up to the mountains, perhaps never

to see “Home, sweet home” again. The thought of my perils on Mont Cenis also filled me with terror, and an accident we met with completed my fright. We had changed horses at a very dismal, bad-looking inn ; the animals were moving rather slowly, and the vetturino could not persuade the postillion to quicken their pace. The passengers became alarmed, as the night was both dark and rainy. The vetturino, when he found that speaking had no effect on the stubborn postillion, jumped from his seat in a furious passion, and drawing a large clasp knife, threatened to stab him if he did not proceed. I am sure there would have been murder, if the postillion of another vettura, of which there were five in company with us, had not arrested his hand. However, the threat intimidated the man, and we arrived safe at Terracina about eleven o’clock.

M. I think, Ellen, that adventure was nearly equal to crossing Mont Cenis. Oh ! if the postillion was in league with the bandits, what a providential escape you had.

E. I can assure you I was very glad and thankful when I descended from the vettura, and was safe in the inn. The style of the head-dress of the young women of Terracina is very elegant and simple. The hair is platted and tied up in curves to the top of the head with ribands, while a long, thick ornamental pin is fastened among

the folds. At Fondi, the first town in the Neapolitan dominions, we were detained while our baggage was minutely examined ; all our books were seized. This town is built on the Via Appia, and once was celebrated for its wines. There is a curious painting in the church of the Annunziata, representing the plundering of the town by the celebrated Barbarossa in 1534, when he made an unsuccessful attempt to carry off the beautiful Julia Gonzaga, Countess of Fondi, intending to present her to the Grand Seignior, as an ornament for his seraglio. We breakfasted at Mola di Gaeta, a handsome town built on the sea-shore. The port is said to have been constructed by Antoninus Pius. We stopped for the night at Santa Agata, where we got a very small joint of bad mutton for our supper ; a French gentleman said it was part of a cat. Next day we passed through Capua ; the present squalid-looking town did not appear to me likely to afford as much luxury as would effeminate an individual, although Hannibal's army forgot in its pleasures the glory of war. The site of the ancient Capua is, however, at Santa Maria, two miles distant. The country from this town to Naples appears like one continued garden. The noble road is bordered by tall elms, poplars, and aloes. The peasantry live in villages built on the ridges of the Apennines, as mal'aria is generated from the exhalations of the low grounds. We had neither

arched gates to pass under, nor passports to show until we should arrive at the office, as Naples is not a walled town, so we drove through the crowded and noisy *Strada di Toledo*, and soon after were breakfasting in our hotel.

M. Beautiful Naples ! Did you think the scenery as lovely as it is represented to be ?

E. I join in your exclamation of Beautiful Naples ! But, Mary, before I tell you of my rambles to the many scenes of interest about this city, I expect you to give me some account of its geography and history.

M. The town is built on the north-west of the Gulf, or Bay of Naples, which is nearly thirty miles in circumference ; sheltered on one side by the promontory of Miseno, and no the other by that of Sorrento. It is almost circular, and was anciently called Crater Sinus. Many centuries previous to the Christian era, the Phœnicians built a town on the site of the present Naples, which was called Parthenope, from the tomb of one of the Sirens. The origin of the modern city is ascribed to a Greek colony that came from Cumæ. In the early struggles of Rome with her neighbours, Naples took part with the latter ; but suffering severely in the contest, she entered into an alliance with the Roman republic, to whom she rendered, more than once, powerful assistance, particularly in the Carthaginian war. Naples

was divided into two cities, until the time of the Emperor Augustus, who joined them ; Paleopolis the old, and Neapolis the new. During his reign, and for centuries after, the beauty of the situation and scenery of Naples attracted the attention of the Roman Emperors and their courtiers, who made it their summer residence, until, terrified by the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, which began to spread ruin among their elegant villas and gardens, they abandoned it, and beautiful Naples sunk into oblivion. But in the sixth century she had acquired considerable wealth, and was become a city of some extent and renown. The celebrated Belisarius invested it, and taking it by stratagem, made it again part of the Roman empire. Dear Ellen, will you tell me its more modern history ?

E. With pleasure. It is, like the other Italian states, replete with incidents of long and fearful contention. Christians and Saracens alternately conquered it. The Normans, under Tancred, drove out the Saracens, and by their connexions with the Greeks, established a most respectable monarchy, flourishing in arts and arms. For the space of about one hundred and twenty-four years Naples enjoyed comparative peace, until the Popes, by their intrigues, breaking the line of the Norman kings, again involved the kingdom in war. Revolution followed revolution ; no dynasty was allowed

long to possess the throne ; and the barons had full power to aggrandize themselves by the ruin of successive princes. Manfred, famed by Dante, having murdered his brother Conrad, Pope Innocent IV. gave the crown of Naples to Charles of Anjou, who, having led an army against Manfred, defeated him, and the kingdom fell into the hands of the French. But his reign did not bring peace to distracted Naples. During it, and for two centuries after, the princes of Arragon and Anjou kept up a sanguinary and scarcely intermitted contest for the Neapolitan crown. Finally, the Spaniards conquered, and in 1504 took possession of the throne. The government of the Spaniards, under the Austrian line, became so oppressive as to give rise to the famous revolt of Massaniello. This man's rise and fall forms such a curious tale, that I must needs tell it you. Thomas Anello, or Massaniello, was a poor fisherman, without shoes or stockings. Placing himself at the head of fifty thousand Neapolitans, whom he had persuaded to revolt, his success was so surprising, and so terrified the haughty Spaniards, as to make them abolish the oppressive taxes, and confirm the liberties of the people. But poor Massaniello did not live to see the effect of his enterprise ; his continued agitation of body and mind brought on a delirium, he died mad at the head of his mob, after enjoying his dignity of captain only ten days.

The Spaniards continued in quiet possession of Naples until the year 1700, when the extinction of the Austrian line again opened a new scene of war. During the ascendancy of the French in Europe, the crown of Naples was conferred by Napoleon on his brother-in-law Murat, who was expelled on the downfall of his patron. He attempted to return to Naples as the other did to France, but not with the same success. He was taken prisoner on his landing, and shot like a common malefactor. During his short reign, he coined a great deal of money. I frequently received in change silver and brass coins of Joachim I., and always preserved them as memorials of this brave but unfortunate sovereign.

M. Dear Ellen, will you now tell me of your ascent to Mount Vesuvius?

E. I am quite ready. Our hotel directly faced Vesuvius and the lovely bay of Naples. We had been watching the mountain for some days, as it was covered with snow and mist; and we were afraid we should not have been able to ascend it. But one morning early, on looking out, it seemed clearer than usual, and we therefore, about eight o'clock, set out. We hired a curious kind of caleche. It was a small gig, gaudily painted and gilt, drawn by one horse: we sat in the front seat, and the driver stood behind with his long whip, which he did not spare. We passed over the

only bridge in the city, called Madelana, which is built across the ancient river Sabetos. On it is a marble statue of St. Genaro, the titular saint of Naples; he holds his hand in a menacing manner towards Mount Vesuvius. Our guide told us, with a grave face, that the figure had turned round to that position, during the late eruption, and so saved Naples. We breakfasted at Resina, and, after a little trouble about guides, &c., we selected one, and also a donkey for me, on which I was to ride to the base of the mountain. The man knelt down on one knee and made a footstool of his other, from which I vaulted into my saddle. Our cicerone guided the animal, while I held the bridle. Our road was very bad, being composed partly of lava, sand, and ashes. It wound through vineyards, and cottages surrounded by gardens, where the mulberry-tree grows in great luxuriance. The side of the mountain up to the Hermitage is clothed with vineyards, from the produce of which a wine is made, considered so good as to be called "Lachrimæ Christi," or the "Tears of Christ." As we ascended the view was superb. The country was quite green; on the shore was a continued village, the whole way from Naples, all round its magnificent bay. From its beauty and fertility, this country has acquired the name of "Campagna Felice," and it certainly deserves it. We arrived at the Hermitage about eleven o'clock.

It is a simple house, two stories high, with a small chapel attached to it ; it is inhabited by a few harmless friars, and a guard of soldiers.

M. A guard of soldiers at an Hermitage, on the side of a volcano ! I should think the awe and terror such a place would inspire, would deter robbers or murderers from frequenting the mountain.

E. Bad men are not even deterred by such an awful convulsion of nature as a volcano. The reason of soldiers inhabiting the Hermitage is this :—About three years ago, two English gentlemen went up to visit the crater. When they arrived there, two men with loaded muskets placed themselves behind two blocks of lava, and demanded their money and watches. The gentlemen not being armed, and seeing themselves in danger, gave them all they had. But to prevent such another occurrence, the king placed a body of soldiers here, and every party ascending to the crater is accompanied by one. Our road now lay over a long ridge of ashes, that had been thrown up several centuries ago, in one of the early eruptions. It remains a fertile garden, covered with vines and corn, to the foot of the cone, surrounded by desolate fields of lava and cinders. We soon after arrived at the base of the mountain, and here our troubles began. The donkey could proceed no farther, so the guide took

off the bridle, and putting it round himself, gave an end of it to me to hold, by which I was dragged up after him, and we thus climbed about half-way. But now the ascent became steeper, the snow lay ankle deep on the ground, the ashes, where no snow was, were blown by the violence of the wind in our faces, and the vapour that issued from the crater, came exactly towards us. I was frequently compelled to lie down from a sense of suffocation ; then we would determine to return ; but the prospect of soon reaching the end of our journey sustained us, and I would rise with fresh vigour to accomplish it. At length we arrived at the brim and looked down into the crater, and the scene fully compensated us for all our trouble. About ten feet below where we were seated, was an enormous cauldron of boiling lava, which you could almost fancy you saw heaving. From this was issuing a thick black smoke, occasionally enlightened by a dark red flame. This immense vessel, which is two miles and a half in circumference, was surrounded by fields of white snow to its very verge. When for a moment the smoke cleared away we saw, near the centre, some lovely green hills, which seemed covered with the most delightful verdure.

M. Oh, Ellen ! you do not tell me that there were verdant fields in the midst of that scene of desolation and boiling lava ? You remind me of

the tale of the green oasis that is met with in the deserts of Africa.

E. So I exclaimed when I saw those lovely spots ; but instead of grass and herbage, I learned they were mineral substances incrusted together. Does it not, Mary, excite your admiration of the glorious Creator of the Universe, to think that this crater is a magnificent chemical laboratory, where different minerals are continually forming new combinations by the action of fire ? The surface of the lava was, some time before we saw it, very low ; but it had been gradually rising till it was now within a few feet of the top. Every moment an eruption was expected, and it has come ; for since we left Naples there has been an overflowing of the crater, which has again carried ruin and terror down the side of the mountain.

M. I should not like to reside in the hermitage with the fear of such a dreadful catastrophe before me. Shocking idea ! to be buried under, or, rather, burned to death by a flood of boiling lava. Did you not find the oyster-shell you have in your museum on the top of Vesuvius ? Will you tell me how it is supposed it came there ?

E. Vesuvius is remarkable for discharging a quantity of water, which is supposed to be drawn from the sea below its base. It forces its way under the mountain, carrying along with it a

number of marine shells: when there is an eruption, these are ejected with other matters. This opinion is further strengthened by the sea being observed to retire from the shore during this time, as if a quantity was absorbed through some subterranean passage. But another, and more simple, cause may be assigned, which is, that strata of sea-shells are to be found in Vesuvius, as in other mountains, and which are occasionally thrown up, like any other material of which it is composed. We had brought eggs to roast at the fire of Vesuvius, and the guide had put them into his hat to keep them safe, but a sudden gust of wind carried it off, with all it contained, to a considerable distance amongst the lava below; so we lost the opportunity of breakfasting on eggs dressed in the most magnificent vessel that ever food was cooked in. Our guide could not enter into our feelings of regret for the loss on this account, but he constantly grieved for his hat; “*Mio capello bianco!*” “*My white hat!*” he would piteously say, looking down at the fields of lava where it had fallen.

M. The poor man felt its loss on that cold and windy mountain. Was not the view of Naples splendid from the top of Vesuvius?

E. “There was indeed a delightful interchange of water, picturesque landscape, and variety of buildings, spread under our feet,” as a traveller well observes, “refreshing to turn to

from the scene of volcanic desolation we had been gazing at. The city of Naples is an immense amphitheatre, adorned with every beauty that nature and art could bestow, inclining gently round the centre of the most beautiful bay in the world. The district which immediately surrounds the city, independently of its loveliness and pictorial beauties, teems with grounds under the highest state of cultivation. Olive groves, vineyards, and gardens, which supply the wants of a town and suburbs, containing upwards of three hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. The city itself, with its proud castles, towers, and churches; streets crowned with palaces, piled one above another; spacious terraces, covered, even then, with flowers, and lovely hanging gardens. The projecting mole on the smooth blue surface of the bay; the quays surrounded by shipping; the bay itself, covered with numerous feluccas and fishing-boats; while Capri, Procida, and Ischia, enhanced the singular beauty of the whole scene, from the fine manner in which nature has scattered these islands over the opening of the gulf. Baia's sunny shore, the land of classic lore, and of Virgil's sublime fictions, sparkled in the sun; while the diminished sail, a mere shining speck on the farthest sea, terminated a prospect that may well be called a terrestrial paradise." The Italians themselves say, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori," "See Naples and then die;" and from

its extreme beauty of situation, and the luxuries so easily obtained there, Naples is named the Modern Capua. The houses of this city, unlike any other I had yet seen, are all flat-roofed, which gives to the town a very picturesque and oriental appearance, particularly when they are, as is usually the case, covered with vases of flowers. But, dear Mary, we are still on the top of Mount Vesuvius, and although it was an enchanting prospect to gaze at, yet I can assure you it was rather a cold spot to stand on, and of too great an altitude for a bleak morning in February, though the sun was brightly shining, and gilding all the scene around. So, if you please, we will begin the descent. This was rapidly accomplished, the wind being in our backs, and the smoke not annoying us; we soon arrived at the foot of the cone, and I resumed my mule, which gaily trotted back to Resina.

M. Did you visit Pompeii or Herculaneum? Will you give me some account of these towns, and tell me what you saw curious in them?

E. Pompeii is situated about twelve miles and a half from Naples. It stands near the mouth of the river Sarnus, now called Sarno. It was a municipal city under the Romans, populous and handsome, and surrounded by walls upwards of three miles in circumference. In the sixty-third year of the Christian era, this town and Herculaneum

neum were much injured by an earthquake. They had, however, in a great measure recovered the damage sustained, when, in the year 79, one fatal catastrophe happened to both; they were destroyed by a tremendous eruption of Mount Vesuvius; Pompeii was buried under hot ashes, and Herculaneum was overwhelmed with lava; and both were deluged with boiling water. For more than one thousand six hundred years Pompeii remained covered with ashes; vineyards and gardens had gradually been formed over the heap. In the year 1750, however, the pavement of a house was discovered, when running a canal through it. They then began to excavate it, which was accomplished with little trouble, as the ashes are easily removed, and not twenty feet deep over the city. From the small number of skeletons and the few articles of value that have as yet been found, and from a curious notice discovered on the front of a house, stating that it was to be let for five years, with nine hundred shops, all the property of one individual, it has been conjectured, that the Pompeians were either preparing for the eruption, or that there had been a great emigration at the time of the earthquake. I have given you a history of Pompeii, as far as we know of it: I will now tell you my observations on this "City of the Dead." Ere we reached it we passed over the ruins of "Torre del Greco;" this town was destroyed

in the eruption of 1794. I could trace the bed of the lava, where it had flowed down the side of Vesuvius, and overwhelming houses, gardens, trees, and vineyards, it had rushed into the sea. The people have erected another town on the scarcely cold mass, and the inhabitants are working and building, as if they were not in danger every moment of meeting with the same fate as their predecessors. So callous does man become to danger, when he is inured to it, and lives, as these people do, in, I may say, daily expectation of ruin and a frightful death! As we approached Pompeii, we observed an elevation of considerable extent, covered with vineyards, which looked particularly fertile and beautiful. Under this the city lay buried, and what we now saw was part of it that has not as yet been revealed, the vines being still rooted amongst the houses below. But when we came up to this large mount, we found that nearly half of the city had been uncovered, and instead of the gardens I had seen, there were houses, temples, theatres, and other public buildings exposed to view. It was an interesting spectacle to behold a city that had lain so long buried, again, as it were, emerging from the ground. But it bore, I think, a desolate and melancholy look, as if the spirits of its ancient inhabitants were mourning over its departed grandeur. We wandered through a number of streets for four hours,

and yet had not seen the half of the town. There were the shops, with the names of their proprietors marked in red letters on the fronts of their houses ; and we could even trace, in some, the marks of small cups on the stone counters. There were also mills with which they ground their corn, and in other places chandlers' shops, with substances for making soap. Other buildings were private houses, in which were discovered different household utensils. The fresco paintings were still fresh on the walls ; some seemed as if they had only then been executed. The rooms, which were very small, were painted different colours, like ours ; the prevailing one was red, which appeared to me mean and glaring ; the windows were little narrow slits in the walls : in some the glass was still remaining, which was green and dark, so as scarcely to admit the light. The streets, which were but of small breadth when compared with modern ones, were paved with large flat stones, like our flagging, in which were deep ruts, worn into the hard surface by the carriage-wheels ; these tracks must have taken at least one hundred years to make. I thought, as I looked at them, that it was not from the Pompeians we derived our love of mending roads. At each side of the street were raised foot-paths like ours. They were in the act of removing the ashes from a house, and we stopped to look at the work ;

everything was discovered as it was left by the unfortunate inhabitants. Among other things was a number of wine or oil jars, in the most perfect preservation, as if laid up for domestic use. But, dear Mary, I should never finish, if I were to tell you of all the interesting remains of this once populous and noble city. To visit it is actually to live with the ancients, to peep at the world as it was one thousand eight hundred years ago, when the Roman empire was at its highest pinnacle of opulence, refinement, and splendour. On either side of the public road were ancient tombs, like those I had observed on the Via Appia, leading from Rome. One would imagine the Romans loved to think on death, for their burial-places were generally on the road-side.

M. You say they have not discovered many skeletons at Pompeii; what number had they found when you were there?

E. Only three hundred. The bodies of one white female and her two black attendants were found in a vault, as if they had run there for protection; the lady had a bunch of keys in her hand, and gold ear-rings in her ears. Of course the moment the corpses were exposed to the air they became dust, and were blown away by the first wind.

M. You will make me quite melancholy if you tell me any more about Pompeii; I could

almost weep over its fate. But I want now to know about Herculaneum. Did you not visit it?

E. Herculaneum, situated about five miles from Naples, is supposed to have been built about sixty years before the siege of Troy. In the time of Pliny it was a large and flourishing city; but was, as I have already told you, destroyed with Pompeii. It was accidentally discovered by a peasant, while sinking a well at Portici, in 1689. About thirty years after, the Prince d'Elbeuf, settling at Portici, purchased the ground, in hopes of discovering marble for a new house. He found some fine statues, and was making great researches, when the Neapolitan government obliged him to desist. Herculaneum thus remained till the year 1737, when the King of Naples purchased from the Prince his lately-erected house, with the ground, ordered the excavations to be continued, and discovered an entire city buried in the earth. After a great deal of labour, for the lava was like hard stone, the theatre, and other buildings, were brought to light, in 1750; but as Resina and Portici, where the king's summer palace is built, are erected immediately over Herculaneum, the workmen were again obliged to desist, for fear of undermining these towns, and, perhaps, causing their ruin. We descended into Herculaneum, and visited the temple and other buildings; but

as they are like those of Pompeii, I need not describe them to you. The lava with a substance called *tufa* is incrusted over all the houses. The wood-work, and beams in the walls, were burned into charcoal, and the incrustation had hardened in such a manner about them, as quite to preserve them from being disturbed from their original positions. I have shown you the burnt cord and charcoal that I collected at Herculaneum; they are now in my little museum.

M. Yes; how curious to think what a long time has elapsed since that cord was made! Have you anything more to tell me of Mount Vesuvius and its victims?

E. Have you not heard enough about them? I will end my tale of Vesuvius with a story that our cicerone told us. About a year before, he had conducted a gentleman to the crater; when he arrived at the top, he wrote two notes, and handing them to the astonished guide, he said "Adieu," and plunged headlong into the boiling gulf before the affrighted and horror-stricken man who accompanied him knew what he intended to do. One of the notes was to his afflicted wife, the other to the police, that the guide might not be taken up for the gentleman's own rash act. I think, by your look of surprise and horror, Mary, that you would not have courage thus to rush

uncalled into the presence of your God ; it certainly was the act of a madman.

M. It truly was. Oh ! what could his feelings be, when he found himself suffocating in the burning lava ! Where are all the curiosities kept that have been taken from Pompeii and Herculaneum ?

E. They are brought to the Museo Borbonico, otherwise named Lo Studio. This building was originally a university, and was erected in 1616. In 1790 it was converted to its present use. It contains an immense quantity of coins, medals, gold and silver ornaments, and specimens of fresco painting ; loaves, fruit, and pieces of honey-comb, which are kept in glass cases, to preserve them, I believe, from the action of the air. I was not struck with the Statue Gallery ; it seemed to me a poor collection after having been at the Vatican. A number of the statues have silver eyes, which I imagined gave them a pleasing and animated look. But the apartment in this museum which interested me most, was where they were unrolling the parchments found at Herculaneum. One thousand seven hundred scrolls have been discovered, upwards of four hundred of them have been expanded, and only one hundred were legible. The volumes, which literally means *rolls*, are like small pieces of burnt wood, as thick

as one's wrist ; you would think they were of no manner of use, and could never be read, yet there has been a machine invented for rendering them legible. They paste on the back of the roll a thick leaf and let it dry, and then, by turning a screw, they unfurl both together ; the leaf is to strengthen the calcined parchment. They have thus unfolded and read much ancient writing. One book is entire : "A Treatise on Music." As soon as the volume is finished, it is transcribed and printed.

M. Really that is curious, thus to bring to light books that have been composed, and one would think destroyed, one thousand six hundred years ago. Did you visit that natural phenomenon, the grotto "del Cane ?"

E. "La Gròtta del Cane" is situated near Pozzuoli, a celebrated ancient town, now in ruins, about five miles from Naples. In leaving the city, we passed through the grotto of Pausilippo. It is an enormous tunnel cut through the hardened volcanic sand ; it is half a mile long, lighted by lamps ; near the centre there are two long funnels bored through the roof to admit air. This curious perforation is mentioned by Seneca and others, and although a wonderful work of art, the time of its formation is unknown ; only for it there would be no communication between Naples and the country, except over the mountains. Near this cave is the tomb of Virgil. We climbed the hill to

visit it ; it is only a small stone hut, offering nothing remarkable, except the niches of the urns, in one of which the ashes of the poet were said to be kept. Having paid our homage to this spot, we proceeded on to "La Grotta del Cane," which is a small shallow cavity in a rock. Near it stood a lady dressed in green velvet, trimmed with gold, accompanied by a man holding two dogs in a leash, for the purpose of trying experiments. This man first took a dog and laid it on its back in the cave. When it began to snuff the air, it instantly appeared suffocated, and if he had not carried it out, the animal would have died, but the fresh breeze recovered it again. He then took a torch, and as long as he held it upright it burned, but the moment he turned it downwards towards the ground, it went out.

M. How very curious ! Can you tell me what causes this phenomenon ?

E. The vapour formed in the cave is what is called " carbonic acid gas," which is equally extracted from charcoal, burning limestone, the process of brewing, and old wells. It has three properties, that of extinguishing light, destroying life, and weighing heavier than common air. It frequently causes death to people who burn charcoal in their bed-rooms, and those in lime-kilns and breweries. When it rises to a certain height, as in this grotto, it runs off like water, so that it

is not dangerous, unless below the edge of the cavity, although it is said to be impossible to discharge a pistol in the cavern at all.

M. Was the scenery about “La Grotta del Cane” wild-looking?

E. Both about it and the Grotto of Pausilippo was very romantic. The road to the former seems to have been cut through the hills, which rose at either side of us like a wall, covered with trees and wild flowers. Near the cave is the Lago d’Agnano, a romantic-looking lake, originally the crater of a volcano ; over it numerous flocks of wild birds were flying or diving into it for fish. We next visited the Solfaterra, so called from the quantity of sulphur it produces. There was a steam of sulphureous vapour issuing from the ground, which had a very strong unpleasant smell. I regretted exceedingly that we had not time to visit all the interesting remains of Roman greatness, and all the natural curiosities scattered around the environs of Naples—Baiae, Pozzuoli, the Lucrine Lake, once so celebrated as the Avernus of Virgil, and other places, the names of which it is needless for me to enumerate to you. The little cicerone who conducted us to “La Grotta del Cane” was a perfect curiosity himself ; he had on one shoe, and no stockings, yet he wore massive gold rings in his ears. He tried to give us information about the places we were visiting, but we

could not possibly understand his dialect; the Neapolitan language is as unintelligible to a stranger as the Piedmontese.

M. Is not Naples a very noisy town?

E. The Strada di Toledo is considered the noisiest place in the world. The climate of Naples is so mild that the people live almost entirely in the open air. It is an amusing sight to watch all the droll scenes that pass in the Strada di Toledo, on the Mole, and at Santa Lucia, the fish-market, open to the bay. It forms quite a living and moving panorama. No person having any pretensions to rank or wealth would be seen walking in this town, so the rolling of carriages, and vehicles of all kinds and shapes, is incessant. The lazzaroni, of whom you must have heard, lie all day basking in the sun; dressed in a shirt, loose jacket and trowsers, a red cloth cap thrown carelessly on one side of their head, and a hand-kerchief over their face, to shade their eyes. Their greatest happiness seems to consist in eating macaroni, and quaffing weak wine from a long-necked bottle. Macaroni is the principal food of the lower class of Neapolitans; they eat it dressed in every variety of form; it is bought ready prepared and hot, in the streets, where the venders of this favourite dish are met at every corner. The luxury of the poor in summer is ices, which they can procure at a cheap rate. Indeed, I think





NEAPOLITAN COSTUMES.

the Neapolitan peasantry are the happiest I ever met with, if one may judge from their constant laughter, and their humorous manners ; though the number of beggars in the streets are disgusting objects, as they think that by displaying their misfortunes and sores, they will excite compassion and pity in the passer by.

M. Have the females any particular dress at Naples ?

E. Their costume is as varied as their employment ; they seem to have so few wants, that they spend all their money on finery and gaudy ornaments ; the women appeared to me more industrious than the men, they were always at work with their distaffs. Out of the lava procured from Mount Vesuvius there are beautiful ornaments formed—cameos of every form and colour. The lava is a very useful material, the streets are paved with it, and walls built of it ; but I should continue telling all day the wonders of this lovely and apparently happy city.

M. You make me wish to go and live there. Has it been the birth-place of any great men ?

E. Naples, like Florence, has given birth to many public characters, painters, and poets. I will give you a sketch of the lives of a few of them.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento in 1544 ; he was the celebrated author of the “ Jerusalem delivered.” He early departed from the paternal

mansion, and attached himself to the Duke of Ferrara. Having left his service, he went to Paris, and from thence returned to Italy, where he had the misfortune to kill a man in a duel, for which act he was put into prison. But here his greatest unhappiness was the violent passion he conceived for Eleanor, sister of Duke Alphonso, his jailer. He recovered his liberty, but with an impaired reason. After meeting with a number of adventures, he fled to Sorrento, to his sister, disguised as a shepherd. He told her such a pitiful tale of the miseries that her brother suffered, drawn from his own lively imagination, that poor Cornelia fainted away. Affected by this proof of her love, he gradually disclosed himself, and was received with every mark of affection. But the unsettled mind of the poet would not allow him to enjoy the lovely scenery of Sorrento; he went to Rome, where he was crowned with laurel. He died the evening of his coronation, in the year 1595. Beside his famous "*Gerusalemme liberata*," he composed the "*Jerusalem conquered*," a pastoral called "*Aminta*," and some other pieces.

Jacobo Sannazaro was born at Naples in 1458. He was the author of a number of beautiful Sonnets, and Latin and Italian Poems. He died in 1530. His Latin piece of "*De Partu Virginis*" has immortalized him, though he is accused

of having in it mixed, in too light a manner, profane and sacred ideas.

Salvator Rosa was born at Naples in 1615. His father was an architect; but Salvator was not to be reared to that profession; he learned Latin, and being destined for the church, was sent to study at a Carthusian convent. Poet, painter, and musician, Salvator liked not the dry every-day course of the holy life to which he was consigned. He fled from the convent, and returned home. The remainder of the history of this remarkable man is such a fairy tale, that I would advise you to procure an enlarged account of it; the perusal will give you much pleasure. He was captured by bandits, and among them he painted some of his most admired pictures of mountain scenes. He excelled in battle-pieces and wild landscapes. Salvator died at Rome in 1673.

Though there are many other great men who were born at Naples, yet those I have mentioned, I believe, were the most celebrated. The scenery around Naples has always been the fabled land of gods, demigods, and heroes. In ancient times Homer and Virgil peopled it; while Tasso and other poets followed their example in modern days.

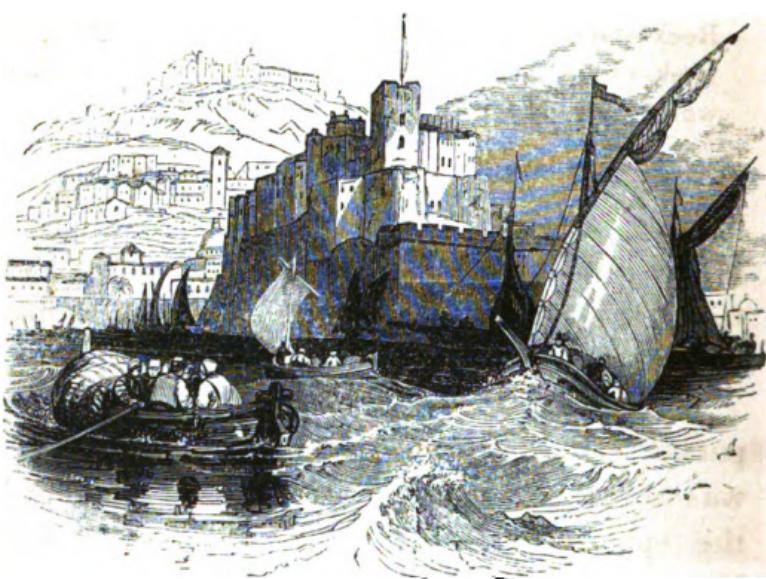
M. And now, Ellen, you have come to the end of your Italian journey. Were you pleased with your tour through this land of bards and

painters, lovely scenery, noble palaces, and splendid ruins?

E. I was delighted with my trip. I visited “Génova la Supérba;” “Firénze la Bella;” “Róma la Sánta;” and “Nápoli la Gentile;” and I was pleased and highly entertained with all the different sights I witnessed in them. I hope, dear Mary, that I have also contributed to your amusement and instruction by my short account of each of these renowned cities. We will to-morrow enter on a different scene, but I think, at present, we had better stop and rest, as I did for some time at Naples.







NAPLES.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure from Naples—Party on board the *Lady Emily* Packet—*Stromboli*—*Sicily*—The Straits—*Messina*—*Malta*—*La chiesa di minori osservanti*—*Gozo*—*Fungus Rock*—*Giant's Tower*—*Maltese observances of Passion-week*—*Easter-day*—*Cave and Bay of St. Paul*—Last words about *Malta*.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. WELL, Ellen, I hope you are quite rested, and that now we may proceed on our journey from Naples to—what place?

Ellen. To *Malta*. The *Lady Emily* steam-packet came from *Malta* bearing dispatches; it was to return next day, so we availed ourselves of the opportunity to go thither. We sailed from *Naples* at six o'clock one fine evening. The view from the bay, of the town, the hills rising behind it, the quay, the mole, and the fortresses, formed a scene of picturesque beauty seldom witnessed. The bay of *Naples* is said, and I think truly, to resemble that of *Dublin*, the hill of *Howth* representing the position of *Vesuvius*. We had on board a very pleasant party, including *Lord Lyne-doch*, of whom, perhaps, you have heard. He is a native of *Scotland*, and has greatly distinguished

himself in the army, serving in different campaigns in France, the Austrian army, Ireland, and finally in Spain. When I met him, he was going to visit, at Malta, some of the scenes of his early exploits. He was a fine hale old gentleman, past sixty years of age. He remembered, with wonderful accuracy, the battles and sieges where he had fought, or at which he had commanded. He told us anecdotes of his campaigns, in a lively and pleasing manner ; indeed, he made the voyage quite delightful, in spite of sea-sickness. The captain was a rough John Bull. To complete our party, we had a very agreeable and entertaining Scotch doctor, who was returning to his station, and a young man, the amanuensis of Lord Lynedoch. In the evening we saw Stromboli. Where is it situated ?

M. Stromboli, anciently called Strongyle, is a volcano, one of the Lipari islands. These islands are situated about twenty miles from Sicily ; they form a beautiful and fertile group, covered with vineyards, and abounding in fruits, producing also alum and sulphur. They were anciently named the *Æolian Isles* ; the sudden winds that issued from them causing the superstitious people to believe that *Æolus*, the god of wind, there kept his court.

E. Stromboli is not like other volcanoes, which burst out occasionally, committing frightful ravages, and then stop for a long time ; but it is

constantly emitting flame, at short intervals, and throwing up ashes and lava. It seemed like a great revolving beacon, which one moment was dark, the next sent forth a flood of light, illuminating all the scene around. The sea as we passed this island was frightfully agitated, as if by a storm. Though it is a volcano, Stromboli is nevertheless inhabited; there is a large village at the base of the mountain. Next day we passed the Faro of Messina. The strait here, though narrow, is very lovely; it is formed by the coast of Sicily on one side, and that of Calabria on the other. The shores are beautifully wild and wooded. We saw the famous rock of Scylla, on the Italian coast. Can you tell me the fable of this terror of ancient mariners?

M. The sorceress Circe, in a fit of jealousy, changed a beautiful nymph into a frightful monster, having twelve feet, six heads each with three rows of teeth, and who was always barking like a dog. The poor girl was so terrified by this sudden metamorphosis, that she threw herself into the sea, where are now the Straits of Messina. She was then changed into a rock, which was universally deemed by the ancients as very dangerous to sailors, even in calm weather.

E. At the present day, during a tempest, the waves roar dreadfully when driven into the rough uneven cavities of these rocks. A short time after

we had passed them we entered the bay of Messina. Messina lies in the Val di Demona, and possesses a noble harbour. We went on shore, and walked through the town. It is a large city, and looked very clean ; the principal street, which is a mile long, is flagged, and has raised trottoirs at either side. Will you tell me the ancient history of Messina ?

M. Messāna, or as it was still more anciently called, Zancle, from the shape of its bay, which is that of a reaping-hook, was founded 1600 years before the Christian era. There are different accounts given of the cause of its changing its name, but they are all conjectures. The Romans conquered it, and it was for some time the chief town of their possessions in Sicily.

E. Messina was the scene of many a sanguinary battle in the days of the Romans, and in latter times ; at present it forms part of the kingdom of Naples, as well as the rest of Sicily. When we were leaving the harbour of Messina we were nearly caught in the whirlpool of Charybdis. The tide was turning, and the ship becoming unmanageable, was twirling round and round. The captain, I think, became rather frightened ; he procured three strong well-manned boats, and the vessel was towed out of the bay.

M. That was falling from “ Scylla into Charybdis.” This whirlpool proved fatal to part of

the fleet of Ulysses, and it seems it was likely to teach you not to despise ancient tradition.

E. Why, Mary, I think you believe in those superstitions of former days. The coasts at both sides of the strait still continued to look very beautiful. On the Sicilian shore there rose bold hills covered with cultivation. On the Calabrian side the mountains appeared high and romantic: these hills produce rich pasture, olives, and good cattle; they are inhabited by a race of hardy, industrious, and inoffensive husbandmen. It is in the straits of Messina that the natural phenomenon called the "Fata Morgana" is seen. It is only to be observed when the water is in a particular state; then the whole of the Calabrian shore, towns and mountains, trees and ships, are seen reflected in the sea, as in a looking-glass, and in such a manner that one would imagine a new country had suddenly sprung up from the bottom of the strait.

M. I have heard of that curious ocular deception. To a person who did not know the cause of it, it must appear quite supernatural. Did you see Etna?

E. We could discern it next day. It looked very strange. A mountain covered to the summit with snow, and out of the top, where the crater is, a column of black smoke continually ascending. On the 1st of March we lay off Cape Passaro. Which of the points of Sicily is it?

M. The southern. Its ancient name was Pachynum Promontorium.

E. It is a low sandy beach. We could make no way against the contrary wind that blew right a-head of us ; so after beating about all the day, in the evening we cast anchor, having a number of vessels in company with us, all in the same predicament. We went on shore. The only house situated on this barren spot was a place for salting and curing tunny, a large fish, caught in great abundance in these seas. About two miles more inland we could see a town, which we were told was inhabited by Maltese convicts, under the guidance of a priest. Next day we again set sail, and after a boisterous passage across that part of the Mediterranean which is called the Canal of Malta, between that island and Sicily, about five o'clock in the evening we anchored in the harbour of Valetta. The appearance of the town as we entered was very striking. The immense strength of the fortresses that guard the mouth of the harbour, the well-walled town, built of glistening white stone, sloping up from the sea, the number of ships of war lying in the harbour or cruising about its entrance,—I felt frightened as I entered this uncommon-looking place, as if I were going to a vast prison, or to witness the siege of an enemy's strong hold ; and now, dear Mary, give me some account of this wonderful island.

M. Malta, anciently called Melita, consists of three islands; Malta, properly so called, Cumino, and Gozo. It was first peopled by the Phœnicians, and was famed for its wool. St. Paul was shipwrecked on this island, and banished from it, as they report, all venomous reptiles, as St. Patrick did from Ireland. But I think you told me that it is said by some, that St. Paul was shipwrecked at a small island called Meleda, on the coast of Dalmatia, and not at Malta. Having passed successively into the hands of the Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, and Sicilians, it was conceded by Charles V., in the year 1530, to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who took the name of the Knights of Malta, when they were expelled from Rhodes by the Turks. Valetta, the capital, was founded in 1566, by La Valette, one of their grand masters.

E. From the knights Malta was taken after undergoing a close siege by the French, who disbanded the order. It then fell into the hands of the English, who still retain possession of it. The town of Valetta boasts of many handsome buildings. The church of St. John is quite a magnificent cathedral. The palace of the Grand Masters is a town in itself. The roofs of the houses are flat, and are usually covered with pots of flowers. On them the citizens sit of an evening, to enjoy the cool sea breeze. Though the surface of the islands

is naked stone, which is however soft and porous, yet by the industry of the inhabitants they have been rendered very fertile ; the cotton plant is cultivated with great success.

M. What churches did you see besides that of St. John ?

E. We visited " La chiesa di minori osservanti," which is not remarkable but for the sad story connected with it. It was customary, during the Carnival, for a number of boys, between the ages of eight and fifteen, to walk in procession to this church, and having received bread and fruit, either to go to San Florian, a suburb of Valetta, or elsewhere, to keep them out of harm in the crowd. On the 10th of February, 1823, the custom had been, as usual, observed ; the little lads had walked from San Florian to Valetta, had received their rations, and had then marched back, without any accident. But next day a frightful one occurred. The ceremony was unfortunately delayed until late ; it was dusk, and a number of people pressed into the church with the children ; they passed from the vestry-door, and were to be let out of the opposite portal, into the Strada Santa Ursula. A flight of eight or ten steps led down from the passage to the door, which opened from the outside ; the lamp that had been lighted was extinguished by accident, and the children, left in total darkness, pressed on each other to get

out. The foremost fell down the steps, forming a complete barrier against the door ; their shrieks, which were frightful, were not at first attended to, the people in the church supposing them to be in mirth and laughter ; but as they continued, and the moans of the sufferers became audible, an attempt was made to extricate the poor children, who cried out that they were suffocating ; the crowd was so great that this was found impossible, and at last the street door had to be forced open with sledges, and the suffocating boys removed as fast as could be ; when, melancholy to relate, one hundred and ten were quite dead ! Every effort to restore them to life proved useless.

M. Ah ! the poor children !

E. Though it was evident that it was purely accidental, some malicious persons said that it was through design, that it was a plot of the English government ; but an official examination was instituted, when it was proved that the sad fate of the poor children was an unforeseen accident, caused by the darkness and the eagerness of the boys to get out. It is a very wrong and sinful thing for people thus to slander and maliciously accuse either individuals or public communities. I looked indeed with great interest on the church of the minori osservanti, when I had heard the dismal tale.

M. What a very sad fate the poor children

had ! I quite pity them. But now will you tell me, did you visit the island of Gozo ?

E. Yes. One fine morning we rode across the island of Malta in a caleche, which is a small gaily-painted carriage, having only one seat facing the horse ; it is drawn by either a horse or a mule, the driver running at its head the whole journey. In this machine we went to Marfa, the “ Casal,” or small village, opposite Gozo. From hence we embarked in a boat, and after passing the island of Cumino, celebrated only for rabbits, in about an hour we arrived at Chambray, the casal at the landing-place in Gozo. Here we hired donkeys, and rode on Maltese saddles to Rabbato, the capital of this island.

M. What sort of thing is a Maltese saddle ? Is it like an English one ?

E. It is nothing but a soft cushion fastened on the donkey’s back ; the rider, if not very expert, must hold on with both hands ; men as well as women sit sideways with the feet dangling down, while the guide leads the animal by the head. It is not an unpleasant way of riding, though at first I fell down two or three times. The Maltese universally are mounted in this manner.

M. What a curious fashion ! Is the island of Gozo like Malta ?

E. It is composed of the same sort of rock,

but is, if possible, more cultivated. It looked like a garden, every spot green except the very arid rock, which would yield nothing. One of the principal crops that made it look so gay was the "sulla," or you will know it better by the name of the "French honeysuckle." This was in full blossom, and its red flowers, contrasted with the fields of green wheat, looked quite beautiful. But there were no trees, Mary, and I know you do not admire a view without them; indeed, we felt the want of the shade of a few of our large English trees very much, for though it was only the middle of March, the heat was very oppressive.

M. Indeed! I knew Malta must be very hot, from its latitude marked in the map; but I did not think it could be so warm as you describe it in the month of March; bleak, windy March, when we are wrapped up in furs. Are there any curiosities in Gozo?

E. There are. We went to see the Fungus rock, a great natural curiosity. The road for some time led us through green fields, but as we approached the place, they gradually disappeared, and we came on a barren rock. The way here was so uneven, that I was obliged to dismount and walk. The spot from whence you cross to the Fungus rock is a wild peninsula, the base of which is worn away by the constant washing of the sea; indeed, where we were standing

was nothing but a ledge jutting into the water. The gentleman who kindly acted as our guide, showed us deep ruts, supposed to be the marks of a very ancient road which at present would directly lead into the sea ; but it is conjectured that Gozo formerly was of greater extent, and that this part has been all washed away. But I see you want to hear about the Fungus rock. First let me ask you, do you know what the fungus is ?

M. Oh, yes ! I have examined the specimens you brought over ; it is a long rust-coloured plant, like a mushroom, from which a fine red liquid can be extracted, if it be steeped in spirits. In former times it was much prized, being considered a certain specific for all disorders.

E. Very good, Mary, I find you remember what I tell you. Well, then, this vegetable, called by botanists " *Fungus Melitensis*," or " *Maltese Mushroom*," grows on a high isolated rock, the sides rising perpendicularly from the water ; it is situated in a sort of basin, formed on three sides by the precipitous coast, on the fourth opening to the sea. There is no way of getting to this rock, as it is quite detached, but from the peninsula on which we were standing. There are two ropes fastened to the Fungus rock and to the mainland ; a chest is slung between them, and this is drawn across and back again by means of pulleys. It was really a frightful sight to look at one of the

gentlemen of our party going over ; seated in a small box, his life, I may say, depending on two ropes, hanging over a deep abyss ; the sea, which appeared to be unfathomable, beneath him, roaring and dashing against the rocks. It makes me shudder even now to think of the danger he was in. When across he had to ascend a difficult part of the rock before he reached the top, on which the fungus grows. This fungus was so much valued in former times, that it was one of the most valuable presents the Knights of Malta could make to the kings of Europe. As it is becoming scarce, the governor of Gozo does not allow every person that likes it to go and gather it. And how do you think people are hindered from crossing over ? The bottom is taken out of the box, so that no one can sit in it : this is kept at the governor's house, and when a visiter has obtained permission to cross the rock, it is replaced in the box. When we had satisfied our curiosity, we rode back to Rabbato. And now do you look at this drawing, and see does it answer my description ?

M. It does exactly ; and there is the man in the little box. Did you go to see any other remarkable place at Gozo ?

E. Yes, we went to the "Giant's Tower." This is a very curious edifice, built of huge masses of rock. It lay for a long time concealed under two fields of clay, and only a low circular wall was

visible, until a gentleman, fond of antiquities, residing at Rabbato, thought he would try and discover was there any edifice under ground. He accordingly excavated, and found, as a reward for his labours, two rooms, one at either side of a door-way, each divided into two semicircles, and at the end of every semicircle a rude stone altar. He found also a quantity of bones, of what animals do you think?—of mice! When we visited this curious temple, it seemed very perfect; the door-posts surprised me; they are composed of two large single blocks of granite. There are holes bored through them, as if instead of rings, to which the victims were bound for sacrifice. The whole edifice, altars, rude sculpture of serpents, ashes, and broken pieces of pottery, denote that this must have been a heathen temple of very ancient date; it is supposed to have been built in the time of the Phœnicians. The Phœnicians, you know, were great travellers; their ships are said to have come even to Cornwall. Then why could they not have settled a colony in Gozo?

M. It is likely they did, when that island was situated so much nearer to them than was Cornwall. But, oh! Ellen, I want to know, were you at Malta during Passion-week? I have just now remembered to have heard that the Maltese celebrate that week with as many superstitious observances as at Rome, or perhaps more. Is that true?





VALLETTA.

E. Why certainly, Mary, you have taken a trip, from studying the origin of the Giant's Tower at Gozo, to requesting a sketch of the rites and solemnities of Passion-week at Valetta. I will, however, indulge you by telling you what I saw. On Holy Thursday, as we were walking out, we met a number of processions in different parts of the town. On inquiring we found these were penitents; they were entirely clothed in white sheets, with holes cut for the eyes and mouth. The unfortunate sinners had large chains clasped round their bare ankles: when you remember that Valetta is built on the side of a hill, and that numbers of the streets have long flights of steps ascending to them, you will, I am sure, pity and feel for the poor people, who thought they could make expiation for their sins by dragging heavy chains up these steep stairs, sometimes a hundred steps high. Each procession was headed by one or two priests, who chanted Latin verses, I think a penitential psalm. The church of San Giovanni was hung with black, the windows were darkened, and the priests were celebrating mass by the light of the candles burning on the altars. The scene bore a very impressive and solemn appearance; the people in groups kneeling in different parts of the large and dimly-lighted edifice; the penitents, easily distinguished by their white dresses, round the altars; the priests chanting

the service, which, though said in Latin, and not understood by the auditors, still was attended to by them with great seeming reverence and devotion. To fill up the measure of awe which these ceremonials were calculated to inspire, there were ranged down each side of the aisle carved wooden figures, as large as life, of our blessed Saviour, representing the different scenes of his Crucifixion and Holy Passion. These were thrown into strong relief by the black drapery hanging behind them. The two groups which appeared most remarkable to me were, first, St. Veronica holding a handkerchief, with which, it is said, she wiped our Lord's face when he was heated carrying his cross. According to Romish tradition, the impression was, by a miracle, left on the handkerchief, and it is from this that all future paintings of our Lord's portrait have been taken. The other which seemed to me curious, was the last in the row. It consisted of a group of figures, representing the Virgin, after our Lord's having been taken down from the cross, sitting disconsolate on the ground at its foot, surrounded by angels comforting her. But the curious part of the scene is a gold sword which is piercing her side. You remember it is recorded by St. Luke, in his gospel, that when our Lord, then an infant, was brought by his mother to the temple to be presented according to the Jewish custom, Simeon,

a devout man, took him in his arms, and said to his mother, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also." This explains to you the sword that I saw. The Roman Catholics take, in the literal sense, what we believe to be only metaphorical; they therefore represent the Virgin pierced by a sword after her Son's death.

M. How was the sepulchre represented? was it an imitation of a cave?

E. I should never be able to picture to myself the rocky tomb, in which our Lord was laid, with the great stone rolled to the mouth of it, when looking at the pretty little bed in which the image was laid, as I saw it in the church of San Giovanni. The top of the cot was festooned round with transparent muslin, the corners supported by weeping angels crowned with roses. In this bed was laid a large wax figure of our Lord, the marks of the nails in his hands and feet, his body covered with the wounds of the scourge. It was a ghastly sight, and the first and only glance I took of it made me shudder.

M. I should think such scenes as those you have described to me, witnessed so often by the common people, must greatly lessen their feelings of reverence for holy things. They would soon, I should suppose, look upon these ceremonies as we regard the representation of a play, a pantomime got up for their amusement. Ah, Ellen, I

see you are smiling at the depth of my reasoning, or at my preaching such a learned sermon to you; which is it? Will you tell me, please, what happened on Good Friday?

E. Mass was celebrated in all the places of worship. At night the statues were taken from the church of San Giovanni, and borne by torchlight, on men's shoulders, who were dressed in white garments like priests, through the principal streets of Valetta. Priests went before them, chanting psalms. We waited to see the figures safely deposited again in the church, and then returned home. As we passed a coffee-house, we heard some English sailors singing a bacchanalian song. It sounded so strange after the scene we had just left, and on such a night, the huzzaing and shouting of these men, as if they cared not for religion, and wished to show their contempt for the mysteries the Maltese were celebrating. All Saturday boys were rattling together small pieces of wood; these were the bones of Judas Iscariot. On Sunday morning, at four o'clock, a number of men took out of the church of San Giovanni an image of our Saviour after his resurrection, and ran with it as fast as they could up the steps and about the streets. This was intended to represent our Lord rising out of the grave. The whole day the church bells were ringing; high mass was celebrated; and every person appeared glad, as if they congratulated themselves, and were

thankful for the removal of some great and recent calamity.

M. How curious and interesting were the scenes of that whole week ! When next Easter comes, I shall be thinking, Ellen, of what you have now told me. How different is the celebration of the festival from our quiet manner of doing honour to that period ! Did you see any place or statue commemorating St. Paul's visit to the island ?

E. Yes, there is a bay called St. Paul's, on the shores of which he is said to have landed. Facing the bay is a small fountain gurgling out of a rock, and over it an inscription telling the visiter that the bay before him is the true place where the Apostle was shipwrecked. We also went to his cavern, where he is said to have thrown the serpent into the fire. It is situated under the church at Civitâ Vecchia ; the whole cavern is composed of soft chalk ; over the entrance outside is an inscription denoting that, " though every person who visits this place carries away a piece of the stone as a relic, yet, wonderful to tell, the chalk never diminishes." You may believe this is a miracle, if you like, Mary, but I rather think that the heap of white stones I observed in a corner, were placed there for the pilgrims who come to the cave, brought from some other spot, and not broken off the sides ; however, the monk

very obligingly allowed us to take a real piece of the rock. It is in my museum ; I believe I showed it to you. In the cave is a marble statue of St. Paul ; the thumb of the left hand was broken off. An English midshipman, prompted by the inherent love of mischief, thus mutilated the statue, and carried away the thumb as a trophy, boasting of what he had done.

M. You know, Ellen, midshipmen are proverbial for their love of fun. You shake your head.

E. A wanton act of mischief never can be *fun*, as you call it. Near this cave are the catacombs. They are under ground, and of an amazing extent. It is supposed the inhabitants fled to these caverns for shelter and protection, when the pirates came to plunder them ; and that the people lived in them until the island again was free. We saw a mill for grinding corn, and another for making oil : there was also a chapel, and a number of streets, leading in every direction through this curious place. But, dear Mary, I am afraid I shall tire you with my account of Malta. Have you any more queries for me to answer ?

M. Oh, no, I should never weary of hearing of this " happy little spot," as I think I once heard you call Malta. Are the flowers different from those we have ?

E. Some of these beautiful plants we keep in our hot-houses are natives of Malta, and grow

wild there in great luxuriance. I remained on the island during the month of March and beginning of April; and though this part of the year is cold and bleak with you in England, we were in the midst of a warm spring. The ramparts and rocks were covered with beautiful wild flowers of every form and hue, numerous flocks of goats were browsing on them, looking quite picturesque and rural. The fields are divided by low stone walls, but those near the town were hid by bushes of your favourite scarlet geranium in full blossom, as large as trees, plants of the prickly pear, and other greenhouse shrubs; but the most interesting plant I saw, was that called "charoob." Perhaps you do not know, Mary, that some of our old divines think that it was not the locust insect that St. John the Baptist ate, but the pod of a tree that grows abundantly in the wilds of Syria. This pod has a sweet taste, like sugar and flour mixed, and is considered very nourishing food; and it is said the "locust and wild honey" that St. John ate was the fruit of this "charoob." It is therefore called the "locust tree," and "St. John's bread."

M. That is a curious interpretation of the passage; and do you not think it is more probable that the holy man lived on the fruit of a tree, than a crawling insect? The idea of eating such food makes me shudder.

E. You are aware, however, that some barbarous people of Africa do actually subsist on the locust insect at the present day. Be that as it may, the Maltese are very fond of the "charoob," perhaps from its having been the food of their favourite saint. The shrub is most graceful, bearing shining green leaves of the pinnate form. It quite pleased me to meet with it in the hedge-rows of Malta. There are public gardens at San Florian, in the suburbs of Valetta ; these are neatly and tastefully laid out ; though small, they form pleasant promenades for the citizens. You know Malta is famed for its oranges ; they are large, juicy, and sweet, having a delightful flavour ; the pulp is peculiar, being streaked with red veins. But what do you think is the flower most prized in Malta ? A polyanthus. You are surprised. I can assure you I was shown one as a great curiosity ; it was taken the greatest care of ; shaded from the sun, and watered every day. The Maltese are very fond of birds ; hanging from a window of almost every house in Valetta, I saw a little songster in a cage ; there is a number of men who gain their livelihood by catching and training them.

M. Birds, flowers, and delicious fruits ! why, Ellen, you describe Malta as such a paradise, that one would wish to live there. But certainly you saw it in the most favourable season ; if so hot at

that time of the year, it must be intolerable in summer. Does this rocky island grow enough of corn for the support of its population? I should think they would be obliged to import some.

E. Malta is so thickly peopled, at least Valletta contains so many inhabitants, that it would be impossible for such a small spot of arid rock to yield enough grain for such a number of persons. There is, therefore, an immense quantity imported from Sicily: this corn is kept in large granaries, or rather vaults hewn out of the rock, having iron stoppers shutting in the holes through which the corn is drawn up. One day as we were walking on the ramparts, on the sea-side, where these granaries are situated, we saw some men, under the inspection of an officer and guard, drawing up wheat in large baskets. Oh! such a frightful quantity of all sorts of horrid insects as crawled out of the panniers; cockroaches of an enormous size, and great centipedes and scorpions. The sight quite disgusted me, and we quickly left the place; other people, however, did not seem to heed those things. Custom and habit familiarize a person to every sight, be it ever so revolting. The corn is, as I have told you, brought from Sicily, the cattle is imported from the coast of Barbary: when they come to Malta they are very lean, but being fed on seeds of cotton for ten or twelve days, they grow rapidly and sur-

prisingly fat, and yield as good beef as any in England.

M. That, I should think, was a way of fattening them both cheap and curious, as you tell me the cotton plant thrives so well in Malta: this cotton-fed beef may be very nice, though I should not like to eat cakes made of the corn you give such a shocking account of; one does not relish the idea of scorpion-bread; I hope the insects are not ground into flour along with the grain. Will you tell me, have the peasantry of Malta any particular costume?

E. The dress of both the upper and lower ranks of the females is the same, and is very becoming; a rich black silk robe with a white muslin body. The head-dress is peculiar—a piece of black silk gathered full at one end, and so placed on the head as to fall down on the back and shoulders. They hold the *Valdetta*, as it is called, with the left hand, shading that side of their face: you cannot think how modest and elegant it looks. The women have all dark complexions, sparkling eyes, and jet black hair, which they braid smoothly across their foreheads; their dress seems adapted to their colour and figure. They all, even the poor peasants, wear a quantity of gold ornaments: the Maltese work this metal into beautiful ear-rings and chains; they are so very delicate, you would think you could blow

them away. The men wear a jacket, coarse trowsers, and a red sash round their waists; even in the most sultry weather they can bear a thick worsted cap on their heads, the heat of which they do not seem to feel. They are a cheerful, well-looking race of men. Both sexes live very moderately, and religiously keep the fasts prescribed by the Roman Catholic church. I became very much attached to these poor industrious people during the time I resided amongst them; they were always so obliging, answering any question, and giving us all the information in their power. Their language is a mixture, I verily believe, of every language in the world. Italian is that in which the natives hold intercourse with strangers, though English is beginning to supersede all the others. There has been a number of schools established by our zealous Missionaries, and every day these are increasing. There is a pleasant English society at Valetta, among whom I passed an agreeable six weeks. I was glad to rest after my late journey, and was well pleased to meet with acquaintances who showed me so much kindness as my Maltese friends, for so I must call them. But, Mary, I think we will stop for to-day: talking of friends reminds me of a letter I have to write; you can go out to walk, and to-morrow, if you wish, we will resume our journey.

CHAPTER VII.

Sail for Constantinople—Pirates—Luminous Sea—Amusements on board ship—Zante—Greece—Cerigo—The Archipelago—The Plains of Troy—The Straits of the Dardanelles—Sestos and Abydos—The Town of the Dardanelles.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. Where did you go from Malta?

Ellen. We took our passage in a merchantman bound for Constantinople. For some distance outside the harbour we were accompanied by a band of music. It is a Maltese custom thus to salute a vessel either entering or leaving the port. We had three other merchantmen with us, an Austrian, a Genoese, and a Russian; our ship, as it carried guns, was the Commodore, or leader.

M. What reason had you for sailing in company? was it for fear of pirates?

E. You have just guessed it. It was for fear of the pirates which infest these seas in great numbers; and though they will attack a single ship, there is no danger when there is a convoy.

The pirates of Carabousa were for some time the terror of these seas. They established themselves at a small island of that name, situated on the north-west point of Candia, which we passed, and from this they sent out small boats, which stopped and plundered all merchant vessels passing, without any regard to the nation to which they belonged. Our Captain, the owner of the ship in which we were, told us his vessel had been plundered three times, and once all the crew were strangled. About five years before, however, some English men-of-war were sent to Carabousa, who attacked the island, and burnt and destroyed nine or ten vessels which they found in the harbour.

M. Oh! I am glad they were hunted out of their hiding-place; it must have been a hazardous undertaking to sail through the Archipelago, while the pirates were suffered to remain a Carabousa.

E. It was, truly; but though this nest was destroyed, the pirates still infest the passage between Candia and Cerigo, and often attack single vessels.

M. Do they indeed? Well, I am beginning to wonder if you met with any pirates. Did you see any fishes, or sea-monsters?

E. There were some shoals of dolphins; they jumped out of the water as if pursuing one another in sport round the ship, and then, after sailing

quietly on the surface for a few moments, they would dive down again. They were about five feet long, of a grey colour, with dark backs. We also saw some birds, which came and rested on the rigging, as if quite tired. One night we were looking at a beautiful phenomenon ; the sea in the wake of the vessel, and around it, was all bright, as if on fire. We took up a bucketful of the water and brought it into the cabin. It was overturned by accident, and the stream of light was so brilliant on the floor, that we felt alarmed, as if it would set the ship on fire. In the morning it had become quite putrid. It is supposed by some, that these bright sparks in the sea are phosphoric ; and by others, the spawn of a fish ; for when a quantity of it is met with, there is always a number of porpoises seen, which appear to feed on it. However, like some other curious sights in nature, the cause of this luminous appearance has not yet been clearly ascertained. In some places where it has been seen, the animalcules, if I may so call them, which have emitted the light, have been discovered ; these may be named very aptly " sea glow-worms." But this light is not peculiar to the sea ; you have, I am sure, seen a fish when decayed emit a glare.

M. Very often ; it has a very curious effect in the dark, as if the fish were on fire. Did you find a sea-life pleasant ? it is so very different from

being on terra-firma, as William calls the land. Were you often becalmed?

E. Too often, sometimes for a whole day, when our vessels would lie like logs of wood on the smooth water. When this was the case, the captain of the Austrian ship, a friend of our captain, would come on board of us. He was a hearty sailor, and told droll stories; one of them amused me highly. He said, once he had been sailing in company with a convoy, as at present: "The carpenter in my vessel," he continued, "was hammering, making some repairs; as long as he continued at work, my ship far outstripped the others of the convoy, but when he ceased, the rest left me quite astern. Next day, again the carpenter set to work, and again we quite out-sailed our friends, but in the night they beat me. So you understand, every day we were a-head, but alas! every night we were astern." Our Captain said, "We had better all commence hammering, or rather do you, my friend, try the experiment first on your vessel:" whether he did or not, I cannot tell you, but certainly he was always behind us, or, to speak more seaman-like, he kept in our wake and never outsailed us night or day.

M. That was an amusing man, what was his name?

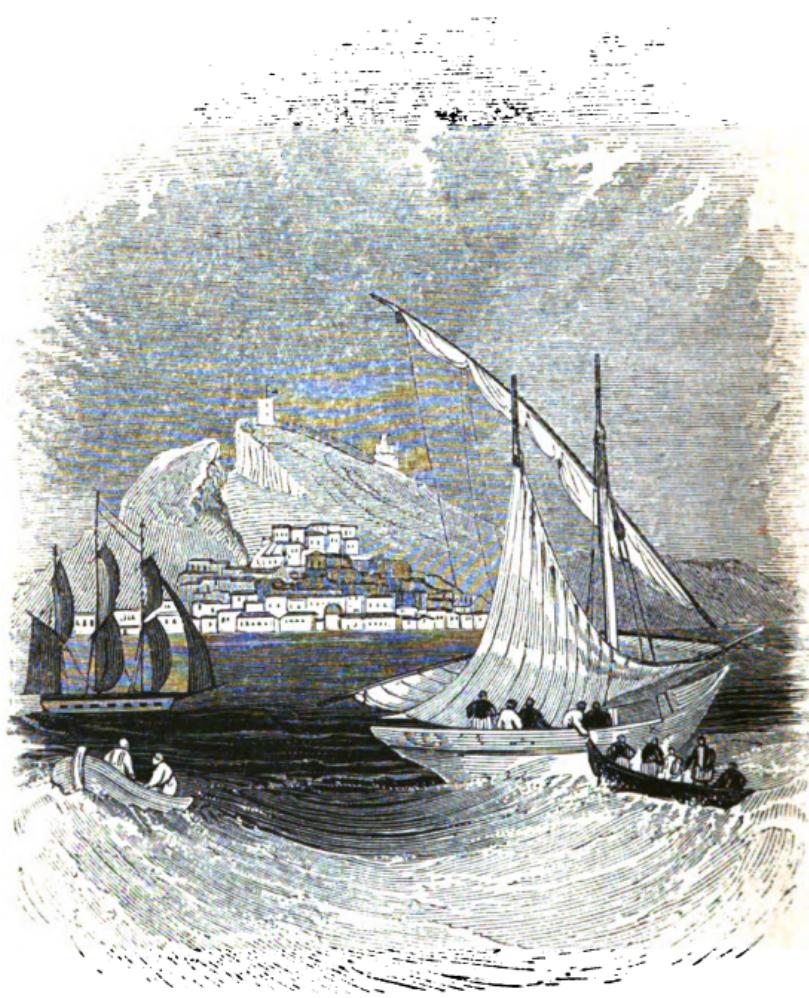
E. Captain Viscovitch; perhaps you think it as

droll as himself. He played on a curious musical instrument something like a guitar, which dis-coursed anything you please but sweet music; and one of his sailors played the bagpipes.

M. Truly a delightful concert! why you must have often fancied yourself at the opera.

E. Yes, indeed. But I will tell you of a concert that was very pleasing; when, in the evening, the Maltese sailors would all form a knot and sing: their fine deep-toned voices as they composed extemporaneous songs, dictated by the feelings of the moment, sounded, to me at least, very delightful, though I could not understand a word of what they said: but a young gentleman on board would usually translate the language for me. I regret that I did not write down at the time some of their songs; they contained many poetical sentiments, and, when we consider the illiterate singers and composers, I may add, for them, many beautiful allusions. I will now proceed on my voyage; we have delayed as if we were becalmed. What was considered far worse than a calm, we met with a contrary wind, which carried us north-west out of our course. I was not sorry, for it gave me an opportunity of seeing more of the Morea than I should have done otherwise. And now do you open your ancient maps, and I will tell you of all the classic places we passed, and saw. One morning when we





ZANTE.

came on deck, I found we could distinctly trace the island of Zante. What is its ancient name?

M. It was called *Zacynthus*; I think I read that it received its name from the beautiful hyacinth flower, which was first discovered in that island.

E. You are quite correct. It seemed to us a barren, rocky coast, though it is called “*Isola d’Oro*,” “*Fior di Levante*,” terms expressive of its beauty. And it well deserves these titles, for it is a very fertile island, abounding in olive groves and currant gardens, or rather vineyards; for our dried currants that we get from Greece are small grapes, and called currants because they originally came from Corinth. On leaving Zante we passed over the spot where the ancients supposed the river *Alpheus* ran under the sea: where is it said again to rise?

M. In the fountain of *Arethusa*, near Syracuse, in Sicily.

E. In confirmation of this fact, it is reported, that if you throw a piece of wood with a mark on it into the *Alpheus*, or, as it is now called, the *Affeo* river, you will find it again in the fountain of *Arethusa*. In the evening, we could distinguish in the distance the coast of the *Morea* or *Peloponnesus*. We also saw the little cluster of islands called *Strivali*; the largest is named *Stefano* isle. Mary, can you tell me their ancient name, and the story connected with them?

M. They were formerly called Plotæ, but obtained the name of Strophades, because Calais and Zethes, the sons of Boreas, chased thence the Harpies, and then returned to their companions. They had driven these monsters from tormenting Phineus, in gratitude for the assistance he had given the Argonauts, who went in search of the golden fleece.

E. Two such lonely barren islands were well fitted for the abode of such hideous creatures. We did not retire to our berths until the darkness hid all trace of Greece from our view. In the morning when we came on deck we saw Navarino, the harbour sheltered by the island of Sphacteria, now called Zonchio. You know this harbour is celebrated as the scene of the naval action which here took place between the allied powers of Europe and the Turks. Victory declared itself in favour of the former, and the Greeks, whose cause they had espoused, were from that time considered a free nation. This is the reason why Navarino is famous in modern times; can you tell me what the ancient town was remarkable for?

M. Pylus, for so it was called, was the birth-place of Neator, king of Messenia, one of the leaders in the Trojan war; he is greatly extolled by Homer, as well for his wisdom as his age, which is supposed to amounted have to 300 years.

E. We also saw Modon, and soon after the islands south-west of the Morea, called Sapienza and Caprera, anciently *Ænussa Insulæ*. They seemed to me two barren rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea. On Sapienza we could distinguish a small village. When we had passed them, we crossed the mouth of one of those gulfs or deep indentations, which give so peculiar a feature to the shape of the Peloponnesus. Can you tell me the name of the leaf this peninsula resembles, and also the ancient and modern appellations of the gulfs and promontories?

M. The Morea is compared to the leaf of the plane-tree; I think you told me that the botanical name is *Platanus Orientalis*, and that it was first discovered in Greece. The first great gulf to the north-west is the *Sinus Corinthiacus*, or Gulf of Lepanto. On the west, the *Cyparissus Sinus*, or Gulf of Ronchio. To the south-west, *Messeniacus Sinus*, or Gulf of Coron: this is formed by Cape Gallo, anciently *Acritas Promontorium*; and Cape Matapan, or *Tænarium Promontorium*, the southern point of Greece. On the eastern side of Cape Matapan is the *Sinus Laconicus*, or Gulf of Kolokithia, or Maratonisi, formed by that point, and Cape St. Angelo, or *Malea Promontorium*. On the eastern coast is the *Argolicus Sinus*, or Gulf of Napoli. And to the north-west, corresponding with the Gulf of Lepanto, is the famous *Saronicus Sinus*,

or Gulf of Egina, washing the shores of classic Attica, and the scene of so many memorable battles. This gulf is formed by the promontories of Scyllæum, or Cape Skilleo, and Sunium, or Cape Colonne. Is this account correct, dear Ellen?

E. Quite so! And now, if you take that plane-leaf, and compare it with your map, you will find the indentations in the leaf, and the gulfs in the Morea, exactly correspond, allowing the stalk to be the Isthmus of Corinth. Well then, as we have settled the shape of Greece, let us proceed on our voyage. As we approached Cape Matapan, I could distinctly trace the long snow-capped range of Mons Taygetus, stretching down to the sea: you remember these mountains divided the two ancient states of Laconia and Messenia. Fable tells us that on this cape is situated the cavern through which Orpheus descended into hell, to recover his loved Eurydice. While coasting the Morea, numbers of birds alighted on the masts and yards of our vessel; one was a woodcock, which took refuge from a hawk that was pursuing it. A pretty little dove also visited us; like Noah's dove, she seemed to want a place where to rest the sole of her foot, and chose our ship for that purpose. The islands and coast of the Morea abound with turtle-doves; so much so, that the people kill and salt them, as an article

of food, twice in the year. They are birds of passage in spring and autumn. The turtle-doves migrate to England in summer, and breed in our woods ; they keep constantly cooing in the most plaintive manner ; they used to make me quite melancholy, listening to them in Constantinople, where they are also in great numbers.

M. Ah ! but still one must love the dove, from all the associations, religious and poetical, connected with it ; and then, when we remember they are such patterns of affection ! Is it not true, that when one bird of a pair of turtle-doves dies, the other never outlives it, but, refusing food, pines away and expires through grief ?

E. You then, I suppose, would never be guilty of permitting a dove to be killed. I am too fond of birds, flowers, and everything in beautiful nature, not to wish you to bear the same feelings of love towards all the feathered race. Having passed the mouth of the Gulf of Kolo-kithia, so called from the quantity of gourds of that name growing on its shores, we approached the island of Cerigo, anciently called —

M. Cythera. This island was dedicated to the worship of Venus, who was supposed to have risen out of the sea near its coast.

E. So tradition reports. A little to the south of Cerigo we saw the island called the Egg, a small conical rock of that shape. It was on a

beautiful moonlight night that we passed Cerigo and "Il Uovo," or the Egg; and though we enjoyed the view of these islands and the mainland appearing so calm, now in light, now in shade, yet every moment we dreaded to see a felucca, or pirate-boat, coming out to attack us. We had now come to the entrance of the Archipelago, that dangerous part of our passage, of which I have already told you. We soon after passed Cape St. Angelo, seeming like a perpendicular rock rising out of the sea. Now I know, by your anxious face, Mary, that you expect me to tell you of an adventure, a regular sea-fight between our convoy and a fleet of pirates; but I must disappoint you; for though we prepared our guns, looked at our sabres, and kept the convoy together, by throwing up blue lights every night, we quietly passed through this dangerous channel, without even having the satisfaction of seeing a felucca. We attributed our good fortune to there being twenty-six ships in sight, sailing to and fro; the prospect of having to encounter so many armed vessels awed the pirates, and so we escaped the dreaded meeting.

M. I was almost going to say I was sorry you did not come in contact with the pirates; but I recollect, the fate of the unfortunate people who fell into their hands was too dreadful to laugh at or joke about. Murder or slavery! horrid idea!

Well, Ellen, we have sailed through the passage, and are in the lovely Archipelago. "The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!" the land of poesy.

E. So sung Lord Byron. We were then in the midst of the scene of one of his beautiful poems,—we were among the Cyclades. The ancients called a cluster of islands, forming a circle, Cyclades. Islands that were scattered they named Sporades. Where do the Cyclades lie?

M. South-east of the Gulf of Egina. On looking on my map, I perceive they form, as it were, a complete circle.

E. Though these islets looked very lovely, rising out of the sea on every side of us, illumined by the setting sun; still the Cyclades are nothing more than barren, sterile rocks, the abode of a few miserable Greek fishermen, and the resort of pirates. In the distance were Hydra and Spezzia, famed in the late Greek revolution for the excellent sailors they produced. We were now in view of the classic coast of Attica. We passed Cape Colonne, a range of rocks, on one of which is a row of marble pillars, the remains of a beautiful temple of Minerva. These white columns give the modern name to the Cape. It was under Cape Colonne that Falconer was shipwrecked; you will be much pleased when you read the beautiful poem

he composed in commemoration of this disaster, and called "The Shipwreck." From this rock Ægeus also threw himself into the sea. By the way, what was the ancient name of the Archipelago?

M. Ægeum Mare, named from the fable you have just told me of Ægeus, king of Athens.

E. We passed between the islands of Zea and Macronisi. Zea appeared to be a long rocky island, but woody and cultivated. It was, as you may see by your map, formerly called Ceos, and was celebrated for the silk gauze fabricated there, which was of such a fine texture as to be styled *woven wind*. I amused myself in the evening, counting the windmills on Zea; I reckoned no less than thirteen. The islands of the Archipelago have all a number of windmills on them. We then entered the Doro passage, between Negroponte and Andro. Where does Negroponte lie?

M. This island, anciently called Eubœa, stretches along the eastern coasts of Attica and Bœotia, at present called Livadia, from which it is separated by the narrow strait of Negroponte, formerly called Euripus.

E. This Euripus is the only part of those seas affected by tides, which so puzzled the philosopher Aristotle, that he threw himself into the current as if to find out the cause, and was drowned. The southern point of Negroponte, which we

passed, was a high rocky promontory. We came again into comparatively open sea, leaving the Cyclades in our wake. Lying before us were the islands of Ipsara and Scio, the scenes of sad murder and desolation in the late revolution. What was Scio called?

M. Anciently Chios. I think, Ellen, that I have read that it was celebrated for its wine.

E. Lesbian and Chian wine were both famous in former times. Scio, ere the fatal revolution, enjoyed many privileges; the inhabitants cultivated the gum-mastic, in which they paid the tribute to their Turkish masters; but now the whole island is a ruin. When we passed Scio, a number of our companion-ships left us, and sailed into the Gulf of Smyrna. Next morning, when I came on deck, we were passing Mytilene, anciently Lesbos. It was here Sappho, the Greek poetess, was born. Do you know what became of her?

M. She threw herself from the promontory of Leucate, the southern point of Santa Maura.

E. Having passed Mytilene, we saw Cape Baba, and the town of the same name. This cape is on the Asiatic shore, the first point of Asiatic land we had seen. I felt truly that now I was in the East, for we were coasting Asia. We could faintly distinguish behind Cape Baba the ruins of Alexandrian Troas, built by Alex-

ander the Great. At this Troas St. Paul landed and left his parchments ; it was then a flourishing town. Next morning we dropped anchor opposite Cape Janissary. It was the intention of the captain to land, as the wind had quite died away, and there was no prospect of our sailing again, at least until the evening. This headland, and the country about it, was one of the most celebrated places of former days. We had been, during the night, coasting the Troad, which is about thirty miles in length along the shore, extending from Cape Baba, or Lectum Promontorium, to Cape Janissary, or Sigæum Promontorium. We had also passed the little island of Tenedos, famous for its wine and the indolence of its inhabitants. Here the Greeks concealed themselves to deceive the Trojans, causing them to believe that they had raised the siege. As we were now anchored at the plain of Troy, can you give me any account of it, or of the city ?

M. Troy, the capital of the Troas, was built on a hill lying between Mount Ida and the promontory of Sigæum, by Dardanus, first king of that country. The cause of the Trojan war was the carrying away of Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, by Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy. Menelaus, determining to recover her, applied to the other Grecian princes for help, and they conjointly fitted out an armament, con-

sisting of a thousand ships. After ten years' siege Troy was taken, the town was reduced to ashes, Priam and his sons were killed, and Helen returned with Menelaus to Greece. This short history I learned when repeating my geography; but Ellen, you will now tell me more about this famous city. Did not Homer write a poem on the siege of Troy?

E. Yes, he wrote twenty-four books of a poem describing the siege of the city. Some people say this siege never happened. There is certainly a number of contradictory tales told of it. It is said that the Greeks entered the city by stratagem. They secretly filled a wooden horse with men, and left it on the plain, having drawn off their army. The Trojans brought the horse into the citadel, and in the night the Greeks confined inside rushed out and let in their companions, who plundered and committed dreadful havoc in the town, and afterwards burned it. It is also related by some authors, that Helen was thrown into the flames, when she attempted to escape. Pope's or Cowper's translation of the "Iliad" of Homer will amuse you highly, when you read it; it contains such an animating account of this wonderful siege. Having told you thus much of the history of the Trojan war, I will now recount to you my observations on it. We landed, as I before related to you, at the fort of Cape Janissary,

and clambered to the top of the hill, on which is built a small Greek village. The women and children all ran out to look at the strangers. They were the first inhabitants of the East I had seen, and I looked on them with peculiar interest. The females were rather pretty; they wore their hair plaited, and hanging down their backs, having a gay coloured handkerchief tied round their heads. We went to view the church, which was a low edifice, built of loose stones, like all the houses; but though the outside bore so mean an appearance, the interior was very neatly fitted up, with a gilt altar, and lighted by lamps. A screen of wickerwork separated the place for the females from the body of the building. It was at the door of this church that the curious stone with the *Boustrophedon* inscription was found.

M. What sort of a stone was that?

E. It is a slab of marble, having the oldest specimen of Greek writing in existence cut on it; one line being read from left to right, and the next from right to left, and so alternately. It had formed a seat for the old men of the village, and the inscription was nearly obliterated when it was discovered, and conveyed to the British Museum, where it is at present. Having satisfied our curiosity in the village, we went to the brow of the hill commanding a view of the plain of Troy. It is a flat surface, about

twelve miles long and six broad. In the distance rose Mount Ida, covered with snow; here Jupiter sat and watched the battle. Nearer to us were the low hills on which Troy was built, and where now stands a little village called Bounar-bashi. At the foot of these hills are the hot springs, the source of the Scamander: we could trace that river and the Simöis, now called Mender-sou, lazily flowing through the valley. To our left was the bay where the Greek ships were moored, and the marshy plain where their army encamped; and scattered over the whole ground were tumuli or grassy mounds, the reputed tombs of heroes and demi-gods.¹ How different was the scene I now witnessed from what this plain must have presented three thousand years ago! Instead of Greeks and Trojans engaged in mortal combat, I only saw a few quiet peasants tilling the ground; certainly, the women were washing their clothes at the river, just as they are described by Homer. When stripped of the interest excited by History and Fable, this plain is only a dull flat, with some stunted trees growing on it; producing a little corn, and pasturing a few flocks. While we were gazing on this scene of other days, a shot summoned us on board as fast as possible; the wind had changed and freshened, and at the mouth of the Dardanelles one must not lose a breath of a favour-

able breeze; ships have been kept at Tenedos six weeks waiting for a wind to reach Constantinople.

M. What is the reason they cannot get up the Dardanelles?

E. Strong and constant currents are always running down the Bosphorus and Dardanelles; occasioned by the immense quantity of water discharged into the Black Sea by the great southern rivers of Russia: what are their names?

M. The Don, falling into the Sea of Azoph; the Dnieper, the Bog, the Dniester, and the Danube.

E. Yes. If ships have not a fair and strong wind, they are obliged to anchor, to prevent themselves from being carried back into the Archipelago by the current; but the moment a breeze gets up, they are all on the alert to avail themselves of it. This accounts for the captain's hurry to get us on board. But ere we go up the Dardanelles, I beg you will tell me something about that channel.

M. The Dardanelles, anciently called the Hellespontus, is a narrow channel uniting the Sea of Marmora with the Archipelago; it is bounded on the European side by the Chersonesus Thraciae, and on the Asiatic by the province of Mysia, in Asia Minor.

E. But, Mary, do you recollect what reason ancient fable gives us for its being called the Hellespontus?

M. I think I have read in the ancient mythology, that it was so named from Hellé, the daughter of Athamas, king of Thebes, who with her brother Phryxus fled to Colchis, to escape the tyranny and cruelty of their stepmother Ino; they mounted on the back of their father's golden ram, which flew with them through the air; but Hellé, becoming alarmed as she was crossing the channel, fell into it, which, from henceforth, bore the name of Hellespontus, or Sea of Hellé.

E. You are quite right. Phryxus pursued his way to Colchis, and the fleece of his ram, in latter times, induced the Argonauts to sail there to obtain it. I expect, by and bye, that you will tell me something of that expedition; the coast of Mysia, I must inform you, that bordered the Hellespontus, was called by the same name. And now we will proceed on our voyage. They were raising the anchor as we ascended the steps of the ship, and we were all congratulating ourselves and each other on the prospect of a quick passage up the Dardanelles, when lo! in the evening the wind died away, and we again cast anchor, and went on shore by moonlight. While at dinner we heard different cries proceed from the shore, which our sailors reported to be the howling of wolves; I must confess I was rather frightened at the idea of a meeting and perhaps a struggle with these fierce creatures; but I had no need to

fear ; we only met a poor Greek peasant, wending his way home to the village on the brow of the hill. We sailed again next morning. The European and Asiatic shores of the Dardanelles appeared to me very lovely—sloping green hills, wooded valleys, with little villages scattered here and there. The first towns of note we came to were the ancient Sestos and Abydos. Tell me the fable connected with these towns.

M. Leander, a youth of Abydos, swam across every night to Sestos, to the tower of Hero, a beautiful priestess of Venus, who guided him by the light of her lamp.

E. One tempestuous night, however, the poor lover was drowned, and Hero, disconsolate for his loss, at the sight of his dead body, threw herself headlong from her tower: we saw what is called this old tower as we passed. From Abydos to Sestos, also, Xerxes, you remember, built his bridge of boats when he invaded Greece. Here he lashed the waves, for daring to destroy that bridge. The Turks first passed into Europe from Abydos. There is a romantic tale told of the manner in which they first obtained a landing in Europe; long before they conquered Thrace, they were in possession of Asia Minor. The Greek emperor, dreading lest they should cross the Dardanelles, ordered that no boat should pass from the Asiatic coast, thus cutting off all communication. Affairs were in this state when, about the year 1400,

Solyman, the young and handsome son of Orchan, the then reigning sultan, hunting one day with his companions, arrived at Abydos; for a long time he thoughtfully viewed the opposite shore, and as a prohibition always whets curiosity, he felt particularly anxious to cross over and explore it. He communicated his wish to a chosen friend, and when night came they both made a raft and secretly floated across. They landed near Sestos, and were surprised to see that town so ill guarded and negligently watched. By the bright moonlight they reconnoitred the walls, and returning to their companions, related to them their observations. Next night the whole band made rafts, passed over, took possession of the citadel, and gallantly defended it, until they obtained reinforcements from Orchan. This is the tale the Turkish historian tells, but the Greeks reject it with disdain. The Dardanelles here is not quite a mile in breadth. Lord Byron swam across it, to prove the truth of Leander's story. I am beginning to think that you will imagine that I shall never finish telling anecdotes of this celebrated pass, famed in ancient and modern story.

M. Indeed, Ellen, I thank you very much for telling me so much about Sestos and Abydos; that pretty story of Solyman I never heard before.

E. The wind dying away, we landed at Nagara Point, the ancient Abydos; it is a promontory jutting into the channel; we walked

through the small and picturesque village, by name Fontara, which crowned the summit of the hill. The only remarkable thing we saw in it was the tomb of a Christian who turned Turk, and became a Dervish or holy man. The Turks attach great sanctity to his grave; on the iron grating of the window (for his remains lie in the cell which he lived in) were innumerable pieces of rags tied, the votive offerings of persons cured by his prayers. Outside the village, as we were wandering over the hills, we observed two enormous snakes coiled together, lying in the grass in the sun; they awoke as we were looking at them, and majestically glided down the slope; they were of a dark colour, and their scales glistened as they moved away: they were as large as the boa-constrictor we went to see the other day, and reminded me of the snakes that Juno sent to strangle Hercules in his cradle, or those that destroyed Laücoon and his sons, not far from the very spot where we saw them. I could appreciate the beauty of the group I saw at Rome, when I contemplated these huge monsters. Next day we still remained at anchor, and as we wished to see all we could, the captain lowered his boat, and we went to the town of the Asiatic Dardanelles, called also Chanak Elessi, or Pottery-landing. It is built opposite Sestos, which is named the European Castles, as the Dardanelles is the Asiatic. This town is situated on a flat

sandy plain, surrounded on three sides by hills, and is considered very unhealthy. Sestos, on the contrary, is built on the slope of a hill, and looks very picturesque.

M. How did you like the first Turkish town you stopped at?

E. It bore an appearance of squalid misery, of dirty wretchedness, that I thought quite revolting. The houses in the private streets had jalousies or close lattices in all the windows, which made them look like prisons: these jalousies are the true sign of a Turkish house; they are intended to prevent people from gazing in at the windows. The Turk certainly says "my house is my castle," and he shuts and barricades it accordingly. The number of hideous-looking dogs lying at every corner of the street was another sign of a Turkish town. These dogs, though as fierce-looking as wolves, are quite harmless; if one strike them with a stick or push them out of the way, they will not turn or snarl, but creep yelping and cowering to some other place. Then the few Turkish women we met were all closely veiled; and the men were sitting in sober state, smoking and drinking coffee. At the Dardanelles there is a very extensive manufacture of pottery. The Turks have a simple way of gilding the cups and jars they make. They lay on in gum the figure which they wish to draw, and covering the

whole article with gold leaf, they rub the vessel over briskly with a cloth, and the gold, adhering only to the part that is gummed, comes off the rest. While I was watching a Turk in the bazaar, he in about ten minutes gilded six or eight small jars. This pottery is very cheap and unique-looking; but the English duty being twice the price of the article, deterred us from sending any home.

M. What a pity! Some nice flower-jars would have been such a pretty present from the Dardanelles.

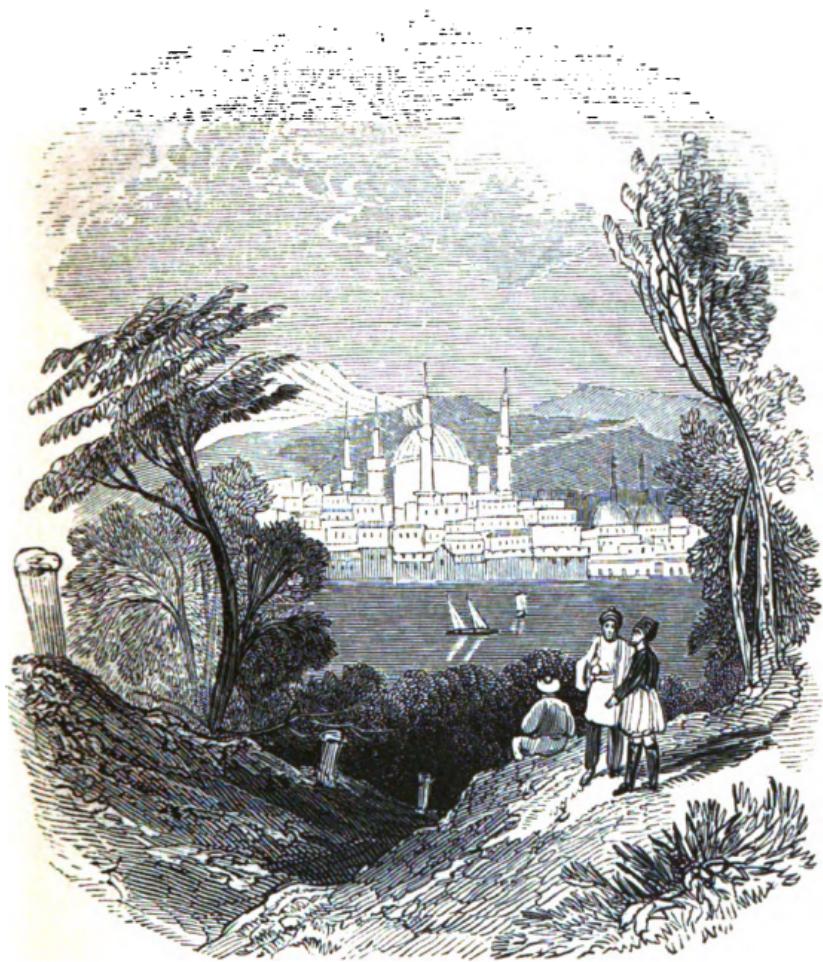
E. In the bazaar we saw,—what do you think, exposed for sale?—a poor negro child. The little innocent was sitting quite contented on the counter beside his master; he appeared to be about four years old, and had fine sparkling eyes, an intelligent countenance, and lovely teeth. Slaves are not treated harshly by the Turks; they form a part of the family; therefore I had not so much pity for the poor little boy, when I was told that he would be treated as well by his purchaser as if he were his own son. Outside the town of the Dardanelles is the burying-ground. Within a walled enclosure are the graves of the Pashas who died here at different times; one, a magnificent tomb, was pointed out to us as that of the last Pasha, who had been beheaded by order of the Sultan. There is a pleasant walk formed

along the side of a small stream. This river, though it appeared insignificant to us, overflows its banks ; there has been a substantial stone wall built, to keep it from inundating the neighbouring lands and the town. You will find this stream called in your ancient map, Rhodius Fluvius. We walked about the town and country until dinner-time, when we went on board. I forgot to tell you of the enormous cannon that were lying on the sand, on the shore. There were also large stone balls beside them, which are discharged from these cannon instead of iron or leaden bullets ; one of these balls is heavy enough to disable and sink a ship. There is a droll story told by the Turks of their immense cannon: it purports that a man rode into the largest on horseback, to avoid a shower of rain ; an arrhuba and four buffaloes followed him, but it alarmed the horse so much, that at one desperate leap he effected his escape out of the touch-hole. It is more certain, however, that English midshipmen have amused themselves by creeping in and out, and playing hide and seek in these enormous guns.

M. They must be enormous indeed ! But, dear Ellen, I hear Mamma inquiring, have we gone out, and so shall we defer our arrival at Constantinople until to-morrow ?

E. As you please, my dear sister. *Peki, peki,* as the Turks say, good, good.

new, was of course interesting to me. The minarets and domes of the mosques; the coloured houses, peeping through the trees, giving every town a rural look; the ruined walls, surrounded by green fields; and then the wild scenery ere we arrived at, and after we passed each town; the curious fortresses with their great guns, and the Turkish vessels with their picturesque looking crews, all combined to form a varying and constantly new scene. We now entered the Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis, so called from its vicinity to the province of Pontus: we were soon abreast of the island of Marmora, and saw its white cliffs, from whence all the marble is quarried of which the Turkish tombstones are made; in former days this island was also celebrated for its marble. Having passed it, we were fairly launched into the Sea of Marmora, and again had a waste of waters around us. That night we descended to our berths with joyful hearts, for next day we were to see Constantinople. In the morning, which I remember was the first of May, clear, bright, and sunny, we were in view of Constantinople—proud Istamboul, with its towers, its domes and minarets, its gaily painted houses and green trees, all surrounded by its ivy-mantled and ruinous walls. The first part of the city we distinctly saw was the Seven Towers, well known in the annals of diplomacy; they



CONSTANTINOPLE.



form one point of the triangle in which shape Constantinople is built ; on two sides it is bounded by water, the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn ; on the third side of the triangle by land. After we passed the Seven Towers the view was quite splendid ; the different coloured houses sloping towards the sea, with trees all in full leaf and blossom, scattered through them. Constantinople, like Rome, is built on seven hills, the summit of each of which is crowned by an imperial mosque, whose spiry minarets pierced the sky, and copper-covered domes glittered in the sun. The mosque of Sultan Achmet with its six minarets, and Santa Sophia with its four, were the most conspicuous. There is a curious tale told of the former building. Sultan Achmet wished to erect a mosque finer and larger than that of Santa Sophia, and as that has four minarets, he intended his should have six. But one of his courtiers suggested to him that the holy mosque of the Prophet at Mecca had only six minarets, and how impious it would be in him to build the same number to his. The Sultan answered, he was not sure of that, but thought there were eight : however, to end the dispute, and that he might not shock the good Mussulman, he agreed to send a messenger to Mecca to find out the truth. In the mean time he despatched a Tartar to order two more minarets to be built, so when the messenger arrived, he beheld eight stately

spires surrounding the holy mosque. So Sultan Achmet was permitted to erect six to his splendid edifice.

M. That was a good device of the Sultan; but, Ellen, will you inform me what is a minaret?

E. It is a high tower placed at the side of a mosque, having a gallery round it, on which the muezzin stands to call the people to prayers, as the Turks permit no bells to be rung in their city; they think it profane to invite the people to worship God by the tolling of a metal bell. These minarets have been compared to a large mould candle with an extinguisher on the top; and, indeed, the white tower, tapering towards the summit, which is always covered with lead, is not unlike the comparison. The minarets of Sultan Achmet's mosque have each three galleries round them, beautifully carved in filigree.

M. They must be curious-looking things. A candle with an extinguisher! As you proceeded on your voyage, did the scene still continue to look as beautiful?

E. Quite so; and as it varied more, it grew more interesting. When we looked to our right hand, we saw the Prince's Islands, scattered like a little archipelago, and covered with Greek monasteries: the Franks sometimes go to these islands to spend the summer months, as the air is cooler than at Constantinople. Behind them,

and to the southward, rose Mount Olympus, the throne of Jupiter, and senate-house of the gods, from whence they surveyed the world below. Its summit was covered with snow, and was lost in the clouds. The Sultan, who is quite another Jove, permits no one to make use of or gather this snow, but reserves it all for himself, to cool his sherbet. From this we could only faintly observe the outline of the coast, but could not distinctly discern the shore until we came to Cadikui. This town was formerly called Chalcedon; though it was stigmatized with the title of "the city of the blind men," for the Greeks who built it, a colony from Megara, overlooking the fine harbour of Constantinople, erected their town on a dry, low, barren point of land, where there was no bay of any kind. Chalcedon in latter times, in the reign of Julian the Apostate, was rendered famous by the council that was held there, composed of the bishops and dignitaries of the first Christian Church. Scutari, with the Sultan's kiosk or summer palace, rose next on our view. Behind the town, as far as the eye could reach, was seen the dark forest of cypress trees, shading the graves of the Mahometans. All the rich Turks are carried over to this burying-ground, that their remains may rest in peace; for they are firmly persuaded that the Russians will some

day take Constantinople, and they think they would disturb their bones if buried on the European shore. As to the “fair-haired sons of the north,” as the Russians are called, crossing over into Asia, the Turks never dream of it. The mouth of the Bosphorus lay before us, but we were turning the Seraglio point, and entering the Golden Horn, or harbour. This point forms a lovely termination to the triangle on the seaward side; the numerous buildings of the Serai, their glittering domes reflected in the sun, appeared every moment through the green foliage of the trees. We passed the golden gate of the Seraglio gardens, through which the Sultan goes forth when he enters his caïque in state. Beside it I observed a small wooden house, called Yali-Kiosk, to which the deposed Grand Vizier retires, to learn the Sultan’s will: only imagine a venerable Turk, smoking his chibouk, and calmly waiting until a chaoush comes, either to release him, or to strangle him with a bow-string, as the Sultan pleases. We had now entered the Golden Horn, and soon after anchored at Galata, in the midst of merchant-vessels from every quarter of the globe.

M. And so you have, at last, arrived at the end of your journey. Will you now tell me something about what you saw in Constantinople, and of the places in its vicinity that you visited?

E. Yes, Mary ; but I wish you first to inform me of the origin, geography, and history of this city ; I will then answer all your questions.

M. Constantinople, anciently called Byzantium, is situated in the province of Thrace, now Roumelia, on the Sea of Marmora. Byzantium was founded by a Greek colony, and was but a small town, when Constantine the Great raised it into a magnificent city in the year 330 ; he transferred his residence thither from Rome, and called it Roma Nova, on account of its greatness, which he intended should rival the ancient city ; and transporting part of the Roman senate to it, he made it the capital of the eastern portion of the empire. Constantinople, after sustaining many sieges from the Latins, barbarians, and Turks, was finally taken by Sultan Mahomet the Second, in the year 1453, who made it his capital city.

E. I must add one or two remarks to your sketch. The ancient Byzantium only comprehended the small triangle now occupied by the Seraglio gardens ; and part of the walls of this very old city are at present standing, and divide the gardens from the adjoining streets. When the Greeks went to consult the oracle, to learn where they should build their town, it answered, " opposite the city of the blind men," so they, choosing the beautiful harbour of the Golden Horn, erected their city facing the town of Chalcedon.

At the time the Turks invaded Europe, the Greek empire had sunk into the last state of weakness : all their territory was included within the wall built by Anastatius, a triangular piece of ground about 140 miles in circumference ; this wall, you will perceive, by looking on your map, extended from the town of Heraclea on the Propontis, to Dercon on the Euxine, or Black Sea. When the Turks besieged Constantinople, the Greeks, for the protection of their city, and as a last resource, had drawn a ponderous chain across the mouth of the harbour, from the Seraglio point to Galata. This formed a strong barrier against the Turks, and they were going to abandon the siege, when they thought of a stratagem by which they might enter the harbour. They dragged their ships, in one night, across the peninsula of Pera, from the Bosphorus, where they lay at anchor ; and to the terror of the Greeks, they saw them next morning floating under the walls of their city.

M. The poor Greeks ! But, Ellen, how was it possible for the Turks to accomplish such an undertaking in one night ?

E. The place where the ships were brought over was at Dolma-Bacthé, where a deep valley runs up from the Bosphorus, to join that of the harbour. These valleys were only divided by a narrow ridge, of a few hundred yards in breadth, and the whole of the distance they dragged them was but two miles : then the Turks were assisted

by the Genoese of Galata ; and thus, you see, the undertaking was not so Herculean as you imagine.

M. No, indeed ! But where, will you tell me, did the Turks enter on the land side ?

E. At the Top-Kapousi, or Gate of Cannon. It is called Top-Kapousi because the Turks have set over it some large globes of granite, like those I told you I saw lying on the shore at the town of the Dardanelles, and used for loading their immense pieces of ordnance. They have placed them here to commemorate the spot where they entered and took possession of this capital of the Christian world. At some distance in front of this gate is an artificial mound called Maltepè, on which Mahomet displayed the standard of his prophet, and directed the attack on this side of Constantinople. Constantine Paleologus, the last Greek Emperor, the last Christian sovereign of the East, " the last of the Constantines," defended sword in hand this gate. His body was afterwards found in one of the breaches the Turks had battered in the wall—breaches which still remain, to attest the vigorous resistance the Greeks made to the host of invaders ; Constantine had placed himself in the most exposed of them, as a last but ineffectual barrier. There has never yet been found a coin, statue, medal, or inscription of this distinguished man. A single tree grows over the place where he fell : it is a magnificent specimen

of the Pistaccia Terebinthus, or Cyprus turpentine tree ; the branches, when broken, yield a very pleasant aromatic smell ; it bears clusters of red berries, which are quite beautiful. This solitary tree marks, as Clarke the traveller says, “the sacred spot where the last of the Paleologi fell.”

M. You almost make me weep for Constantine. What towns are on the opposite side of the Golden Horn ? I remember the Genoese sent out a colony and founded Galata, a town situated on the harbour : will you tell me something about it ?

E. Yes. Galata is built on the shore, and slopes up the side of the hill ; the inhabitants are descendants of these Italians : at Galata, also, are the storehouses of the Frank merchants, and in the principal street is held a weekly market, Jews being the principal venders ; they sell drapery and calico, spices, and other small wares. There are very few Turks resident either in this suburb or at Pera—“Infidel Pera” as it is called, where the different Christian ambassadors reside, and where the merchants have their town-houses. It is built on the top of the hill, and has not much beauty to boast of, nor anything to attract the curiosity of a stranger, except the wooden houses, and the different costumes of the inhabitants. Farther on, behind Pera, are the burying-grounds of the Greeks, Armenians, Franks, and Turks ; the latter a dark grove of cypress, the

two former the Mall of Pera and Galata, the resort of the Greeks and Armenians on a Sunday or holyday. There are no cypresses, except in Turkish cemeteries; in others a few large plane-trees afford shelter from the sun. This burying-ground presents a curious and animated scene on a Sunday. I must tell you that the tombstones differ also from those of the Turks. The latter are upright, having the rank of the deceased distinguished by the shape of the turban carved on the top, with a verse from the Koran written underneath; the former are flat, and on each is inscribed the name of the dead, his occupation being notified by a representation of one or two of the tools of his trade; thus, a shoemaker would have his awl and last cut on his grave-stone. But a curious custom I remarked, and which I thought so poetical, was, that on each slab there were two or more cavities scooped out, for what purpose, do you think?—for holding water for the little birds.

M. What a charitable practice! what nice fountains for the pretty little birds!

E. Well then, among these tombstones the Armenian females spread their carpets, and form most picturesque groups, sipping coffee and smoking pipes; dressed in their large dark cloaks or feridjees, and their white veils or yashmacks, only their eyes and the tips of their noses being visible. There they sit, enjoying the beautiful

view of the Bosphorus and Asiatic shore, as seen from this burying-ground. Walking about, and chattering with all their volubility, are some Greek women: their dress consists of a red jacket trimmed with fur; a handsome muslin turban, very large, and ornamented with artificial flowers, having a white muslin veil thrown gracefully over it, and falling on their shoulders; a gay gown of Brusa silk or coloured calico, and nice shoes and stockings. Under a tree is a Turk with his white turban, dark coarse capote, and coloured trowsers, selling malhabee, a pleasant preparation of rice. There you see a group of lively Greek men; one of them dressed in the top of the fashion; his head covered with a red fez or cap, having a white shawl wound round it, the embroidered end dangling down his cheek; he wears a red jacket, and large full trowsers tied at his knee, white stockings and black shoes; to complete his dress, a handsome figured shawl encircles his waist; and he is twirling his mustaches in the most nonchalant manner. Another Greek in coarser clothes, but equally gay, is selling sherbet, or perhaps only water: "Nero, kalo nero, krio nero," "water, good water, cold water!" But what unpicturesque companions are these? Oh! they are Franks; their hats and black close-fitting coats have quite an uncouth appearance. Here comes a civil old Turk, his silver beard reaching to his girdle, with his tray of bonbons; and though he does



TURKISH COSTUMES.



not understand our language, nor we his, yet we may make him comprehend that we wish for some of his “rahat-lacoom,” or “repose for the throat.”

But I have nearly finished my survey of the burying-ground. Leaning against yonder tree, his basket of thread, nutmegs, mastico to sweeten the breath, and other small wares, on the ground, is a poor despised Jew; a mean cross-barred handkerchief fastened round his cap; a large cloth capote with wide sleeves, worn thread-bare, covering his whole person. And lastly, there is an Armenian merchant, smoking his short pipe, and meditating, perhaps on his wealth, perhaps on better things; he is known by his high calpac made of felt, the shape of an inverted cone, the narrow end on his head; he also wears a large cloak, and in every other respect dresses “à la Turque.” The Turks give to the Armenians the epithet of Camels; they are, nevertheless, a quiet industrious race of men, the Quakers of the East. Mary, how like you our walk in the Greek and Armenian burying-grounds?

M. Very much; the different groups, in their various costumes, amuse me greatly.

E. But now, if we cross the road, we will enter the solemn Turkish grave-yard. No sun penetrates the thick cypress grove; the long grass on the different mounds is wet with last night’s dew. Not a bird is heard or seen in this wood;

but there is a most aromatic perfume exhaled from the cypress trees. What a calm quiet place for contemplation ! We will walk here in preference to the road. But what stones are these without turbans ? They are the graves of the women. The Turks say their females have no souls, and, therefore, do not require heads on their tombstones. Some travellers assert, however, that latterly the Mahometans have given up this prejudice, and will allow now that women have souls. We will go round by Selim's new barracks, a large square mass of building, with windows on every side ; these have no glass in them, but are all cross-barred, in small squares. We pass the English and Frank burying-place ; not a tree nor a shrub to shade it, so parched as the grass looks, so desolate the graves. We are again in Pera Street : the people are hurrying home ; it is getting late ; and though the moon may shine brightly, the person who does not carry a lantern is taken up, and lodged in the guard-house all night.

M. That is rather an unpleasant punishment for so slight an offence ; what is the use of such a precaution ?

E. To prevent people of bad character from roaming about, and perhaps committing depredations in the dark. At every baccul or tobacconist's shop they sell lanterns. These are made of paper folded flat. When a man has to return

home in the dark he enters a shop, purchases tobacco and a lantern for a few paras, and after filling and igniting his chibouk, he draws out and lights his lantern, which he hangs on the end of his long pipe tube, and thus smokes and lights himself home, without molestation from the patrol. But we may now take a walk in the garden of the English palace. How balmy the air! But what are those myriads of diamonds, that sparkle on every leaf, and illumine every dark glade? They are fire-flies. You have often seen the glow-worm—but the lovely fire-flies are far more brilliant; they emit their light at intervals from little circles under their wings, which seem to open and close, giving an intermitting gleam. I caught one, for numbers rested on my dress; it smoothed down its wings, and lo! I had only a dark fly in my hand, a small brown insect with a red head; but when I released it, it again looked like a sparkling emerald flying away. The glow-worm is said to be the female fire-fly. But now we will stop for to-day; if you wish, to-morrow we may cross the Golden Horn, and visit some of the curiosities of Istamboul.

CHAPTER IX.

Caïque, or Turkish boat—Bazaars of Istamboul—The Town—Burnt Pillar—Mosque of Sultan Achmet—Sultan's Menagerie—The Atmeidan—Santa Sophia—Turkish Kibaubs—Suburb of Eyoub—Mosque of Eyoub—Old Walls of Constantinople—Turkish Woman and Child.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. WELL, now, Ellen, please tell me something of Constantinople—the town itself?

Ellen. I will gratify your curiosity with pleasure: to begin, then, in a methodical manner, we went down one fine morning to the wharf at Galata, and hired a caïque, to cross the Golden Horn.

M. Ere we proceed farther, tell me, I pray, what sort of a boat is a caïque?

E. It is a long narrow boat, like a canoe, rowed by any number of men, each having two oars. It is shaped like a crescent, and seems to touch the water only at one point, being raised at both ends, which project into long sharp peaks, sometimes, in those belonging to the higher class, ornamented with gilt figures. The inside is usually richly carved, and always kept very clean; the company in it sit cross-legged at the bottom, on a carpet. The watermen, or caïquejees, are

dressed in a loose Canton-crape shirt, without collar or wristbands, and large full trowsers of coarse calico, tied at the knees; on their heads they wear a small red scull-cap, which just rests on the crown of the head, where their hair is tied in a knot; for both Turks and Greeks shave all their heads, except a point on the top, where they suffer the hair to grow long, and plait it. A pair of slippers on their otherwise naked feet and legs, completes a costume which one could hardly imagine would be sufficient to resist the intense heat of the summer sun, which glares down on them as they row. These caiquejees are very civil, and form a body of the finest-looking men about Constantinople. The boats have no row-locks, but the oars move in a leather thong well oiled, so they sail along quite noiselessly; and there might occur some sad accidents from the numbers that are always plying about the harbour, if the boatmen did not constantly turn their heads round to watch for danger, and to call out when they saw a caïque approaching. Seated in one of these frail vessels, we were quickly wafted across to Istamboul, and landed on a wooden pier, among a motley assemblage of men and women, Turks, Greeks, and persons of every country, class, and condition. We pushed our way through them, and entered the bazaar.

M. What sort of a place is the bazaar? *I*

have so often heard of a Turkish bazaar. Is it like that in Oxford-street?

E. No, indeed; it does not bear the slightest resemblance to it. The bazaar consists of a number of enclosed streets, arched overhead with stone, having square apertures to admit light and air. On either side is a raised platform, covered with wooden planks, and divided by low partitions into a number of small stalls: each of these belongs to a separate shopkeeper, who arranges his goods on the wall behind him, and on the platform around him. The Turk, or Armenian, whichever it may be, sits on a cushion tailor-wise, smoking his pipe, and waiting until fate sends him a purchaser for his wares. They do not, however, depend entirely on destiny, for they usually have a young lad, Armenian or Jew, who can speak a little *lingua Franca*, a barbarous mixture of Italian and modern Greek; he answers for an interpreter, and also keeps calling out the merits of his master's goods. When a person goes to buy, and the shopkeeper has not the article that pleases in view, he raises up some of the goods that hang on the back wall, and then you see a low door, through which he creeps, and brings from this inner apartment whatever you may wish for. This hidden entrance leads to his storehouse, of which he is very watchful, as it usually contains all his treasure. The bazaar is

divided into different streets, each of which is set apart for the sale of separate merchandise: thus there is the Papoush or shoe-bazaar, so gay, with its red, yellow, and other coloured slippers; the drug-bazaar; the pipe-bazaar, and so on.

M. How curious! how different from our shops!

E. Then the noise is quite a Babel: so many various persons, talking in all languages; the hummauls, or porters, carrying immense heavy loads on long elastic poles, calling to the people to clear the way. Happily there are neither horses, nor machines of any kind, to annoy or frighten, so the confusion is only amusing. From the bazaar we passed into the town of Istamboul. The quiet, the dead silence, the houses shut up, having every window closed with a jalousie—it seemed quite like a deserted city. At intervals we would see a heap of rubbish, where a house had been burnt down by a casual fire; perhaps a tree growing in the ruins, giving, if possible, a greater appearance of desolation. Sometimes the solitary voice of a woman, or cry of a child, would make me start, as if it were something out of character with the scene, though I knew all the houses were inhabited, and full of people, may be at that moment. We walked on, meeting only the dogs, until we arrived at the Burnt Pillar, or Column, or Burnt Stone, called by the Turks

Daikili-Tash. It is a monument of interest to Christians, for it was erected by Constantine when he abjured Paganism. He raised this pillar to commemorate the event, and inscribed on its base, that he placed his new city under the protection of Christ. Beneath the foundation stone he laid the most precious relics he could obtain, consisting of one of the nails that fastened our Saviour to the Cross, which had been discovered by his mother, Helena, at the same time that she brought to Rome the holy stairs I before told you of. With the nail Constantine placed a fragment of bread, supposed to be part of one of the five barley loaves with which our Saviour miraculously fed the five thousand persons. Whenever a Greek passed this pillar, even the Emperors themselves and their suite, they alighted from their horses, and made a profound obeisance to it. The column was surmounted by a splendid figure of Apollo, Constantine's tutelary deity ere he embraced Christianity. It was some time after struck by lightning, and the god and the first joint of the pillar thrown down; it remained in this state until the time of the Comneni, one of whom, in the twelfth century, repaired it, erected a cross on it, and added another inscription, telling what he had done. Long since, however, cross and inscription have disappeared. The pillar now presents a smoked and dilapidated co-

lumn, bound with bands of iron to keep it together, and preserve it from falling—it has suffered so much from the numerous conflagrations in its vicinity. When in its perfect state, it was a noble monument; a red porphyry column, 120 feet in height, resting on a white marble base, its joints in the blocks of stone being hidden by twinnings of laurel leaves, giving it the semblance of being one solid shaft.

M. What an interesting column! What a pity it was burnt and so much injured!

E. Yes, indeed: From the Daikili-Tash we bent our steps to the Atmeidan, or Place of Horses, the ancient Hippodrome, so called, as some say, from the famous bronze horses that once adorned it, but which were removed to Venice and from thence to Paris. Though once so celebrated, it now is only a small deserted-looking sandy area, or oblong square; on one side is the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, whose six minarets I noticed from the sea, really a splendid building. The partition that divides the court from the Atmeidan is carved in the most beautiful manner. In the area of the mosque are numerous fountains for supplying water for the ablutions of the Mahometans, who always wash ere they go to pray. Facing the mosque are some ruinous buildings, in one of which is the Royal Menagerie: here a few tigers,

a lioness, &c., are confined in filthy dens, which enormous rats also inhabit, and partake of the food thrown to these animals. I was quite disgusted with this menagerie; it looked so squalid and wretched, when compared with our own zoological gardens, or those I had visited on the Continent. In the midst of the Hippodrome are three remarkable columns. Towards the eastern extremity is the famous Egyptian obelisk, brought from Rome by Constantine, when he built and wished to ornament his new city. It is of red Egyptian granite, and the carved hieroglyphics are as fresh-looking and as sharp as the first day they were cut. I have read a curious dissertation on the probable time when this grand obelisk was first cut and joined together. The author finally comes to the conclusion that it may have been erected by Sesonchis, in honour of Sesostris, 2800 years ago. What think you of that? At a short distance from the obelisk stand the remains of the twisted Brazen Column. The history of this pillar is curious, and replete with interest. It is a hollow cast of bronze, now only twelve feet high, and represents the bodies of three serpents twisted together. These serpents once had heads, but they no longer exist. It is related by the historian Gibbon, that Mahomet, when he entered Constantinople victorious, either flushed

with the excitement of conquest, or anxious to display his personal strength and prowess, struck off one of the heads with a single blow of his battle-axe.

M. That was a feat of dexterity! Mahomet must have been a strong man. But what is the history of this twisted column, and what became of the other two heads?

E. About the year 1700 they were struck off in the night, it is supposed by some fanatic Turks. The column is said to have been taken from the Persians, who assigned it the highest antiquity. It was the stand on which rested the golden tripod which was consecrated in the Temple of Delphi, by the victorious Greeks, after the battle of Platæa, where, you know, the plunder they found in the Persian camp was immense; and this twisted pillar was part of it. It formed for centuries the stand from which the priestess delivered her oracles.

The Persians supposed this twisted column to have been that identical serpent, or three serpents in one, that Moses made by the Lord's command, on which the Israelites were to look and be healed when bitten by the fiery serpents God had sent amongst them, as a punishment for their murmuring against the manna, or bread the Lord God had given them for food. If this tale be true, the Twisted Column is a hallowed relic indeed. The last of the three pillars is the Colossus of Constan-

tine Porphyrogenitus; a square unsightly brick column, on which is a Greek inscription, certifying that it was called Colossus because it was a wonderful erection like that at Rhodes. It was not, however, built of solid brass, but only covered on the front with plates, which the Turks have long since picked away. There were two Turks sitting on two of the fragments of marble that lay scattered about the area, who seemed highly amused and surprised at our gazing at, and examining so attentively, these monuments of the ancient glory of this fallen Christian city. They were smoking their pipes, and we could see them shrug their shoulders, and hear them say, "Mashalla!"— "Heavens above!" an exclamation of surprise the Mahometans are very fond of repeating.

M. The Turks, I dare say, thought you very foolish, wasting your time looking at such useless things.

E. I rather imagine they fancied we were calculating under which of the columns the pots of money were concealed; as that is the idea all the poor people in the East form of travellers, when examining ancient pillars, inscriptions, or anything of that sort. From the Atmeidan we went to the mosque of Santa Sophia. This mosque, when contrasted with the splendid one of Sultan Achmet, appears very insignificant: its domes are low, its minarets not near as elegantly

carved, and its front by no means striking. The rubbish and filth which have been accumulating for so long a time on the street, have gradually raised it so high, that it is necessary to descend three or four steps to enter the mosque. Blocks of marble and fragments of pillars lie scattered about, giving an air of neglect and ruin to the building and square around it.

But what Santa Sophia loses in grandeur when compared to the other mosques in Constantinople, it gains in interest ; for no Christian can visit it without feeling veneration and sorrow for this first Christian church that Constantine the Great erected, and the first building that Mahomet entered when he took this capital of the Eastern world. Mahomet threw himself off his horse at the door, went into the church, and before the high altar gave thanks to the One great God for his victory. He then ordered all the decorations to be removed, the gilded altars and costly vessels of this sanctuary to be taken away, and converted the Christian temple into a Mahometan mosque. The Turks are very jealous of Santa Sophia ; they never permit a Giaour or Infidel, as they designate a Christian, to enter it. There are many droll tales told of Englishmen, and other Franks, trying to gain admittance by bribing the Imauns, or rushing boldly in, at the risk of being well bastinadoed if caught. We were going to enter, but were

‘warned off by two or three burly Turks, who were lounging about the door.

We visited many other places of interest in Istamboul, among the rest, the Binbeer-direk, “the thousand and one columns,” once a splendid cistern, under ground, but now a large silk-weaving manufactory, chosen for that purpose on account of there being no air to entangle the silk.

As it was still mid-day, we thought we would take advantage of a lovely afternoon, and proceed up the Golden Horn to the suburb of Eyoub. As we walked towards the quay to hire a caique, we began to say it was the hour for luncheon, and I felt rather hungry. We therefore entered a Turkish eating-house, or kibaub-shop. Here we were shown to a raised platform, where we seated ourselves, the gentlemen cross-legged, à la Turque; I, as being a Frank lady I suppose, was accommodated with a three-legged stool. Another stool was placed before us, and on it was laid a round copper tray; and here we sat watching our kibaubs while prepared by a good-humoured Turkish cook. He cut a number of small bits of mutton the size of shillings, stuck them on an iron skewer not larger than a knitting needle, and roasted them over a small charcoal fire; when done, they were served up to us on thin cakes of unleavened bread, having melted grease, mixed with sweet herbs, poured over all. Now do not

make that face, Miss Mary, for I can tell you the kibaubs were very hot, savoury, and good ; albeit, we had to eat them with our fingers, pulling the cakes asunder in the same manner. When our repast was finished, our attendant presented us with water and a towel, to wash our fingers ; and having paid two piastres, about sixpence, we took our leave, salaamed to the door by our cook. We then entered a sherbetjee's shop, and purchased a glass of sherbet poured on ice. I cannot tell you what this drink is composed of : you would call it sugar and water ; I can only assure you it is a most cool and refreshing beverage.

“ The rage of hunger being appeased,” and that of thirst also, we proceeded to the quay, and entering a caïque, were soon rowed up to Eyoub. This suburb is a most quiet, sequestered spot. The little village itself is embowered in a wood of spreading mulberry and other fruit trees, and surrounded by gardens. Here there is an imperial mosque, and a mausoleum where lie the bodies of many noble Turks, and none more noble than Selim, the young, good, and gentle prince, who was strangled by order of his brother, and whose death made way for the present sultan to ascend the throne. The mosque, however, is the principal attraction ; the interior walls are said to be encrusted with the rarest marbles, and the pavement covered with the richest carpets. In it are also preserved two relics—the sacred standard

of the Prophet Mahomet, which the Grand Imaun unfurls with great solemnity, when he calls the faithful to battle, and the Sultan causes to be borne before him to the field, and always planted in a conspicuous station in the camp. The other relic is a variegated piece of marble, bearing the imprint of the Prophet's foot, and regarded with great veneration by all true believers. We were not permitted to see either the interior of the mosque, or the precious things contained therein, as no infidel is allowed to defile this holy place of Mahometan worship by his presence.

M. But why is this mosque held so sacred above all the others, and deemed worthy of containing such precious relics?

E. Because here is the tomb of Eyoub, or Job, the standard bearer and companion of the Prophet Mahomet, who was killed before the walls of Constantinople when the town was first besieged by the Saracens. He was privately buried in this spot. Eight hundred years after, the place was revealed to Mahomet II. in a vision, and he built this splendid mosque over the Saint's remains; and here, in respect to his memory, every sultan afterwards was inaugurated, by the ceremony of girding on his sword. The tomb of Eyoub is surrounded by a balustrade of silver, and near it is a consecrated well, the water of which the Imaun presents to faithful believers in a silver cup. The prin-

cipal street, if I may give it that name, of Eyoub forms a most agreeable sheltered promenade; the venerable trees of a large burying ground shading it from the sun: amongst those trees appear the mosque, mausoleum, and other buildings, appropriated either to the dead, or the charitable purpose of relieving the wants of the living. I was much pleased with my visit to this suburb; it seemed as if I had left the bustle of the world, when I entered the secluded groves of Eyoub, after walking through the crowded bazaars of Constantinople. We wandered into the country, and round by the dilapidated and ivy-mantled walls of the city. We were talking of all the sieges these old walls had withstood, when a Turkish woman, veiled, but showing her sparkling eyes, seemingly very young, attended by a black female slave, and holding a lovely boy by the hand, came up to us, and began to talk to us. We could not understand her language, but she made us comprehend that the darling baby she was walking with was her own son; he was about three years old, his little turban shaded the most prepossessing features, and eyes beaming with good-humour and childish glee. He wore a short jacket, large trowsers tied at the ankle, and yellow slippers. I longed to run and play with the little fellow, who was not at all shy, but laughed and jumped in very lightness of heart. When the Turkis

woman found it vain to try and keep up a conversation with us, she began to laugh, and walked away. There were some men approaching, whom, I dare say, she feared would observe her talking with Franks, particularly gentlemen, a thing that the Turkish law does not permit females to do.

M. The dear little boy! what a pity you could not talk to him.

E. It was now getting late, and we hastened to leave quiet Eyoub, and return to Pera, where we arrived between six and seven in the evening, much gratified by our trip to Istamboul.

CHAPTER X.

Sultan going to Mosque—Turkish Religion—Anecdote—Dervishes—Greek Religion—“Church of the Fishes”—Greek Burial—Eggs on Easter Sunday.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Ellen. What picture are you so intently studying, Mary? Oh, I see—a drawing of the Sultan going to mosque.

Mary. Yes, indeed; what a fine-looking man he is! Did you ever see the Sultan, Ellen?

E. I went to see him going to mosque.—Friday, you know, perhaps, is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and Sunday the Christian. On Friday morning it is always notified in what mosque the Sultan will pray that day, so that any one wishing to see him, or having a petition to present, may go there for the purpose. On the Friday I saw him, he went to the mosque at Dolma-bactché, “gourd garden;” so called, because this valley is laid out in gardens for the cultivation of the gourd. When we arrived, he had already entered, and was at his prayers,—so we waited until he should come out. There were a number of beautiful horses richly caparisoned,

their horse-cloths embroidered in gold and silver, with tassels of the same material, forming a line down the street: along which also was ranged a regiment of the Sultan's new troops, dressed in red jackets with a white band over the left shoulder, dark trowsers, black shoes, and on their heads the red fez. This is a large red cap made of cloth, with a blue silk tassel, through which is curiously entwined a piece of cut white paper, the use of which I never could learn, whether it be the mark of the price, or only ornamental; but this I know, that the Turks never disentangle it from the blue silk, though to English eyes it appears rather unseemly. This red fez is not unlike a large nightcap, only the top is flat; it is the peculiar characteristic of the new regiments; soldiers, officers, and all wear it; it is anything but becoming,—the noble-looking turban far surpasses it in elegance. There was a crowd of Turkish women and men, Franks and others, waiting like ourselves to see the Sultan. In a short time the horses were led slowly down the street, and then we heard the Imauns chanting as they preceded the Sultan from the mosque. Presently the large gate of the court-yard, or area before the building, opened; and two venerable Imauns, with flowing white beards, in long cloaks and green turbans, walked slowly out, waving silver censers containing delightful aromatic incense, and chant-

ing verses from the Koran. Then followed the Sultan on horseback: Mahmood, the terror of the Turkish empire, the innovator of Turkish laws, the suppressor of the Janissaries, rode down the street, neither looking to one side or the other, but appearing absorbed in reflection on the devotional exercises he had been performing.

M. How was the Sultan dressed—very superbly?

E. He was entirely covered with a large purple blue cloak, the collar elegantly embroidered and ornamented with gold; his shoes were black, and he rode in long English stirrups, instead of the short shovel-shaped one used by the Turks in former times. Mahmood wore the plain red fez, like the other soldiers. His countenance bore an expression of firmness and determination, but tempered with mildness: his beard was short, and of a raven black; his eye, that had gazed on so many scenes of bloodshed, was sunken, keen, and sparkling. As he passed, the soldiers presented arms, and then made obeisance à la Turque, by reverentially placing their hand successively on the heart, mouth, and forehead. One of the women presented a petition, by holding it over her head; an officer took it from her, and put it in a bag: these petitions are always attended to; if the answer is unfavourable, the paper is returned torn into two pieces, and from this decision

there is no appeal. When the Sultan had ridden out of sight, the soldiers marched away, and the people dispersed. I frequently saw the Sultan on the water, either in his royal caïque, going in state, preceded by music, or privately sailing up or down the Bosphorus. There are of course many tales told of the Sultan. His fondness for champagne often gives rise to ludicrous and, I am sorry to say, sometimes scandalous anecdotes. To foreigners, particularly English, he is exceedingly affable and courteous; the captain of his steam-boat is a good-humoured Scotchman, to whom he is much attached. It is said that Mahmood's mother was a Frenchwoman, he is so fond of reform; some assert, however, that she was Irish, for the Sultan is called in Turkish "Padir-Shah:" what is that but a corruption of "Paddy Shaw?"

M. Paddy Shaw! that is a funny name to give his majesty. Will you, please, Ellen, tell me something of the religion of the Turks. Do they not pray very often in the day?

E. The Koran, which is the Bible of the Turks, or rather of the followers of Mahomet, their great Prophet and head of their religion, commands a true believer to pray five times in the four-and-twenty hours—at sunrise, at noon, at sunset, and twice between that and day-break. I often have stopped, when walking at eventide in the country about Constantinople, to listen to

the muezzin or clerk calling the people to prayer ; the clear voice of the man, borne on the breeze from the top of some minaret, had such a pleasing impressive sound, I felt always inclined to kneel also, and offer up my adorations with the multitude that were praying at that moment.

M. Why do not the Mahometans ring bells as we do ?

E. I will answer your question in the words of D'Ohsson, a French writer on Turkey :—“ The ‘ Ezann,’ or annunciation of the hour of prayer, is of the institution of the Prophet. As the celestial Apostle, on his retreat to Medina, did not always make the five canonical prayers at the same hour and at the same instant, his disciples, who often wished to say the ‘ Namaz’ or prayer with him, assembled one day to deliberate upon the means of announcing to the public the moments of the day and night in which their master acquitted himself of this first of religious duties. Flags, bells, trumpets, fires, were successively proposed as signals. None were admitted. They rejected flags, as not agreeing to the sanctity of the object ; bells, not to imitate the Christians ; trumpets, as instruments proper to the worship of the Hebrews ; fires, as having too much analogy to the religion of fire-worshippers. In this contrariety of opinion the disciples separated, without coming to any conclusion. But during the night

one of them, Abd'-ullah-ibn-zeïd Abderiye, saw in a dream a celestial being clothed in green; he opened himself to him with all the eagerness with which his zeal inspired him, on the object that occupied the disciples of the Prophet. 'I go to show you,' said this celestial spirit to him, 'how you ought to fulfil this important duty of your worship.' He then ascended to the roof of the house, and made the 'Ezann' in a loud voice, with the same words of which they afterwards made use to announce the five canonical hours. On his awaking, Abd'-ullah ran to reveal his vision to the Prophet, who overwhelmed him with benedictions, and authorized at the same moment Bilal-Habeschy, another of his disciples, to acquit himself, on the roof of his house, of this august office, under the title of Muezzin; which means, I must tell, the announcer of prayer.

M. That is a pretty story, though I fear it is not true. Did you ever see a Turk at his prayers?

E. I have often been walking on the shore when the muezzin called out his celestial proclamation. If a boat was near then, the caique jee would leave it, wash his hands, elbows, and face, spread his carpet, and fall reverentially on his knees, touching his forehead to a fragment of hard clay, formed into a paste, and brought from Mecca. Thus he would remain for a short time, and then perform different genuflections in pro-

found silence ; he continued these for about fifteen minutes, and then, his prayers being ended, he returned to his boat and his avocations. If near a mosque the Turks go into it, and there spread their carpet and say their prayers ; which are always silent, except on some great occasion, when the Imauns officiate.

M. Do the Mahometans fast, as some Christians do ?

E. The Koran has ordained a very strict fast, called " Ramadzan," from the name of the month in which it occurs. The Turks reckon their year by lunar months ; so that this fast, which continues for a whole moon, revolves through all the seasons in succession. Sometimes it falls in the middle of summer, and then for the length of a burning day, from sunrise to sunset, the rigid Mahometan never even wets his lips. The boatmen peculiarly feel this abstinence, as they toil in the sun ; at other times they can refresh themselves with a cup of coffee or a pipe, but during the Ramadzan they may not, nor do they partake of either of these luxuries, I may almost say necessities. What think you of so strict a fast ?

M. I pity the poor Mahometans.

E. After the fast comes the great feast of the " Bairam," which lasts three days, and is ushered in by the firing of cannon from all the forts. The Sultan goes to the mosque of Santa Sophia in

great state, attended by all his officers. At night every mosque is illuminated, the minarets being covered with little oil lamps ; no business is done, for these three days are devoted to pleasure and feasting.

M. Well, certainly they require it, after their rigid abstinence.

E. Besides fasting, giving of alms, kindness to the brute creation, pilgrimages to Mecca, the birth-place of the Prophet, with numerous other observances, are commanded by the Koran, and strictly adhered to by all true believers. He who travels to his tomb or birth-place, obtains the distinguished title of " Hadji," or Holy-man. There goes every year a caravan to Mecca, which assembles on the plain of Scutari, and forming a strong party of merchants, pilgrims, &c., they set forth on this laudable expedition, which is not unattended with danger, as they may meet with robbers, or die by the way. The Turkish monks are called " Dervishes," and some are named " Fakirs." The latter are almost wild men, and live in caves and woods like hermits. The former are collected into colleges. The " Dancing Dervishes" have a monastery in the high street of Pera.

M. The dancing dervishes ! what do they do ? did you ever see them ?

E. Yes, we went to look at them performing their devotional exercises. In the court-yard before the Teké or chapel is a handsome fountain, and

a railed-in tomb, containing the remains of Bonneval, a distinguished French officer, who turned Mahometan, and was canonized by the Turks after his death. The Teké is a neat and rather elegant looking building, with a dome-shaped roof. We arrived just as the doors were opened. When we were going in, an elderly Turk pushed us back, and pointing to the gentlemen's shoes, signed to them to take them off. Now it is a matter of no difficulty for a Turk to slip off his heelless papoushes, but one of our friends had on a pair of tight English boots, and it certainly amused the bystanders greatly to see him pulling and puffing, as he was trying to draw them off, vowing he never would wear any thing but easy shoes as long as he remained in Constantinople. The inside of the Teké is of an octagon shape; a gallery runs round it supported on slight wooden pillars; the centre is railed in, and between the railings and the wall is a matted passage, where the spectators sit or stand, as they like. In the gallery are stationed the musicians, and at one end, closely shut in with *jalousies*, or wicker-work, is a place for the Turkish women. The floor of the centre is of highly polished chestnut wood; and facing the east is a niche where rests the Koran; beside this niche was placed a cushion for the superior of the convent. As we were viewing all these things, and gazing from where we stood (for no

one but the dervishes dare enter the sacred centre), through the windows, which also, opening eastward, command a beautiful view of the Bosphorus and Asiatic shore, the musicians suddenly began to play a low monotonous tune, and in a few moments after the dervishes entered. The superior had on a green turban and a cloak, but the others, of whom there were thirteen or fourteen, wore high conical felt caps, tight jackets, and coarse wide gowns; their faces were sallow and haggard-looking; their eyes sparkled as if under the excitement of strong passion. After a prayer had been said, the dervishes began to twirl round on their bare feet, at first very slowly, but soon faster and faster, moving between each other with the most perfect regularity, their thin shrivelled arms extended to their utmost stretch, their gowns spread out below like umbrellas; the music became louder and shriller, verses from the Koran were chanted by the choristers in the gallery, and the men turned round so quick that I had to shut my eyes, the sensation of looking at them became so painful. Suddenly they stopped, one by one, before the superior, and reverentially bowed themselves to the earth three times; then they began to twirl again. All this lasted about an hour, the poor dervishes alternately stopping and waltzing, if I may so call it. When they had ended their devotional exercise, they each spun into his place and fell flat on his

face, while an attendant came and threw a cloak over him. The music ceased, the superior repeated a prayer, and after a few moments of profound silence the dervishes rose, and slowly walked out of the area, seeming as if they had been sitting quiet all the time, instead of twirling round and round in such a wonderful manner.

M. What a ceremony ! how could they stop in the midst of their waltz, as you say, and bow themselves before the superior? I should think they would have fallen.

E. It was astonishing how they did it, but " practice makes perfect." At Scutari there was a college of " Howling Dervishes." These men cut themselves, and seared the wounds with hot irons ; they swallowed swords, and performed a number of other juggling acts, screaming and howling in the most frightful manner. This college, however, was suppressed some years ago.

M. Can you tell me, do the Turks reckon these acts as meritorious ?

E. That question it is hard to answer. Some of the superstitious, of course, regard these dervishes and fakirs as holy and inspired men ; the enlightened Mahometans despise their jugglery. But the Greeks of Constantinople are as superstitious as, if not more so, than the Turks, believing in absurd miracles, and other wonders. If they do not adore images, yet they almost worship

paintings ; holding not only the Blessed Virgin, but all representations of her, in peculiar sanctity. They believe that mad and deranged people are possessed of demons, which must be exorcised out of them. I remember a Greek telling me of a most wonderful miracle of this kind. An unfortunate madman was supposed to be possessed of the devil. He was therefore taken by the Greek priests, or, as they are called, the "Papas," and bound naked to a pillar of the church ; every day the demon was exorcised, and the Greek liturgy read over the man. One Sunday, in the evening, as service was performing, the poor madman began to scream, the lamps in the church burnt blue and were suddenly extinguished, and the whole building was filled with a rushing wind, and a strong smell of sulphur. When the lamps were relighted, the man was found in a faint ; the priests restored him and unbound him, " and I assure you," said the Greek girl to me, " that he is now living, having happily recovered his right senses, when the devil left him."

M. The demon, I suppose, disappeared in the wind and sulphur. Will you tell me something more about the Greek religion.

E. We went in a caique one day to Balûkli, or the "Church of the Fishes." We landed at Ypsomee Thea, a Greek district situated on the sea of Marmora, and bounded by the wall of Constan-

tinople. Ypsomee Thea has a curious origin. The Greeks were always disputing about a certain prayer in their liturgy. One Sunday, as the priest was officiating, and saying this particular prayer, a child in the congregation cried out; the Papas did not heed, but again the infant called out, and by its gestures seemed to forbid that form of supplication; another priest then suggested that the child was inspired, and that if God was pleased by a miracle to express his disapprobation, the prayer should be rejected, and the other substituted; at that moment the infant was lifted up by an invisible hand, and let down again unhurt. From this circumstance the church was called "Ypsomee Thea," the Divine Elevation, and subsequently the district obtained the name.

M. That miracle was as wonderful as that of the madman's recovery. Now, please tell me the origin of the Church of the Fishes.

E. Patience, till we arrive at Balûkli. We passed through the Selyvria gate into the open country outside Constantinople. Beside this gate are the tombs of Ali Pasha and his five sons. One day, perhaps, you will read, and be much interested with, the account of this brave but unfortunate Turk's life, and tragic death. The tombstones are of white marble, surmounted by handsomely carved turbans. We walked through a large burying-ground, intersected with paved roads,

one of which leads to Balûkli. As we approached the church we met crowds of people, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, all in their various costumes. A Bulgarian attracted my attention, standing on a flat tomb-stone, playing the bagpipes, while a number of Greeks were dancing round him. At last we arrived at the ruined church, the legend concerning which I will now tell you. There stood on this place, when Mahomet laid siege to Constantinople, a small monastery of Greek Caylorians, or monks, who, it seems, were not molested by his army. On the day of the decisive attack a monk was frying some fish, when news was suddenly brought to the convent that the Turks had entered the town through a breach in the walls. "I would as soon believe," said he, "that these fried fish would spring from the pan and become alive again." To reprove the incredulous monk,—heed me now, Mary,—the fish *did spring* from the pan into a vessel of water which stood near, and swam about as if they had never been taken out. In commemoration of this miracle, a church was erected over the spot, containing a reservoir of water, in which the fish, who still continued alive, were placed; the twenty-ninth of April was appointed in the Greek calendar as a festival to celebrate the circumstance; on which day crowds of people went to see the vivacious fishes. This church being considered one of the most dis-

tinguished edifices of the Greek religion, it was one of the first on which the Turkish mob vented their rage at the breaking out of the Greek revolution. It was torn down to its foundation, the monks were dispersed, and all is now a heap of ruins; the bare and dilapidated walls alone are standing. When the revolution had passed, and the Turks suffered the unfortunate Greek rayas of Constantinople to live on unmolested, after they had been stripped of all their wealth and greatness, they returned to the celebration of their ancient festive days, and that of the wonderful "fishes" was not forgotten. We visited it on the day of the anniversary, and that was the reason there were so many people assembled. Standing about the church were a number of poor Callyers with plates, apparently silver, collecting money; every pilgrim who visited the well gave them a piastre or two. We passed through a broken archway, and went down a flight of stone steps to the well, which remains beside a ruined porch. In vain, I must confess, did we look for the wondrous fishes having one of their sides fried; the Papas who guarded the water said the crowd frightened them away. I hope this legend pleases you, and that you firmly believe the miracle?

M. I am too incredulous. Are all the Greeks superstitious enough to credit these marvellous stories?

E. The uneducated Greeks, like the ignorant of every country, are superstitious, and fond of, and believe in, miracles, delighting in wondrous tales of all kinds. But the higher class of the Greeks, the princes of the Fanar, or Greek quarter of Constantinople, pity the folly of their countrymen: they formed, before the revolution, a very enlightened and influential body, their families being accomplished and well educated. Many of these princes, however, have been beheaded, their wealth confiscated, and their families banished or reduced to the extremes of poverty. Others have gone to the Morea and died in the cause of liberty. Since peace has been restored, these Greeks still remaining at Constantinople, are beginning to regain their former rank, though the circle is much diminished. Yet I had many very pleasant and amiable acquaintances and young friends amongst the Greeks of the Fanar..

M. You showed me a very pretty purse that you received the other day from Constantinople; was it not made by a young Greek lady?

E. It was worked by a daughter of Mavrocordato, who was banished on suspicion at the first out-breaking of the Greek revolution; Catinko is niece to Prince Mavrocordato, one of the great chiefs and leaders of the insurrection in the Morea. She is a lively, accomplished, and well-educated young girl, and was my constant companion when I was in the East.

M. Did you ever see a Turkish or Greek funeral?

E. I have seen a Greek borne to the grave, but never witnessed a Turkish funeral. I have heard they are conducted in a very quiet manner; the Imaun and a few of the friends accompany the body to its last home; there are no mourners, as the Mahometan religion commands all grief to be suppressed, at least all outward signs. The Greeks, on the contrary, hire women to weep, like the "*keeners*" in Ireland. When a Greek dies the body is wrapped in a coarse sheet, and then dressed in its best clothes, and laid in a coffin of a peculiar shape, the head enwreathed with garlands and the whole body covered with flowers. When thus decorated, it is carried by four men to the grave, not on their shoulders, but suspended between them: the Papas, dressed in his long black cloak, and square black cap covered with crape, precedes the coffin, chanting the service for the dead, and waving a censer of incense. Some members of the family, and the mourners follow, clapping their hands, and weeping in the most piteous manner. When arrived at the grave the body is stripped of its finery, and laid in an ill-made box; over the face is placed a tile marked with a cross by the priest; some boards are then laid across, the clay thrown into the grave, and a slab points out the place where the body lies.

M. Only a few loose boards between the body and the clay, and no regular coffin ! Do the Greeks fast ?

E. Very strictly indeed. During Lent they only eat meat on Sundays. Olives, caviare or the pickled roe of the sturgeon, dried fish, herbs, and bread, form their principal diet. In Passion week they increase the rigidity of their fast, and scarcely eat any thing. But Easter, like the Turkish Bairam, is ushered in with feasting and rejoicing. The eggs that are sold on Easter Sunday are all coloured red with the juice of the " *Phytolacca decandra*," American Night-shade ; these eggs are boiled hard, and eaten cold.

M. But why are they coloured ?

E. In commemoration of the death of our Saviour : the red stain represents his blood shed in Passion week. The Turks suffer every religion to follow its own customs and ceremonies unmolested. But the person who abjures his faith and becomes a Mahometan, never is again permitted to join his own sect ; if he does so secretly, and it is discovered, then he is beheaded or strangled instantly by the Turks. In Constantinople are to be found congregations of every religion scattered over our globe. But I cannot now, my dear Mary, relate to you their peculiar tenets and ceremonies. The zealous missionaries of the Reformed Church are, by teaching young persons the Bible, and by

planting schools in the East, gradually divesting the people of their superstitious belief, and are filling their minds with better ideas than the foolish stories they so long have credited. Let us hope that one day the pure, holy, moral religion of our Saviour may again reign where it was first preached.

CHAPTER XI.

Excursion up the Bosphorus—Scenes of Historic interest—Buyukderé—Cyanean Rocks—Giant's Mountain—Birds of the Bosphorus—Leander's Tower—Sail up the Golden Horn—Valley of the Sweet Waters—The Seasons in the East.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. Did not you sail up the Bosphorus? Will you tell me something about it? I have so often heard of the "Lovely Bosphorus."

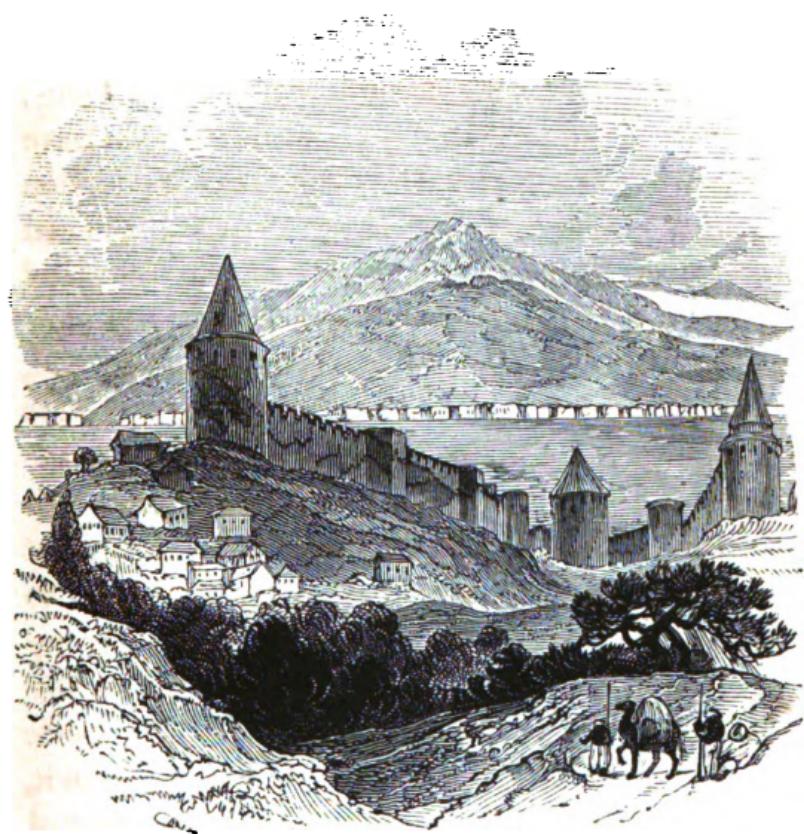
Ellen. And the name it truly deserves. We hired a caique one fine morning and went to explore its beauties. The scenery on its banks surpassed even the idea I had formed of it: and to think that I looked on Asia and Europe at the same time enhanced the interest of the scene. The Bosphorus was so called from its narrow width; the name signifies in Greek that oxen could swim across it. The different villages with their coloured houses; the kiosks, or country-seats of the Sultan, which are easily distinguished by the gilded half-moon on the portal; and those of his officers, gaily painted in various colours, built on the shore close to the

water's edge, or in the valleys, where there are, small bays formed by the windings of the current. These valleys look very sequestered, with sloping hills on either side, covered with vineyards and gardens when surrounding a village; otherwise they are left in a state of nature, forming beautiful green meadows enamelled with curious wild flowers of vivid and various hues. Sometimes a flock of goats or sheep appeared with their tinkling bells, grazing on the side of the hill, their keeper, either a Greek or Bulgarian, with his sheep-skin cap, playing on the Pandean pipes, forming quite an Arcadian scene. The valleys on the Asiatic shore are more wooded than those on the European, and have fewer villages; there is usually a clear rivulet running through them, and here the Turkish ladies come to enjoy the cool air, and smoke pipes and drink coffee, while their lovely children ramble up the sides of the hills with their black attendants. Independent of the beauty of the shores of the Bosphorus, this stream has been the scene of many events told in ancient fable and modern history. Can you relate to me anything about the Bosphorus?

M. This stream unites the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, with the Euxine or Black Sea. In the Grecian history I read, that on the shores of the Bosphorus Darius collected his forces, which he sent to invade Thrace and Greece, under the

command of Mardonius his son-in-law. In after-times, Xenophon crossed the Bosphorus to his native land, having led 10,000 Greeks 1155 leagues through an enemy's country. Is not this expedition called the "famous retreat of the ten thousand?"

E. Yes; without money, without provisions, they journeyed for 215 days, and they would have been without a leader also, only that Xenophon undertook that office. These events happened before the Christian era. About one thousand years after the birth of our Saviour, the Crusaders assembled on the banks of the Bosphorus, and, animated with holy zeal, crossed in great numbers into Asia, to take the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. The last scene of historic interest that disturbed these peaceful shores, was Mahomet II. with his victorious legions passing over to besiege and take Constantinople. Half-way up the Bosphorus we saw the castles he built on this occasion. On the European shore is the castle and village of Roumeli-hissari, and opposite to it, that of Anadol-hissari. Mahomet first erected the fortress on the Asiatic shore, and then began to build that on the European. Constantine ex-postulated with him, but Mahomet said, "When a Greek emperor is not able to defend himself, I had better take care of his territories for him." The Turk therefore placed his flag on the fort, and



MAHOMET'S CASTLES.



beside it a tremendous cannon carrying a stone ball of a hundred pounds weight ; he then ordered every ship passing up or down the Bosphorus to salute his standard on peril of having the vessel shattered to pieces. A Genoese merchantman was the first and only one that dared to disobey this order, and suffered for it. The ship was destroyed by a shot from the dreadful gun, and the captain, who was taken up alive, with four of his men, were flayed, and their skins hung up on the battlements of the fort, as a frightful warning to all future offenders.

M. That was a sad fate for the poor Genoese. How cruel the Turks must be. In what shape are the castles built ?

E. The fortress of Roumeli-hissari consists of five round towers joined to each other by thick walls. There is a very low gate on the sea-shore nearly hid by a large plane-tree ; it leads to the first of these towers, called the "Tower of Oblivion ;" it is thus named, because, if a sultan was displeased with a turbulent Janissary captain, he sent him here at nightfall, and when he had once passed through this low entrance, he never was heard of more.

M. Is not that like the stories told of the French Bastile, where the poor prisoner with the iron mask was confined ?

E. Many a tale of horror might be related of both dungeons. We passed Therapia, where are

the country residences of the English and French ambassadors, and then sailed on to Buyukderé, situated also on the European coast, and the last village inhabited by Franks. It is beautifully situated on the sea-shore; high and sloping hills rise behind it covered with vineyards, which in summer give a rich appearance to the landscape. Buyukderé signifies the "great plain," or "valley;" for there is a large and lovely valley adjoining the village; it stretches even to Belgrade, gradually becoming more narrow as it approaches the wooded hills surrounding that village. In this plain Godfrey de Bouillon encamped with his army of crusaders, the flower of the chivalry of France, ere he crossed over the Bosphorus to march to and conquer the Holy Land. Here also, in 1807, the mutinous Janissaries assembled, who deposed the good and virtuous Selim, the predecessor of Mahmood. The Sultan fully revenged the death of his dear brother, for he slaughtered the whole body of turbulent Janissaries, and quelled for ever that rebellious national army. The Grand Vizier reviews the troops on the plain of Buyukderé; there is a very large and venerable platanus growing in the midst of it, in the trunk of which the Grand Vizier always pitches his tent.

M. In the trunk of the tree? That must be an enormous plane-tree.

E. So it is. There are eight distinct trunks

or stems, all rising from one parent root, including a space of 150 feet in circumference. Formerly there were six more, but they have died of old age. This noble plane-tree is only equalled by the chestnut growing on Mount Etna, under which one hundred horsemen can shelter. At Buyukdere the Bosphorus takes a sweep, and then flows on straight to the Black Sea. We could see it spreading out into a magnificent sheet of water, while numbers of ships were entering it and sailing about it, their white canvass strikingly contrasted with its dark waters. At the mouth of the Black Sea are situated the Cyanean rocks, "the Blue Symplegades," now called Pavorane, one at either side of the mouth of the Euxine. Can you tell me the fable connected with these rocks?

M. They were very dangerous, appearing open, and yet closing when an unhappy ship came between them. Phineus, king of that part of Thrace, taught the Argonauts, who went to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece, how to pass them in safety, in gratitude for their having driven away the Harpies, which had tormented him for so long a period.

E. On one of the islands are the remains of a Corinthian column, supposed to have been an altar erected by some seamen, on which they offered their praises and sacrifices for having

safely passed this dangerous strait. The Cyanean rocks are still dreaded by sailors, particularly in foggy weather. The Black Sea was formerly called *Axenos*, *Inhospitable*, on account of the savage manners of the inhabitants on its coast, and the thick mists that invariably hang over it in winter. But when Jason and his fleet passed through and returned in safety, the name was changed to *Euxenus*, *Hospitable*, for commerce, and the intercourse with other nations, softened the rude manners of the people, and they gradually forsook their savage ways. The shore of the Black Sea, however, is still a sad place for wrecks; numbers of them strew the coast every spring. On the Asiatic shore, opposite to Buyukdere, is a very high hill called the "Giant's Mountain," from the summit of which we had a splendid view of the surrounding country, even as far as Constantinople and the Sea of Marmora. On the top of this hill is a teké or small mosque, taken care of by a body of dervishes, or holy men; before the chapel spreads a verdant green lawn, shaded by a magnificent grove of chestnut-trees; a kiosk of the Sultan, a little village, and a bubbling fountain, complete the picturesque scenery of this spot.

M. Is there any particular reason for its being called the "Giant's Mountain?"

E. There is a most curious tale connected

with it, related by the Turks: they say, that when Joshua had succeeded in conducting the Israelites into Canaan, he came here, and remained on this mountain until he died. He is described as an enormous giant; that he used to sit of a summer's evening on the edge of the mountain, and wash his feet in the Bosphorus beneath him. In the garden attached to the mosque is an enclosure, seven yards long, raised on a low stone wall, having a turbaned stone at each end, and in this grave is said to be buried—what do you think?—the foot of Joshua. Inside the mosque, a dervish showed us an inscription written in Turkish, framed and glazed, setting forth this tradition of Joshua the giant. In the garden also I observed a laurel-tree covered with pieces of silk and cotton, the votive offerings of people cured by the intercession of the saint. This tree reminded me of those I have seen shading holy wells in Ireland. It would seem as if Christian, Pagan, and Turk, differed not in the custom of thus offering part of their every-day garment, as a token of their thankfulness for restored health. As we returned to Constantinople we observed a number of birds flying very rapidly up the Bosphorus. It is said they never light on the land or water, nor take any food; they never make any noise, either by chirping or with their wings, but keep silently flying up and down the channel, close to the water, in flocks

of forty or fifty together; they are, for these reasons, named by the French *Ames damnées*, or “cursed souls,” from the belief that they are *souls* condemned for their crimes to keep continually moving backwards and forwards without being allowed any rest. For the same reason,—their being constantly on the wing,—the Turks call them *Yenguan*, and they have a superstitious dread of shooting or molesting them. At the mouth of the Bosphorus, in the middle of the channel, is a rock, on which is built a tower; of this building, which is falsely called “Leander’s Tower,” both Turks and Greeks relate a curious and romantic legend. They say it was predicted to a sultan or an emperor, that his fairest, his favourite daughter, then a child, should be stung to death by a serpent. To avoid this catastrophe, he caused a tower to be built on this small rock, which, devoid of a blade of vegetation save the sea-weed that grew at its base, and washed by the deep waves, could not harbour a venomous reptile. For years the prophecy was not fulfilled, and the fond father was hoping he had eluded Fate, when one unlucky day a basket of delicious fruit being sent to the imperial maiden, a little asp was concealed in it, which, alighting on her fair neck, stung her to death. The prediction was fulfilled. The Turks said, “Who could escape what destiny had decreed?” and in commemo-

ration of the circumstance, they called the place Kiz-Koulessi, "the Tower of the Maiden."

M. Ah, the poor Turkish sultana! It is like the story told in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments!" What a pleasant excursion you made. Is there any other pretty place you visited?

E. The vicinity of Constantinople, and the shores of the Bosphorus, abound in so many beautiful little Edens, either sequestered valleys, enamelled with wild flowers, or rocky eminences and wooded hills, commanding the most lovely views, that it would quite puzzle you were I to name or describe even a part of them to you. We visited them all, during the long and delightful spring and summer; it was so pleasant to go with a few friends, and ramble about the whole day, enjoying the scenery around us. We went one morning to the "Valley of the Sweet Waters." The ancient river Cydans flows into the Golden Horn, through a lovely valley, called by the Turks "Kiat-Hannay," on account of a paper manufactory that once existed there. We rowed up the harbour, which was covered with an immensity of sea-fowl, some perched on the tops of the waves, some diving for little fishes, while on the shores flocks of large white vultures were feeding on the offal lying there in heaps, screaming at the dogs, which disputed with them for the prey. Birds and dogs you may have heard named as

the scavengers of Turkish towns, and so in truth they are. The sea-gulls scarcely moved out of the way of the oars as we passed them, so tame are they about Constantinople. We rowed by the arsenal, where the Turkish carpenters were constructing some enormous and splendid-looking ships of war, and then entered a narrow channel marked by posts, intended to warn boatmen of the shoals at either side. On a hill in the distance we saw the Jews' burying-ground,—not a tree shaded the desolate-looking spot. On the banks of the river were large brick-yards; hundreds of bricks and tiles were spread out in the sun to dry. When we had steered our way for a short time longer through the shallows, at the risk of being upset, though not drowned, we landed on a wooden pier, and walked into the "Valley of Sweet Waters." Sultan Selim built here a magnificent palace on the model of the French palace at Versailles. He caused the water of the river to fall over marble weirs, planted trees along the banks, and was beginning to lay out a beautiful park, when he was assassinated. All has now fallen to decay; the palace is in ruins, and the plain has returned to its original wild and lonely state; the trees, however, having grown up, form pleasant and shady walks. To this valley the Sultan sends his magnificent stud of horses to graze. The day they are brought out is quite

a festa, and the “Eaux Douces,” as the French have named the valley, is crowded with people. The horses are entrusted to the care of Bulgarians, who come from their native wilds beyond the Balkan, and pitching their simple rude tents in the plain, guard the animals for the summer; and at the approach of winter, when the horses are brought home to their stalls, the Bulgarians cheerfully return again to their native lands with what little money they have earned. The valley, as we walked along the banks of the stream, presented a gay and lively scene. Parties of Turkish ladies, their children and black slaves, were arriving every moment, and, seating themselves under some leafy plane-tree, smoked their pipes and eat their sweetmeats, while they listened with becoming gravity to some itinerant musicians screaming at the full pitch of their voices, and playing on the tambourine and fiddle. In the distance were the Bulgarians in their sheep-skin caps, their wild-looking tents, and the beautiful horses. Walking about were some gaily-dressed Greeks. Gaudy arrhubahs, that brought, mayhap, some of the company, were resting under the trees, the unharnessed quiet oxen standing beside them, eating a mid-day meal. Turkish and Greek venders of sweetmeats, water, sherbet, and other good things, were scattered about, winding their way through the dif-

ferent groups, or standing before their little tables calling the people to buy their wares. The scene was as curious and Oriental as I could wish, and as I sat on a green bank, sipping a tiny cup of coffee without sugar or milk, I gazed around with surprise and delight at the ever-varying panorama.

M. You remind me of your description of the Armenian burying-ground behind Pera. The Orientals, from your account, seem very fond of the open air.

E. Spring and summer are so delightful in the East, that the inhabitants have all their enjoyments out of doors. The air is so balmy and fragrant ; there is no fear of rain to deter one from forming parties of pleasure ; the bright sun rises and sets day after day with the same splendour, for the whole summer. But if the weather is so delightful, it produces a lassitude that forbids exertion. The Orientals thus sit all day, smoking and sipping coffee, an amusement we should not much enjoy ; yet they could not at all understand how we liked walking or riding—exercises so fatiguing. I make these remarks, that you may observe how differently the inhabitants of every country enjoy the gifts beneficent Heaven sends them ; and yet they all live in the manner best suited to the climate the Lord has given to each place.

M. Indeed, Ellen, I see what you have often told me, that "God is very good." But does not the sun burn up all the grass?

E. By the end of the summer every place has assumed a parched and arid look. There is no "hay-making season" in Constantinople; they can only cut a little grass that is suffered to ripen under the trees around the burying grounds and in the woods. But in autumn, when all else is burned up, the vineyards are beautiful; the luxuriant clusters of grapes hang so invitingly on every bough. They dress the vineyards in the East, in the same manner, as I told you, I observed them done in Burgundy; there I saw only the bare stocks, here I found them in all their richness and pride. Then the time comes for gathering the fruit and making the wine—a busy season; but after the juice has been extracted for the wine, the skins are distilled, and a spirituous liquor is made by the Greeks, called "Raki"; by drinking which they become very much intoxicated, and very noisy. About the middle of autumn the rains begin to fall, and continue for a month or six weeks unremittingly; and when the weather clears again, oh! the beautiful spring, an after-spring, if I may so call it, appears; every thing looks green again, and the weather continues delightful until the cold winter, when the snow from the Black Sea, and the blasts of bitter

wind, cut off all vegetation, and compel people to put down the warm Turkish carpets, and kindle the “mongals,” earthen pans full of lighted charcoal; some are made of brass, and have a stand under them. The “tandour” also is set up, which is nothing more than a low mongal placed beneath the table, covered with a thick quilt to keep in the heat; under this covering, the company sitting round the table put their feet, and you cannot think how warm and comfortable a manner this is to sit and work of a cold day, though in cheerless rooms without our fire grates or chimneys. The winter passed, spring comes again, and thus revolves the year in Constantinople.

CHAPTER XII.

Turkish Wedding—Visit to the Bride—Arrhubah—Belgrade—Bendts—Storks—Beccaficos—Armenian family.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. DID you ever see a Turkish wedding, Ellen? Miss F.'s marriage, of which papa told us at breakfast, reminded me of asking you the question.

Ellen. I never was at a Turkish wedding; which is a private ceremony performed in the mosque, and at which Mahometans only are permitted to be present. But I had the honour of visiting a Turkish bride. She was the wife of the eldest son of Hadji Mustapha, the Aga, or chief municipal officer of the village of Buyukderé. When a Turk is married, the house is thrown open to all visitors, and some of our gentlemen friends went to congratulate the bridegroom and his father. I will relate to you what they saw, in the words of an American doctor, who gave me the description:—“We were shown,” he said, “into the upper part of the house, and introduced into the chief apartment, where the

old gentleman was in readiness to receive company, and who presented us to the bridegroom, a young man about eighteen years of age. He was dressed of course in his best, and a turban of spotless white shaded features which were remarkably regular and agreeable. The bride herself could hardly have displayed more diffidence than this young man ; and I may here observe, that young Turks are more quiet and orderly in their deportment, and more respectful to their parents and to their elders in years, than the youth of any other country I have ever yet seen. The room was filled with articles of dress, piled up on shelves ; and their quantity and variety gave it the appearance of a well-stocked bazaar ; these were from the young lady and her friends, all of whom contribute something towards housekeeping on such occasions.— In the outer hall our attention was called to a formidable collection of pots, kettles, stewpans, and the numerous et ceteras of a complete kitchen." Thus far for the doctor's account of what he saw. I will now tell you the part of the wedding I was witness to. In the afternoon the bride was brought home in state : first came a band of musicians, singing and playing in the most discordant manner ; then a number of men, old and young, on horseback ; they rode to and fro, running races, some of them amusing themselves throwing the jireed.

M. What is the jireed?

E. A short javelin which they throw with all their strength to a distance, and then catch it again as it rebounds from the ground ; their horses running all the time at full speed. Mustapha, the old man, was showing his dexterity, managing his horse, and cantering about ; when he fell over its head, much to the amusement of all the people present ; he was not hurt however, and he joined good-humouredly in the laugh raised against him. Following the horsemen were a number of arrhubahs, filled with women ; that in which was the bride was closely shut up, with a scarlet cloth covering it all over, so that she could not be seen. In the evening, we ladies went to visit her. We were ushered up stairs to the saloon, and then into a small apartment hung with red muslin, over which were festooned other pieces of different colours ; behind the door were her clothes, heaped up as high as the ceiling. The bride sat on a corner of the divan, perfectly mute and motionless ; seeming not to heed anything that was passing round her. She was apparently about eighteen, very corpulent, with rather a pretty face ; her eyebrows were united in one dark arch across, painted in *soormoz*, a composition made for that purpose ; on her face were stuck patches of gold leaf, which, in my opinion, did not at all improve her countenance ; her nails were stained with *khenna*, a powder that

dyes them a red colour. Her dress consisted of a short green Cashmere jacket, edged with fur ; trowsers and gown made of striped Brussa silk ; her turban and red fez, or cap, was covered over with gold ornaments ; and her hair, which hung loosely down her back, was mixed with a quantity of long stripes of gold tinsel. She sat cross-legged; tailor-wise, on the divan, surrounded by the bridegroom's female friends and relations ; while at the opposite side of the room were all the visitors. Among the bride's company was a very droll young Turkish damsel, who amused me highly ; she handed about the pipes and coffee. Her jacket was of velvet embroidered with gold ; her turban, wound round a little red fez with a blue tassel, and the shawl that girded her waist, were both a bright orange colour. But the peculiarity of her dress consisted in her not wearing a gown over her large full trowsers, like the other females. She sang snatches of songs, danced, and smoked, in the most lively manner imaginable.

When we had partaken of some coffee, we took our leave, quite pleased with our visit. In the evening the gentlemen went, by special invitation, to witness the concluding ceremony in the mosque. It was very simple, they told us ; the Imaun or priest recited a prayer, and, upon leaving the mosque, the friends of the bridegroom struck him lustily over the shoulders for "good luck ;" at least

so his father explained the beating the young man endured.

M. How different from an English marriage ! I can hardly suppose the bride could be happy, or feel comfortable, sitting in a corner to be looked at. I should rather, I think, walk about and enjoy myself as English brides do. You said she was conveyed home in an *Arrhubah* ; what sort of a vehicle is that ?

E. It is a long waggon without springs ; the sides are elaborately carved, and sometimes ornamented with gilding also ; it has no board either at the back or front ; the top is covered over with an awning of coloured fringed stuff ; the most expensive, and what people of rank use, are small fine Persian carpets, which are very beautiful ; this awning is supported on six poles, the openings between which entirely expose to view the people within, who sit on a mattress laid on the bottom of the arrhubah. This vehicle is drawn by two or more oxen, their tails fastened to a long bow proceeding from the necks of the animals ; this bow is profusely decorated with a variety of coloured tassels : the driver walks at the heads of the oxen, a twig from a tree being his only whip. In one of these arrhubahs I went to Belgrade, fifteen miles from Pera ; we proceeded at the rate of three miles an hour ; the roads were terrible, all in ruts worn from time immemorial, up hill and down valley :

you may imagine how well jolted and tired we were ere we arrived at the end of our journey, although we stopped an hour to rest, take some luncheon, and drink some coffee, which was made in about five minutes on a little fire lighted by our Greek servant under a tree. The poor quiet oxen were also refreshed ; these beasts, I think, are the most patient harmless creatures in the world ; they always have a string of bits of blue glass, coarsely cut in the semblance of a hand, hung across their foreheads ; these are called “ *Kef Marjam*,” the “ *hand of Mary*,” and are considered as amulets against the evil eye. The Turks, as well as Greeks, have a superstitious veneration for the Virgin Mary ; though they only regard our Saviour as a prophet less than Mahomet.

M. So you travelled in one of these machines, these arrhubahs, from Pera to Belgrade. Will you tell me where is Belgrade ?

E. It is a small picturesque village situated in a wood, which wood is said to extend as far as the town of Belgrade in Hungary. Round the village are pasture lands, where the Sultan sends his horses to graze. Near Belgrade are situated the bendts, or reservoirs for water.

M. What do you mean by the bendts ?

E. They are deep, large, triangular lakes, formed by having a solid stone wall built up across a narrow gorge between two hills. This wall is

faced with marble ; the top is covered with marble slabs, at either side of which is a balustrade. These flagged walls form very pleasant and safe promenades. The bendts are also surrounded by trees planted purposely to make the banks firm by the knotting of their roots. In these close woods numbers of birds build their nests, and in the summer evenings fill the air with their harmony. The mountains on the shores of the Black Sea, among which Belgrade is situated, are the source of many small streams, and there rain first falls ; advantage is always taken of these rills to form a reservoir of water. Some of these bendts have been constructed by the Greek emperors ; the more modern by Turkish sultans. The water from these reservoirs is conducted to Pera and Constantinople through aqueducts, pipes, and sou-terrai-sou, usually pronounced "sou-terays ;" these latter are very curious,—they appear like brick pillars bordering the road from Belgrade to Pera. The water is conveyed in earthen pipes up one side of the pillar ; then, resting in a reservoir formed on the top and flowing down the other, it runs on to the next sou-teray. Sometimes a fountain is formed at the road-side, by placing a cock in one of these pillars, and a small cistern underneath ; an iron cup suspended by a chain invites the thirsty traveller to drink, and an Arabic or Turkish inscription tells who built the fountain. In Tophana, the

first village on the Bosphorus, next to Galata; there is a splendid fountain having a projecting roof; the four sides are covered with verses in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, emblazoned, and written in gilt letters. One distich denotes that, “ This delicious fountain, described by Haifi, is, in the presence of God, a meritorious act of piety of the sultan Mahmoud, in the year of the Hegira 1145 ;” corresponding to our year 1732. Round this “ act of piety” may be seen assembled persons of all nations and languages, chattering, buying, selling, and drawing water, which Sou-jees, or water-venders, carry about in prepared skins and sell for two paras, or about one farthing the skin.

M. Does the Mahometan religion require the Turks to be so careful of water?

E. The ablutions prescribed to believers by the Koran, render it necessary for them to guard the water, and save it as much as possible. Besides, the climate is so warm; and water in the East is one of the staffs of life. Before the Turks took Constantinople there were a number of open cisterns, since filled up and converted into gardens. In the time of one of the Greek Emperors, a great commotion was excited in the city, from its being said that the storks poisoned the cisterns. These birds, you know, feed on serpents, toads, and other reptiles: it was supposed they dropped these into the cisterns, and so impregnated

the water with the venomous matter, that all the people were made ill, and numbers died, by drinking it. At this time lived Apollonius of Tyana, a famous impostor, who believed, and represented himself to be, a prophet as great as our Saviour. The Emperor sent for him, and conjured him to remedy the evil, which was increasing every day. Apollonius made three marble storks facing each other, and set them on the top of a pillar ; this pillar he placed in a square, called, from this circumstance, "Pelargonium," or Stork square. This tri-stork pillar, the Greeks thought, enchanted, in some manner, the birds, for they ceased, from that time, to poison the water, and the plague was stayed. This miraculous deliverance is thus celebrated by a Byzantine poet :—

" On sculptured pillar stands the mystic charm,
And guards the fainting citizens from harm ;
Far fly the storks to seek the distant wood,
And snakes no longer taint the wholesome flood."

M. But I thought the Turks were very fond of storks.

E. The tale I have related to you is told as having occurred in the time of the Greek Emperors. The Turks love these birds so well that they build nests for them in the kitchen chimneys. No one is suffered to molest them. When I was stopping at Belgrade I have often watched the storks rearing their young. In this quiet village they are in great numbers. One bird would stand in

the nest, resting on one of its long legs, guarding the callow brood, while its mate would be seeking for food. At intervals it would make a most curious noise, by striking its upper bill against the lower ; if any of the little storks raised up their heads, it was amusing to see how the parent would chastise them with its long beak, making them lie quiet in their nest.

M. How dare they cry for food when their parent was looking for it for them. Will you tell me something more about these curious birds ?

E. In Smyrna, the Franks find and shoot the little birds called Beccaficos ; this name is common to all small birds ; it signifies "fig-peckers ;" but there is a peculiar species which migrates in flocks, and is only known by this appellation. These beccaficos are to be found in great plenty in Asia Minor. A gentleman from Smyrna told me a curious anecdote about these birds and the storks. They had had a fine day's shooting, and expected more sport on the morrow ; when, in the morning, at breakfast, the first news they heard was, that all the beccaficos had disappeared. There had been a flight of storks seen in the neighbourhood, and a Turkish Janissary gravely told the gentleman, that the storks, taking compassion on the poor beccaficos, not being able to fly farther, had stooped down and carried away on their backs as many as each could bear. Now was not that kind of the storks ?

M. Very good indeed, provided they carried them away and did not eat them.

E. Oh, you incredulous girl ! So said my Smyrna friend, and quite shocked the Turk. The stork has a most grave visage, yet it is said that it will join in the frolics of children. The plumage of this bird is wholly white, except round the orbits of the eyes, which are almost bare, and blackish ; its long legs are of a red colour. They are very useful, particularly in the East, where they remove all filth ; joining with the vultures in picking up the offal, thrown in heaps in the streets of Constantinople. The stork is protected in Holland, where it builds on the tops of the houses ; and so venerated was this bird by the ancient Thessalonians, that to kill one was a crime only expiable by the death of the offender. They ascribed to it the virtues of temperance, conjugal fidelity, and filial and paternal piety. The storks migrate every year to Egypt, both from Spain and Constantinople, and in this warm climate raise another brood. I have given you quite a history of this bird ; but it is so respected by the Mahometans, and such numbers are constantly flying about Constantinople, and resting on the roofs of the houses, that an Eastern landscape would be incomplete without them.

M. I shall feel a great interest now, in looking at the pictures of storks, that you have kindly told me so much about the bird.

E. I am smiling at our conversation, having commenced with the description of a Turkish wedding, and ended with a learned detail of the natural history of the stork.

M. But, Ellen, before we break up the morning, will you tell me—did you ever spend a night in the house of an Oriental?

E. Not in a Turk's house; but I have slept in an Armenian's. There was a young Armenian gentleman who often visited us, and pressed us to go and see his mother and family. His name in his own language was, "Khachadoor," which signifies the same as "Christopher," in Greek, "Christ-bearer;" his surname was "Oskanian," "the son of Oskan." His father is a respectable merchant, an extensive dealer in Brusa silks, and keeps a chamber or shop in a Turkish bazaar.

M. Keeps a shop! and yet you call him a gentleman?

E. Yes, indeed, Mary; every person in the East, except those holding offices under government, are merchants, and keep shops in the bazaars. Mr. Oskan, though a shop-keeper, is considered a very learned man, and has translated a number of books from the Italian into Armenian. Himself and his family are schismatic Armenians, that is, they do not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, and are nearer allied to the Reformed religion than any other sect in the East. Khachadoor was instructed in the Pro-

testant faith, and attended Divine service almost every Sunday in the church attached to the English palace. And now that I have told you whom we went to visit, I will relate to you how we spent the night. We landed about seven o'clock in the evening at Constantinople, and were led by Khachadoor through a number of silent streets : it being after sunset, the few persons we met carried lanterns. We had a long way to walk, for the Armenian quarter is situated near the Seven Towers. We arrived about nine o'clock, and though so late, our conductor only had to raise the latch, as the door was not yet fastened ; we entered a large hall, and walked up stairs to the saloon, where we found the whole household eating their evening meal. I must tell you that all the members of an Armenian family live altogether in the same abode. There were assembled at supper, fifteen or sixteen persons ; besides Mr. Oskans himself, there was Khachadoor's own sister, his step-mother, her children, and aunts and cousins innumerable. They were seated on cushions on the floor, round a large metal tray placed on a stool ; the dish was in the middle, and every one dipped their fingers into it. The family rose on our entrance, and we were introduced to Mr. Oskans. While our supper was preparing, we had some slight refreshment ; our friend's little sister handed to us strangers some conserve of roses, of

which we took a spoonful. Khachadoor then, in the most respectful manner, presented the dish to his step-mother and aunts, making obeisance, à la Turque, to each; a glass of spring water, and a cup of coffee, ended the ceremony.

M. I think all the Orientals seem to have the same custom in presenting refreshments. Do you not think it a pretty way?

E. Yes, I admire very much the Eastern manner of giving luncheon; though, if one pays many visits in the day, one becomes quite tired of refreshments, pipes, and coffee, at every house they enter. By-and-by supper was announced, and the father of the family sat down to table with us.— Though it was served according to European usage, the dishes were Eastern. First was meat cooked with salad, and then muscle pilaff. No wine or spirituous liquor was to be seen; pure water was our beverage. We had tea a short time afterwards, and soon retired to rest. I occupied the same room with Mrs. Oskans, her baby, and our friend's sister, a dear little girl about nine years of age. Their bed was a large mattress, spread on the floor, but I slept on the divan, or sofa, which surrounded the apartment. Under me was a mattress and a sheet, and a pillow for my head, and over me the kind lady placed two or three wadded quilts. I imagine she feared I should feel cold, for during the night, when I was asleep, she

covered me with two more ; the bed was very comfortable, and I soon slept, fatigued with my long walk.

M. How different your Turkish, or rather Armenian, couch was from an English bed.

E. I rather think it is a more healthful way of sleeping, not buried in feathers and down pillows. Next morning, about five o'clock, I awoke, feeling rather too warm with five heavy quilts spread over me. The first person I saw was Mrs. Oskans, arranging her turban. She seemed a very pretty little woman, with a profusion of beautiful hair hanging in one thick plait down her back.

M. O ! will you tell me how she was dressed ?

E. Much in the same costume as the Turkish bride ; jacket of scarlet Cashmere, gown of Brusa silk, open at the sides, so that when she walked her large trowsers were seen far above the knee. A fine Cashmere shawl was bound round her waist, and she wore yellow slippers on her naked feet. The Armenians resemble the Turks in their mode of life, their dress, and their language ; and though called by them *men camels*, they are respected, and hold many offices of high trust under Government. Khachadoor's little sister did not wear a turban, but a striped kerchief tied over her head, and her long hair, the great ornament of the Oriental females, plaited, and hanging down behind. We were soon summoned to breakfast ;

“caïmac,” a sweet and luscious preparation of milk, bread fritters fried, tea and coffee, composed the meal. Khachadoor, from mixing so much with Europeans, was quite a Frank, but the other members of the family could not manage a knife and fork, being so accustomed to the Eastern mode of using the fingers; after various attempts they had to desist, and to eat *à la Turque*. When breakfast was over, Mr. Oskans had to go to his shop, and as we wanted to visit some places in Istamboul, we bade farewell to this hospitable family. They each kissed our hand, and pressed it to their foreheads, as we took leave of them, and said how much we had honoured them by our visit.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fires at Constantinople—Great fire at Pera—Anecdote—
Fire-engines — Fête at Scutari—Rare specimens of
Ancient Coins.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. You have told me, Ellen, that *fire* and *dogs* are the characteristics of a Turkish town. The dogs you have described to me; but did you ever see a fire at Constantinople?

Ellen. The morning I arrived there, one broke out close to our ship. At first I thought it was intentionally lighted; but in a few moments the flames rushed out of the roof of a house, and before I imagined one building could have been burnt, *five* were consumed. This was the first fire I witnessed, and great was my surprise at the people's seeming indifference; but I also soon learned to think little of an almost daily occurrence.

M. Will you tell me something about these terrible fires, and the supposed cause of them?

E. The inflammable Turkish houses, built almost entirely of wood; the carelessness of the

people, believing as they do in predestination, and therefore thinking it sinful to make use of any precautions to prevent fire; an arid climate, and strong winds, are the combined causes why conflagrations spread so rapidly, and commit such havoc, in Constantinople. It is a remarkable and providential circumstance that almost all the fires occur in the day-time; they break out in the morning, and are usually to be traced to some trivial act of neglect and want of caution; such as leaving a mongal lighted, or a Turk throwing out the ashes of his morning pipe on a dry mat; the latter frequently communicates fire to the room, and sets the house in a blaze.

Five times in ten years had the peninsula of Pera been ravaged by fire, though the district properly called Pera had escaped. In March, 1822, a woman in Tophana had left a tandour burning while she went to mosque; on her return the room was discovered to be in flames, and the fire was not extinguished, until Tophana and Fondoklé were a mass of ruins; not a house was left standing from Galata to Dolma-Baktchi, a space including three miles, extending along the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. Three fires succeeded this; the last was accompanied by a remarkable and curious phenomenon. On the ascent from Galata to Pera there stands a lofty building, called the "Tower of Galata;" in this

was kept a large drum, which a sentinel used to beat as a signal of alarm, whenever he saw a fire. On the occasion of this fire no drum was beat, but several persons saw the point of the spire illumined by a red blaze, the first intimation they had of the existence of a fire somewhere below. Galata was entirely consumed by this conflagration; the tower itself was still undergoing repairs when I arrived in the East. Some of these fires were attributed to the Greeks, others to the turbulent Janissaries. Many persons of both parties were beheaded or strangled on suspicion.

M. Without being sure of their guilt? What a shocking idea! But all these fires occurred before you went out; will you now tell me of those you saw?

E. Attached to the English palace in Pera is a beautiful garden, laid out with much taste in shady walks, cool arbours, and smooth grass-plats, containing beds of rare and beautiful flowers. This garden was a favourite place of recreation of the English inhabitants of Pera, and I used to delight in strolling about its sequestered paths. One sultry morning in August, we were enjoying the cool shade of one of the arbours, when we observed some of the dry grass smoking; we pointed it out to the gardeners, who ran to extinguish it with the greatest anxiety, saying, there

was a fire somewhere, which had set the grass smoking by the adhesion of red-hot nails.

M. Red-hot nails, Ellen! what do you mean?

E. It frequently happens that the flame bursts out in places very remote from the buildings on fire, as was the case with the Tower of Galata, where the conflagration could not be seen from the spire it set in a blaze. The Turks attribute this to red-hot nails, which, they say, spirt out from the burning wood, and fastening in some inflammable substance which they happen to light on, communicate the fire to a considerable distance. On inquiry as to where the nails could have come from which had set the grass smoking, we heard that there were a few houses burning at Sachiz-Aghatz, a little hamlet situated in the deep valley between the great burying-ground and the Greek village of San Demetri, nearly half a mile from the English palace. Yet, though so far off, the conflagration soon extended up the face of the hill, consuming all the wooden houses in its path; and about two hours from its commencement, the palace garden, in which I still was, and near which our house stood, was surrounded by the flames.

M. In two hours! Dear Ellen, how can you account for the fire travelling so fast?

E. I will tell you the probable reason given me afterwards. At the season of the year when

Pera was burnt, there sets in a periodical wind called "Patlinjam Melktem," for, from an odd coincidence, a species of solanum or gourd, the "Patlinjam," is then first brought to market: this wind blows from the north-east, continuing for about three weeks, and drying up and rendering highly inflammable every combustible material during that time. The Patlinjam Melktem was blowing directly in the direction of Pera Hill, and so rapidly spread the flames, that many persons standing on the brow looking at Sachiz-Aghatz, seeing the fire approaching, hastened home to their houses in Pera; yet, when they arrived in the "High-street," they found the flames had reached it before them.

M. Were you not very much frightened?

E. Indeed I was. Numbers of persons carried all their property into the palace garden, as it was surrounded by a high wall, quite insulated from the other buildings; and it was hoped the fire would not enter it. We had followed the example of these people, and I stood with our servants watching a heap of household stuff and clothes, and looking with intense anxiety at our house; it was soon in flames; one moment it blazed, and then fell, a heap of ruins. I confess to you I could not help crying when I saw our poor pleasant habitation burnt up like chaff. But I had no time to waste in useless regrets;

I had continually to help to carry pitchers of water to extinguish the smouldering fire, which we would discover by seeing our packages smoking. But all my care was useless: the tops of the trees in the garden began to blaze; the palace, which was shut up, (the ambassador being at Therapia for the summer,) was emitting volumes of smoke; the gate-house was in flames—the whole truly formed a grand and awful sight; the glorious sun was obscured by the canopy of smoke that hovered over us, the trees and buildings were crackling, and masses of timber from the houses, and large branches from the trees, were falling every moment. For myself, I could do nothing but look round in speechless terror; my dress, even, caught fire, and I should have been burnt, only for the kindness of the gentlemen who were standing with me, who extinguished it. The unfortunate women and children who were hurrying towards the burying-ground, were shrieking in a frightful manner, adding, if possible, more horror to the scene. We remained in the garden until the palace itself was in a blaze, and then mournfully left the grounds, so beautiful in the morning, now nothing but a roaring body of fire.

M. Oh, me! what a terrifying sight; how frightened I should have been. Where did you go to, dear Ellen?

E. We walked along the little burying-ground, an open space at the back of the palace garden. There numbers of poor unfortunate families, Greeks and Periotes, were bivouacked, their household furniture, the little they had been able to save, forming their only tents amongst the graves, and under the few cypress trees. Even here there were marks of the fire that was raging behind us, for we passed clumps of dry grass, and fragments of old rags that were smoking, ignited, probably, by some particles blown from the burning houses. We made our way through the crowd, down to a friend's house in Galata ; he kindly requested us to ascend the Bosphorus to his country residence, and remain there that night ; and we gladly accepted his invitation. From the Bosphorus, Pera on fire was an imposing sight ; the English palace in flames forming a conspicuous object. The men pulling down the houses adjoining the burning buildings could be distinctly distinguished ; they by this means hoped to stop the progress of the conflagration. In Pera-street there were a number of stone houses having iron window-shutters, and the people had such confidence in these buildings being able to resist the flames, that all their valuable things were locked up in rooms in them. But even stone houses fell before this terrible fire ; all the palaces of the different foreign ambassa-

dors, except those of the Swedish and Austrian, were consumed: the former had been burnt in one of the former conflagrations; nothing of it was standing but the archway and gate. The Austrian was supposed to have been saved by a miracle. It had been built by the Venetians, and has stood since the time of the Crusaders. The Periotes say that every fire turns away from this charmed building. The British Chancery was the only house that effectually withstood the fire. It was feared that, as the iron shutters became red-hot, all the papers inside must have been calcined; but when the doors were opened some days after, all was quite safe. Next to the Chancery was a very large stone house, which the owner thought he had placed under better protection than that of iron shutters; he gave it in keeping to Maria and Joseph, the supposed parents of our Saviour, and inscribed a dedication to that effect on a marble slab, which he placed over the door. The building, notwithstanding this precaution, was entirely consumed; the front wall with the tablet only remaining. About nine o'clock at night, the wind ceasing, the fire gradually went out, leaving once-bustling Pera a heap of silent ruins.

M. What a terrific fire! Do you know, were many people burnt, or were there any lives lost?

E. In Constantinople, as there is never a cen-

sus taken of the inhabitants, it is impossible to tell what number of persons may have perished in these disastrous conflagrations. One or two affecting accidents I heard of. A poor woman in a former fire was escaping from her burning house with a small bundle in one hand, and trying to hold a fine cat with the other. The cat, terrified, I suppose, with the confusion and noise, struggled to escape, and having succeeded, ran back into the house; the poor woman followed and brought it out; again it escaped and again she caught it; a third time it returned to its old habitation, the poor infatuated woman ran into the tottering house, the burning roof fell in, and the unfortunate mistress and her cat were both buried in the ruins. On the present occasion another woman was running away with a bundle and a child; she was passing a house that was just falling, when, to the horror of the spectators, she threw the infant into the fire and ran on with the package; it is supposed that the poor creature, wishing to escape faster, intended to throw away her bundle, but, bewildered by the falling house, she, instead, dashed down her child.

M. How horror-struck she must have been when she recollects what she had done!

E. That is true. There were two elderly ladies and their servant living in a large stone house. When the fire was seen so fast approaching, the servant urged her mistresses to escape,

but they steadily refused to forsake the mansion of their forefathers ; they fastened the windows, put up the iron shutters, and took every precaution they thought would be necessary to make the house as fire-proof as possible ; by-and-by the shutters became hot and glowing, the ladies dashed pail after pail of water against them, and thus kept them cool. The fire passed on and the house remained ; but the people walking by the building that stood alone and shut up, little thought that there were three living beings in the apparently deserted mansion. After a few days the ladies opened the doors and windows, and, to the surprise of all, neither themselves nor the house inside had received the slightest injury. I might tell you a number of other curious anecdotes that were related about these fires, but as I could not vouch for their veracity, I will not recount them to you.

M. Those you have told me were very interesting. The poor ladies, notwithstanding all their bravery, must have been sadly frightened.

E. The fire at Pera was the first large conflagration I saw. One evening, while we were at Buyukderé, we were gazing, about dusk, on the tranquil scene, when we observed a great glare in the direction of Constantinople. During tea-time we were conjecturing "what place could be on fire now," for a fire we were sure it was. Next morning news was brought that a large portion

of the Armenian quarter of Istamboul was completely destroyed ; numbers of families left without a home and almost beggars, all their property burnt !

M. How very dreadful ! But are there no fire-engines, such as we have ?

E. Yes, but they are much smaller, and only take effect where there is a single house on fire. The engineers, called trombajees, are fine robust men ; they wear a copper cap on their heads, and have their arms bare ; if bribed, they will work to save a person's property, even in the heart of the fire ; but if money is not offered, I have heard it said that they will sit listlessly looking on at the conflagration. A number of other fires, great and small, occurred, and, at last, the Sultan took a summary measure of punishing, as he thought, the offenders, (for I told you before, it was whispered that the incendiaries were the disaffected Janissaries,) and of deterring others from thus burning his capital.—Mahmood gave a grand fête about the end of September, on the occasion of the circumcising of his eldest son, the heir apparent to the throne. This was celebrated on the great plain where the pilgrims assemble ere they set out for Mecca. The Padir-Shah's splendid pavilion was erected, and tents for all his principal officers. It was a grand scene ; the whole plain covered with the picturesque multitude, the music playing, and the banners waving

in the breeze. I went to look at the sight, and could hardly reach the shore, such was the crowd of caïques. Among other amusements displayed, there was, in a field before the Sultan's kiosk, a number of persons acting a play ; the greensward formed the stage, on which the dancing girls also exhibited ; their coloured dresses, their long hair streaming behind them, their agile and graceful movements, added greatly to the wild and picturesque beauty of the panorama. On the evening of these festivities, a far different scene took place inside the kiosk. In the dead of the night, three hundred men, said to have been concerned in the fires, were silently strangled ! Several of them were officers in the army, who were invited into the Sultan's kiosk, from which they never returned ; they were secretly despatched, and their bodies thrown into the Bosphorus. What think you, Mary, of that mode of punishment ?

M. It quite makes me shudder. But tell me, what state was Pera in when you left the East ?

E. The houses were all being built again ; the streets narrower, if possible ; and all the buildings of wood, no more stone mansions. The English palace garden looked more desolate than any other spot ; the fine lofty trees burnt down to the roots ; the shady walks all destroyed. Even when I left Constantinople they were still digging amongst the heaps of rubbish in the by-streets of Pera, to

try and discover whatever property was not consumed; the owners of the different houses had persons constantly employed at this work. I will tell you a droll anecdote, and end with it my tale of the Pera fire. A young man came to us at Buyukderé, knowing we were English, offering to sell us old coins and relics; he opened his bag, and what do you think he showed us, as having been found on the plains of Troy? buttons of the court dresses of the ambassadors, molten silver of some of the candlesticks of the palaces! but the drollest thing of all was an English farthing! We could restrain our laughter no longer at the coin, which he gravely told us was as old as the Trojan war; we told him, "we were sorry to have given him the trouble of opening his bag, but English farthings were too common with us to collect any more, though that one was as old as the Trojan war."

CHAPTER XIV.

Hail-storm—Portentous Hail-stones—Plague—Oriental Customs—The Arts and Sciences in the East.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. DEAR Ellen, did you see anything else very remarkable at Constantinople?

Ellen. The great hail storm was, next to the fire, and indeed I may rank it before the fire, the most wonderful and awful sight I ever witnessed. When we were at Buyukderé, we were wont every morning to take an early walk over the hills, to inhale the fresh breeze that blew from the Black Sea. On the fifth of October, about seven o'clock in the morning, we were as usual preparing to go out, when we perceived a black cloud gathering over the neighbouring hills, and heard the mutterings of distant thunder. We therefore postponed our walk, and watched the darkness that was rapidly overshadowing the Bosphorus.— Suddenly we were surprised to see the water boiling up at a particular spot, like a caldron ; we thought it might be boys throwing stones into the water, but before our surmises were at an end,

something similar to a large paving stone fell into the sea under our window, and was immediately followed by another. After gazing at this for a little time, we were startled by a volley of the same material against our windows, which in a few moments shattered them in a thousand pieces. The work of destruction was fairly commenced, and to avoid the fragments of broken glass, I rushed into the landing-place. Here, however, matters were worse instead of better; there was a very large window extending the whole breadth of the lobby; the immense hail-stones, for so it proved they were, beat immediately against this window, burst in the glass with an awful noise, and then the huge masses of ice rebounded from wall to wall. I was quite bewildered, my head reeled with the commotion, and as I stood alone on the stairs, I almost fancied the end of time had come. These balls continued falling for about ten minutes, they then became gradually smaller, and the elementary *riot* concluded by a common hail shower. The stones were of sufficient weight to perforate the tiled roof like bullets, and left it as full of holes as a colander; so that the rain which followed came pouring into all the rooms as if through a sieve. We measured many of them, and found them to be five or six inches in diameter. They were hard lumps of pure solid ice; some were round, some angular, and some

protuberant, as if a number of smaller pieces were congealed together; while others seemed to be in layers, like the various coats of an onion.

M. Oh Ellen! that hail storm was more terrifying than the fire. Was the weather warm or cold?

E. The heat on the previous day had been most oppressive, the thermometer stood at 89, but during the storm it fell to 66. The rain that followed made the air feel particularly chilly.

M. Did there occur any accidents?

E. We only heard of the deaths of two men, who were killed on the mountains above Buyukderé; they were working in the vineyards and could find no shelter. In the town below the deaths were more numerous, though not so important. A flock of geese were sedately walking along when the shower commenced; the poor things stretched out their necks, and began to gabble; but not aware, I suppose, of the danger, made no haste to get under cover, and the people were afraid to go to their rescue. When the storm ceased they were all dead.

M. The poor geese, how astonished they must have been!

E. Commodore Porter, the Ambassador from the United States, was going from Buyukderé to Constantinople in his caïque, with presents to the Sultan, when he was overtaken by this terrible

storm. He afterwards declared that he had been in battles, earthquakes, and dangers by sea and land, but had never felt in such an awful situation before. To use his own powerful expression, "it seemed as if the canopy of heaven was congealed, and had suddenly burst open, and descended in large masses of ice." The hand of one of his boatmen was crushed to pieces, and the umbrella which the Commodore attempted to hold up over his head was shivered and torn to atoms. Every one in the caïque silently waited his doom, for they expected nothing less than death. I must not forget to tell you, that this black cloud, pregnant with so much evil, was limited in breadth. It passed from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, all along the European shore of the Bosphorus, not touching the Asiatic ; it crossed over Pera and Constantinople, and shattered the houses which the recent fires had spared. This awful manifestation of God's power reminded me afterwards of what we read of hail-storms in the Bible. You remember perhaps, Mary, how God in his wrath plagued Pharaoh by sending hail on the land of Egypt, when the king would not let the children of Israel go. And also when the Lord fought for Israel against the five kings of the Amorites ; God cast down great hail-stones from heaven upon them, and "they were more which died with hail-stones,

than they which the children of Isreal slew with the sword." When reading these passages of Scripture, I had often wondered how hail-stones, such as we are accustomed to see, could have done so much damage and have killed so many stout warriors; but now I can easily understand what an awful visitation hail-stones, like those I witnessed, must be, when God sends them as a punishment, or a mark of his displeasure. How thankful we ought to be to the Lord for his long-suffering and mercy, when we see how terrible He is as a God of vengeance! Open, now, that portfolio, and you will be able to judge of the size of these stones from the drawing you will find there; they were sketched from specimens picked up on the spot.

M. Dear me, what a size! Where was this very large one found?

E. In the mountains, by an apothecary; the others I gathered about the house. On the night after this tempest, there was a storm of the most vivid lightning and loudest thunder I ever heard or saw. The thunder literally shook our beds and the whole house, and the candle burning in the room was quite dim during the flashes of lightning. This storm lasted for about an hour, but it seemed to me an age of time. It would appear as if this was the last effort of the angry elements, for the next day was as calm and beautiful as ever.

M. Hail-stones! thunder and lightning! I think, Ellen, you met with enough to frighten you. Were there any persons who died of the plague while you were in the East?

E. The plague is always hovering over Constantinople, and we often heard of an "accident," as the timid people there call a case of that terrible disease. But it never burst out in its fury while I was there; five persons, including the doctor who attended the family, however, all died of the plague within three or four doors of our house; we kept quarantine for a week after, not going outside the street door, nor receiving visitors, and passing everything that was brought to us through water, or fumigating vapour. The morning these poor plague patients were buried, we saw a man walking down the street, and heard him repeating something in a monotonous tone. He was warning us, we were told, that the coffins were approaching, and calling on us to shut our doors or windows for fear of infection. It was a very curious circumstance, that the fire of Pera stopped when it reached the walls of the plague hospital. But plague, or, as the Periotes call it, "la peste," was not the only disease that visited us. The cholera was brought from Odessa, but, comparatively speaking, passed very slightly through Constantinople. Fire, hail-storm, plague, cholera—we were most mercifully preserved through all these dangers.

M. I should not like to go to Constantinople if I were to meet with so many horrors, although you tell me the climate and the scenery are so very beautiful. Why, sister, you met with more adventures at Constantinople than during the rest of your travels. Can you recollect any other particulars to tell me about Istamboul?

E. I will glance over a few of the curious customs of the Orientals, and so finish the tale of my residence in the East. The Turks do not make butter, but import it in skins from Russia. The Scythians, I must tell you, were famed, from the earliest ages, for making butter. However, the skins of Russian butter have not an inviting look, and emit a most disagreeable, rancid smell. This does not matter for the Turks, as they do not eat bread and butter as we do, they only use it in their pilaff, and other made dishes. Water, also, is sold by the skinfull. I believe that you know that skins are the wine-bottles of the East. This explains our Saviour's parable, when he said, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles, else the new wine will burst the bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish;" meaning, not to put it in old *skins*, else they would crack and spill the liquor.

M. But what are these skins like? are they made into bags?

E. The lower part of the skin is sewed up, the legs are also fastened, no opening being left but

at the throat, which is tied with a string. The skin, when full, looks like some live animal, without head or tail.

M. I should not much like wine or butter carried in such things.

E. You have often heard me say we got coffee when we visited an Oriental ; now do not imagine this coffee was like our English beverage—not at all ; it was served up in those little cups, of which there are some on the mantlepiece, without milk, without sugar, and the grounds in the bottom of the cup, about a large spoonful of bitter coffee being on the top. You need not make such a wry face, Mary, for I can assure you the bitter strong flavour is very pleasant when you become accustomed to it. The drollest custom I saw in the East is the manner of house-cleaning. A Greek or Periote charwoman—there are poor Greeks and Periotes as well as rich—is hired to clean the house. She first wets and sands a room, then tucks up her gown, and with bare legs and feet commences washing the floor, her scrubbing brushes being two small brooms dexterously fastened to the great toe of each foot; with these she walks about, rubbing the floor the whole time. Pail after pail of water she then throws over it until the apartment is in a sea, and the room underneath is deluged with the water coming through the ceiling ; when she has sopped up this, the room is considered quite

clean, and it certainly looks very nice, but for days it is uninhabitable. The ceilings of the Greek palaces and Turkish houses are not plastered and whitened like ours ; they are boarded, painted, and sometimes beautifully carved.

M. How very elegant that must look !

E. It would if the walls of the room corresponded ; but they are always plainly whitened, never papered, nor even painted " *al fresco*," like the Italian style, which I admire more than any other. The number of windows surprised me ; seven windows, I remember, in one moderately-sized apartment ; thirteen in a large saloon. In the kiosks, or country-houses, along the banks of the Bosphorus, there is always one room commanding a view, having windows on every side of it ; these are sometimes unglazed, for the apartment is only used in the warm summer months ; the Turks smoke their pipes and sip their coffee in this room. There are other kiosks, which are what we should call summer-houses, being only an open room, with a roof, and a divan round it ; a large plane-tree usually overshadows a kiosk of this kind, which looks very picturesque and cool in the summer. And now, Mary, have you any more questions to ask me about Constantinople ?

M. Not that I can remember, sister ; thank you. But you have not told me what great men flourished there

E. Constantinople was built when the arts, sciences, and literature had fearfully degenerated ; in the time of the Lower Empire, as it was called. But I think I recollect one or two persons of note.

Anna Comnena, the daughter of Alexius Comnenus, was born at Constantinople. After her father's death she tried to secure the succession for her husband, but her designs were defeated by his want of ambition and energy. She wrote a history of the life of her father, not considered very correct with regard to truth, though there are detailed in it some remarkable facts. The time of her death is unknown.

Nicephorus Bryennius, the husband of Anna Comnena, was also a learned man. He was born at Orestia, in Macedonia, and was distinguished for some Lives of the Grecian Emperors ; he did not live himself to complete the work, of which he left only four volumes.

There were many men of less note, painters, mathematicians, &c., who flourished in Constantinople under the Emperors, but their names are scarcely known, except to the learned. The empire degenerated ; foreign invaders ravaged the country, and at last Mahomet came and banished all the learned men, who, fleeing to Italy, peopled that country with painters and sculptors. The poets and literary men of the Turks we are but little acquainted with, and even if I were to enu-

merate to you the chief of the famous Eastern authors, you could not be interested in their names, as you probably have never heard of them. In these latter days, the Mavrocordatos and Marousis, princes of the Fanar, have distinguished themselves in the struggle for liberty which Greece has successfully terminated, and it is to be hoped that the Greeks, when they have settled their government, will again shine forth as great men, sculptors, painters, and poets, like those of the olden time,—men whom we still venerate, and works we read with such delight.

CHAPTER XV.

Leave Constantinople—Fog-bank—The Whirlpool—Mother Carey's Chickens—Sicily—The new Volcano—Cape Bon—The English Captains—Cape Marsala.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Mary. WELL, Ellen ; and now you have told me of the principal places you visited at Constantinople, and have related to me all the wonderful things you saw there ; will you kindly give me a short account of your voyage home ?

Ellen. With pleasure. In May, 1832, we engaged our passage on board a merchantman, just arrived from Odessa, laden with corn, and bound for England. We bade adieu to all our friends, took a last look at the many lovely scenes along the Bosphorus, and while the captain was getting his passport, we went to walk once again through Pera, the burying-ground, and down to Galata. We delayed longer than we ought, for when we arrived at the wharf we heard that the vessel had weighed anchor, and had already entered the Straits of the Dardanelles. We hired a caïque to follow her ; and the captain of

another merchantman kindly said, “that the moment he could disembark his water-casks, he would come after us with his strong-boat, as, perhaps, the ship had gone too far for the caïque to be able to reach her.” This was very good of the captain, and we gladly accepted his offer; but as we arrived at the mouth of the harbour, a voice hailed us with “We are waiting for you, Sir.” This was the boat of our departed ship, which had been sent to pick us up; we therefore left our caïque, and in a few moments were alongside of our vessel, and on board, fast sailing away from Istamboul and all its faded glories. I stood on deck as long as there was light to watch the last glimpses of the city, as we left it in the distance behind us, and then retired to my berth, to think of the home I was gladly returning to, and to meditate on the goodness of that God who had preserved me through so many dangers, since I had left it. Next morning we were opposite the town of the Dardanelles. It blew a heavy gale, and we were obliged to anchor close in with the land; when it moderated, the captain went on shore, and bought some live-stock, fowls and lambs. It was so late by the time that we were ready to sail, that the mate thought it advisable not to raise anchor that night. There are two sand-banks at the mouth of the Dardanelles, one extending from the Asiatic shore, the other from the European,

which are considered very dangerous. But the captain overruled the mate, and weighed anchor; we were frightened, and often wished the captain was not so positive; but, thank God! we escaped being shipwrecked, and safely passed the shoals. We sailed through the islands of the Archipelago and the Doro passage, passed Cerigo, and entered the Ionian Sea, without meeting with any adventures, or seeing anything remarkable. We were sailing on with a favourable breeze, at the rate of eight knots an hour, in the clear open sea, when suddenly, on looking ahead, we beheld what appeared to be a long line of coast stretching directly across our course, not more than two or three leagues distant, seeming to present an impenetrable barrier to our further progress. The summits of the hills, the varieties of light and shade pointing out the valleys, the cliffs that overhung the sea, were all marked with a vividness and distinctness that left no doubt on our minds but that the dense mass before us was land; but what land was it, or could it be? was the question. Sicily and Malta were more than 100 leagues distant, so that it could not be the coast of either of these islands. The captain said it was a *fog-bank* we saw; but we could hardly believe him; it looked very portentous and awful; and the idea of piercing such a condensed vapour was quite terrifying. While we were all contem-

plating it, and were now arrived nearly on its confines, it began to disperse, and floated over us like smoke from a volcano, saturating everything with moisture, as it were a heavy dew, giving a sudden chilliness to the air that was very disagreeable and cold. When this vapour or fog-bank had dispersed, the wind rose, and blew a smart gale, which continued all night.

M. You must have been surprised to see the land, as the fog-bank appeared to be, dissolving.

E. Three days after, we were approaching the south coast of the island of Malta. In the evening the wind died away, but again rose violently against us, joined to a very heavy sea. We were now sailing over the spot where St. Paul was, when, on his voyage to Rome, he feared falling on the Syrtis, or the great whirlpool, or quick-sands, as it is called in our translation of the Bible. Look on your map, and tell me where the Syrtis lay, of which the ancient mariners entertained such a dread.

M. The Syrtes are great gulfs in the north of Africa, now called the Gulf of Sidra, placed between the ancient Cyrene and Carthage, now the kingdom of Tripoli.

E. A number of ancient historians, geographers, and poets, have written and described these whirlpools as most terrific objects. Apollonius Rhodius, a very old traveller, thus represents the



SOUTERAYS.



general notions of his day on the horrors of the Syrtis :—

‘Near the fell Syrtis is the vessel borne :—
 There shifting sands the labouring bark embay ;
 Thence never crew pursued the homeward way ;
 A hideous tract the slimy marshes spread ;
 The putrid waves are motionless and dead :
 A treacherous depth of seeming land is seen ,
 Devouring water, clothed in fraudulent green :
 Along the brine, a spume corrupted lies ,
 And pestilential vapours load the skies :
 inhospitable rise the sandy heaps ;
 No bird has dwelling there—nothing that creeps !’

A traveller of later years makes the following observations :—“We did not see submerged plains, or drowned lands, but we distinctly observed how the waves, which are perpetually breaking against the shore, wash and leave the rocks uncovered, which abound on this coast, and which are also strewed with the remains of many wrecks. Horrible swamps, however, seem to extend over a space of about 200 miles; and are so perfectly level, that they are more like a sea than a shore. The wrecks are, without doubt, those of ships which have deviated or been driven from their proper routes, being misled during the night, or thick fogs, which are common here.” The Syrtis, from this description, is no contemptible danger, though navigation has been

brought to such perfection, that now this gulf is passed without any hazard, except there be a high wind, which may drive the vessel out of its course.

M. When reading the account of St. Paul's shipwreck, I shall think of your description of the whirlpool; and no longer wonder at the fears of the captain and his crew. I hope you passed it safely.

E. We did not fall on the quicksands. The breeze moderated, and in the morning we were lying on our course between Sicily and Malta. We saw large shoals of porpoises, but the cook in vain tried to harpoon one. Also flocks of the small birds called "Mother Carey's Chickens." They are like the swallow, but smaller; of a dark brown colour, white bellies, short forked tails, and long pointed wings, but are particularly distinguished by a hook, formed by a sudden bend of the tip of the beak. They were flying about our ship, sometimes resting on the breast of a wave, then diving beneath it, and then skimming along the top of the water. These little birds are distinguished by their familiarity, and love of the haunts of men, in the broad ocean; for whenever they meet a vessel they are sure to follow it. An anecdote of this I will tell you. When the elder Mr. Sadler attempted to cross from Ireland to England in a balloon, he fell into the sea, about

mid-channel. He was immediately surrounded by a number of birds of this class, attracted, as he supposed, by some fragments of provisions he had in the car of the balloon. Though nearly in the dark, out of sight of land, and almost suffocated with the waves, he felt, he told a gentleman afterwards, who related the tale to me, a kind of social comfort in the company of these familiar birds, which surrounded him, and followed him like chickens in a farm-yard.

M. But if they are such dear familiar birds, why are they called "Stormy Petrels?"

E. Their appearance at sea is supposed to foretell a storm; they are seen in the strongest gales, topping the ridges of the wave, and following its undulation close to the surface. For this reason the bird is regarded with great superstition by the sailors; they believe that it lives perpetually on the water, and hatches its eggs under its wings. I need not tell you that this is not the case; but that it breeds, like other water-birds, on rocks in the vicinity of the sea. Its popular name of "Petrel," "the bird of St. Peter," is derived from the circumstance, that, when the water is smooth, by a slight, and almost imperceptible motion of its wings, aided by its partially-webbed feet, it can walk over the water with great apparent ease, as I have already told you. In the Azores, or Western Isles, they are killed

in quantities for their oil. They are so plump, that the natives only draw a candle-wick through their bodies, and it becomes so saturated with fat as to form a light without further trouble.

M. Thank you for so many particulars about "Mother Carey's Chickens;" I have often heard the name, but now I know their history. What land did you next see?

E. The south coast of Sicily. Mary, can you give me any account of the geography of this island?

M. Sicily, anciently called Sicilia, is of a triangular shape. The three principal capes are, on the N.E. Cape Peloro, or Prom. Pelorium; to the S.E. Cape Passaro, Prom. Pachynum; the western cape is that of Marsala, Prom. Lilybæum. The principal modern towns are Messina and Palermo.

E. Our wind had failed us, and we were proceeding very slowly. We saw Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum, famed for its wealth. It seemed a large dark-looking town, situated on a hill; we could distinguish the ruins of a temple, called the "Temple of Concord," on the top of another hill near the city. The appearance that Girgenti presented to us was exactly corresponding to Virgil's description of the ancient city. The coast of Sicily, which we now could plainly see, was high and rocky; a number of towns

were scattered along the shore, interspersed with large plantations of trees. Towards evening we saw the island of Pentellaria, anciently called Corsyra; though at a great distance, I could distinguish it with a telescope, and the captain with his naked eye. Indeed it was so visible that we doubted if it were Pentellaria, but thought, perhaps, it was the new island, which had again appeared.

M. What new island do you mean, Ellen?

E. The volcano. But I will tell you about it. On the 8th of July, 1831, about thirty miles off the S. W. coast of Sicily, there suddenly appeared a volcano, blazing, and throwing up stones and ashes from the bottom of the sea. When the news of this reached England, there was a man-of-war sent out to take possession of it, and to survey it. Before the ship arrived it had ceased burning, but was still smoking. The officers hoisted the English flag on it, taking possession of it for the king of England; and gave it the name of Graham's island. It was then one mile and a half in extent, and 180 feet high. Some other English officers afterwards came from Malta, and gave it the name of Holdam island. But the people of Sciacca, a small town on the coast opposite the volcano, having no idea of suffering the English to retain it, rowed over to it in a boat, tore down the flag, claimed the island in the name of their master,

the King of Naples and Sicily, and called it Ferdinandino. The island, or rather volcano, remained above water nine months; then gradually sunk, and at last entirely disappeared. We were looking out for it, thinking we might discover some trace of it, but we could not, though we must have passed nearly over the place where it had sprung up. During the short time this volcano was above water it obtained no less than *seven* names; I have already mentioned three: Graham, Holdam, and Ferdinandino; in some accounts it was called Corrao, in others Gustavo, the name of the Sicilian brig, the captain of which first saw the smoke. The Germans named it Nerita, and the Italians, Julia, giving for their reason, that Julia was such an harmonious name. An American man-of-war was the first to bring the news to Constantinople; the officers had seen smoke, and occasional flashes of flame, which they at first imagined might have been an eruption of Mount *Ætna* or Stromboli, or perhaps Vesuvius; but on making observations they found it could be none of these volcanoes. When they arrived at Constantinople, they were still conjecturing what the fire could have proceeded from; but when they heard of the new volcano, they immediately said it was that they had seen.

M. That is quite a fairy tale of a new island. A volcano! Is not Sicily a terrible place to live in, situated in the midst of so many hidden fires?

E. It is, on the contrary, the most beautiful island that lies in the Mediterranean,—so fertile, so healthy—quite the gem of that sea. We passed Cape Bon ; we wished very much to land on this promontory, and visit the ruins of once proud Carthage. But we had to leave it behind, and be satisfied with looking at the bold projecting promontory. The following story, which our captain told us, did not increase our anxiety to try the experiment of landing, and exploring this wild country. About two years before we passed, two Yarmouth brigs were becalmed off Cape Bon ; the captains, who were old friends, agreed to go and amuse themselves by shooting on a small island near ; they found very little game, and then they proposed to go on the mainland, hoping for better success. They landed, and left their boat to wait for them at the beach. They both ascended a hill, and were looking about for something to shoot, when suddenly they saw the eminence on which they stood surrounded by Moors, who fired on the boat. The sailors rowed away to get out of reach of the shots, and then the men advanced on the two defenceless captains, who found it worse than useless to make a resistance against so many. The Moors bound them, and carried them into the interior of the country. The boat, after waiting for some hours for the return of the captains, sailed back to the brigs, and, the first

mates taking the command, they proceeded to Ancona, where they told the English consul the misfortune that had happened to the captains. He immediately wrote to the consul at Tunis to make every inquiry, but the tale says that the two Yarmouth captains are still slaves to the Barbary Moors.

M. Oh! but that was an unfortunate shooting party.

E. Next morning, when we came on deck, we found ourselves opposite Marsala, from whence comes the light wine called "Bronti-Madeira," or "Marsala." The contrast between this and the southern coast of Sicily is very striking. The latter, as I before remarked, is rocky and mountainous, the towns situated on the tops of the hills, and these sometimes presenting a perpendicular face to the sea. On the contrary, the coast of Marsala is a flat sandy beach, so low that one would imagine the sea must wash over it, and carry all the houses and vineyards away. We could see, quite plainly, the islands that lie off the shore, appearing like large rocks rising out of the sea. The promontory of Cape St. Vito was visible in the distance. Some miles west of the other islands was that of Maritimo, the largest of the group. We remained becalmed off this cape all day. In the morning, early, there had been a number of boats fishing, but they would

not approach the ship, nor sell us any of what they had caught. They were afraid of the plague, as we had come from the Levant. A fair wind sprung up next day, and gallantly bore us past Cape Marsala and the islands. During the night following there was a terrific storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, an awful sight, I must tell you, when seen at sea. The hurricane drove a number of birds to shelter among the rigging ; the poor little things were so frightened and exhausted that they allowed the sailors to catch them, without being able to make any resistance.

M. Ah ! the pretty birds. But, sister, we must stop for to-day, as I hear our Aunt's voice, talking to Mamma as they come up stairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

Southern Shore of Sardinia—Turtles—Porpoises—English Ship — Spain — Africa — Mount Atlas — Gibraltar — Voyage Home—Arrival in England.

MARY.—ELLEN.

Ellen. Well, Mary, shall we proceed on our voyage?

Mary. Please, sister. Yesterday we lay becalmed off Cape Marsala. I hope you soon got a fair wind?

E. Yes, a propitious gale wafted us past this western point of Sicily, and for two days we sailed on our way very steadily; one night we had such a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, as to drive a number of birds to take refuge in the rigging. The sailors caught two, a sparrow-hawk, and a horned owl; we wished very much to have been able to keep the latter alive, and bring it to England; but though the carpenter made a wooden cage for it, and we regularly fed it, it pined and died at the end of a week. “After a storm comes a calm,” so says the proverb; but I say, “after a fair wind comes a calm,” for three mornings passed, and when I came on deck, we were lying, a log on the water, off the southern coast of Sardinia. We

could distinguish two headlands, Capes Carponara and Spartivento. Where are they situated ?

M. Cape Carponara forms the eastern, and Cape Spartivento the western point of the great Gulf of Cagliara, anciently called the Sinus Caralitanus, at the head of which is situated the city of Cagliara, the capital of Sardinia. Cape Spartivento is the most southern point of Sardinia.

E. Towards the evening, as we were watching the wind, if I may so express myself, we observed something lying on the top of the water. The captain told us it was a turtle asleep, basking in the sun, and he proposed that we should go and catch it. The boat was launched, and we rowed slowly and noiselessly to it, for fear of awakening it ; when we had reached it, the captain put out his hands and laid hold of one of its hinder feet, or rather, more properly speaking, fins ; and grasping it firmly, he safely lifted it into the boat, notwithstanding all the struggles it made for its liberty.

M. What sort of a fish is a turtle ? is it not like a tortoise ?

E. Goldsmith classes them both in the same genus : calling one the land, and the other the sea tortoise. The turtle's back is covered with a hard shell, which defends the creature from harm like a shield ; this shell is sometimes very large, and is used for making ornaments, &c., as well as the

tortoise-shell. But the legs and feet of the land-tortoise are the fins or paddles of the turtle. The turtle that we caught was rather large, it was three feet in circumference. It being the first live one I had ever seen, I was much interested about it. It had a dark brown back, or shell, and a yellow belly, and its mouth was like the beak of a bird ; this bill was so strong, that when the turtle, in its anger, caught a stout cable in its mouth, a sailor raised the fish near three feet off the deck, ere he could make it let go the rope ; and it is said that the head of the turtle has been cut off, and yet no person could open its beak. The rest of the body is covered with a very hard and scaly skin, the only naked and tender spot being the neck between the shell and head. It has no brains, or rather, the brains are scattered over its whole frame. The interior of the stomach is coated with long sharp points turning inwards ; our fish had some sand-eels entangled amongst these points. The heart is shaped like a triangle, the cavities inside of which communicate one with another : by this means the turtle breathes under water. The breast is considered the most delicate part of this fish ; it is not bone, but a cartilaginous substance, which, when boiled, becomes quite soft and transparent.

M. What a wonderful and curious fish !

E. But I have not told you all its peculiarities

yet. The cook apparently killed our turtle about eight o'clock in the evening, and it was still alive at ten o'clock the next morning. Sailors say that if you do not cut its throat until after sunset, it will live till sunset next evening ; this turtle certainly was alive after sunrise. I will tell you a remarkable anecdote connected with the natural history of the sea tortoise. There is a little bird called the gannet, which is the great friend of the turtle ; it rests on its back and watches the fish while it sleeps. When the gannet sees danger approaching, it warns the turtle by pecking at the tender part of its neck ; this awakens the fish, which, looking about, sees what has alarmed its friend, and then pops under the water out of harm's way. I have often noticed the gannet on the back of the turtle, and once observed the extreme distress of the poor bird, when it could not succeed in rousing the fish, which was asleep on the top of the water ; the gannet returned to it two or three times, and screamed and flapped its wings, and did not cease hovering over the turtle, until it saw our captain actually catch the stupid fish and lift it into the boat.

M. What a kind friend ! but is there not a little crab which performs a similar office for—I forget what fish ?

E. The little kindly crab lives in the shell with the pinna, a species of muscle found in the Medi-

terranean ; and when it sees a great cuttle-fish approaching, the little crab warns the blind pinna, which instantly shuts its shell and thus remains quite safe from the attack of its enemy. I have seen both this crab and the pinna. We also saw several fishes which I did not think were ever found in the Mediterranean ; a grampus, a large fish between a porpoise and a whale, rose beside the ship, and when his huge back appeared above the waves he looked as large as a leviathan : he continued rolling and gamboling about the stern, and we were preparing a harpoon to strike him, but he cunningly did not come near enough. The sharks, which were very numerous, were distinguished by their fins bristling out of the water as they swam alongside ; we baited a large hook with a piece of meat to try and take some, but the sharks of the Mediterranean are not as ravenous as those of the Atlantic, on the coasts of Africa and America ; they seldom injure a man in the water, and would not take our bait. It is said that the hue of the shark's skin, when wounded and dying, varies like that of a dolphin to a number of beautiful colours ; you know that it is of its skin the pretty shagreen, with which cases are covered, is made. Porpoises seem to be *the* fish of the Mediterranean ; shoals of them came swimming about our ship every day, but the cook, though he would sit at the bow with his

harpoon in his hand, was never able to kill one. The dancing porpoises were very amusing ; I think they knew something of your favourite noisy play of "follow the leader," for they all followed one another in a line nearly half a mile long, sometimes jumping out of the water, splashing and making a great foam. When we first observed them, they looked like a reef of black rocks, with the surge beating on it ; and this appearance, I was told, often has deceived and alarmed ships.

M. The fishes and birds must have been quite an amusement to you, watching them swimming and flying.

E. Yes, indeed : a few days after, when we were still lying becalmed, we saw something pleasanter to look at than a shoal of porpoises. An English ship approached us and dropped astern of us. It was nearly three weeks since we had seen or spoken to any person but our ship's crew, and it was truly an unexpected pleasure to meet with an English ship. She was a Yarmouth brig, coming from Cardiff, laden with iron ; and her captain was an old friend and fellow townsman of ours. She was twenty days from England and twelve from Gibraltar, a long time, considering we were so near the Straits ; but the vessel had encountered without intermission contrary winds.

M. And surely those winds were favourable to you ?

E. You remember I told you we had only light breezes and calms. The stranger remained with us about an hour, when we separated, to continue on our respective courses ; and again we were left to watch the sea and sky, and look out for turtles and a fair wind. Two days afterwards we saw in the morning the coast of Spain ; it was Cape Palos we had discovered—where is it situated ?

M. It is the south-eastern point of Spain, in the province of Murcia, and was anciently called Scombraria Promontorium.

E. Cape Palos forms a bold rocky headland, jutting into the sea, having a number of small rocky islands scattered about it ; these little barren spots are called “Las Formigas,” or “the Ants,” which they resembled. We could distinctly trace the eastern coast of Spain for many miles ; the two points which form the great bay of Alicant were plainly visible. The preceding night the land breeze, which in calm weather always blows off the shore from sunset to sunrise, had been quite fragrant with the odour of flowers and sweet-smelling plants ; it was so pleasant to stand on the deck and inhale the delightful scent that was borne on the breeze. It was a beautiful confirmation of what our great poet Milton says of the fragrant winds coming from the coast of Arabia, when he is describing the odoriferous

gales wafted from Eden. He compares them thus:—

—As when, to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest; with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

M. What a lovely idea! I almost fancy I can inhale the spicy aromatic scent.

E. And you may well imagine it as we sit at this open window, so many odoriferous flowers blooming before us. For the next week we experienced contrary winds, followed by dead calms. One day we would see Africa, the outline of its coast, and next day we would be trying to double Cape Palos. One night, the land breeze blew a little in our favour, and we were standing on the deck enjoying the scene, the full moon shedding her soft light on the shore, when suddenly the wind veered round, directly against us; we were what the sailors call “taken aback;” the sails were obliged to be taken in, it blew such a squall for about fifteen minutes; it then subsided, and the breeze returned to its former position.

M. A gale like that was dangerous, I should think?

E. Sometimes very much so, and it does great

damage; happily, the squall did not harm us.—Next morning we were in close with the land; dark gray rocks rising one above another were to be seen all along the coast, leaving a narrow strip of shore, on which were some patches of Indian corn. In one place we observed a large round tower built of stone, the top pierced for cannon. The barren crags were crowned at intervals with small watch-towers; from Cape Palos to Cape de Gata the coast presented to us the same barren appearance; the only inhabited place we saw was a small village at Cape Head; close in with the shore were a number of Spanish boats, carrying wine and corn, and we reckoned no less than nine merchant vessels watching like ourselves for a favourable breeze.

M. Oh! then you had company? and you know, Ellen, it makes us think less of our own sorrow when we have companions in trouble—at least, so people say.

E. Indeed I believe your remark truly applied to us. At the end of six days, however, we succeeded in reaching Cape de Gata, about fifty miles from Cape Palos; we had coasted that distance without seeing a single house or a spot of vegetation. Cape de Gata is like Cape Palos, a bold rocky promontory jutting into the sea, one mountain rising above another. A few stunted orange trees we observed growing out of a sheltered nook

of a barren crag. But, Mary, in what province is "Capo del' Gata" or the "Cat's-head" situated?

M. In the province of Granada, and it was anciently called Charidenum Promontorium.

E. Will you now tell me, as we have another calm, what are the southern provinces of Spain?

M. Andalusia to the south-west, Granada to the south, and Murcia to the south-east. Murcia formed part of the ancient Tarraconensis, one of the three, and the largest, of the divisions of Hispania. Andalusia and Granada, joined, made the ancient province of Baetica.

E. Three days after we had passed Cape de Gata, we saw the little island of Alboran, situated nearly midway between Spain and Africa. We were very near the African coast, which is not unlike the opposite shore of Spain; high perpendicular rocks quite barren, not a tree, nor a single blade of green grass, to refresh the wearied sight. On a rock higher than the rest, and projecting into the sea, we observed a town and a fort. Both of them looked very strong and impregnable, having steep precipices towards the water, and overhung by lofty cliffs on the land side. This fortress, which is nearly opposite Malaga on the Spanish coast, is possessed by the Spaniards, who call it "Penon di Albuzema," or the "Citadel of the Rock;" it commands the Moorish town of Albuzema. It appeared to me a dark and inaccessible

spot, fit place for a corsair gang to hide their plunder. In the interior, and towering over the high cliffs on the coast, were seen the tops of very lofty mountains, still covered with snow in several places: it was to me an extraordinary sight in mid-summer, to be looking at snow in the torrid regions of Africa. I should think it was a distant ridge or branch of Mount Atlas we saw. Now do you tell me what name distinguishes the part of Africa we were coasting?

M. The kingdom of Fez, the ancient Mauritania. Does not Mount Atlas form a line of separation between the kingdoms of Morocco and Fez and the great Desert of Sahara?

E. The mountains are the boundary line. You know, in former times, Atlas was king of Mauritania, and owned the beautiful gardens in which grew the golden apples that were guarded by his daughters, the Hesperides, and by a fierce dragon. Perseus turned the king into a mountain by showing him Medusa's head, as a punishment for his refusing to extend to him the right of hospitality, when he was returning from the conquest of the Gorgons. You remember, I suppose, that it was one of the labours of Hercules to steal the golden apples of the Hesperides. We lay for some time becalmed about nine miles off the high barren rocky coast of Fez, with the current drifting on the shore; we were in great terror, for, if

we had unhappily been carried near these perpendicular cliffs, the ship would inevitably have been dashed to pieces without the slightest chance of our being able to save our lives ; and if the Moors had, in compassion, rescued us by sending out a boat, or by lowering a rope to us from one of the small gloomy forts that guard that coast, they would have most probably made slaves of us and carried us into the interior, and we never more would have been heard of. Fortunately, however, in the night a breeze sprung up, and though directly against us, we were able to stand out to sea, and tack to the Spanish coast.

M. Dear Ellen, what a perilous situation you were in ; how glad you must have been again to feel the wind, although it was contrary.

E. “A fair wind!”—“an easterly wind!” were the pleasant cries that awoke me next morning ; and now, after eighteen days of alternate calms and contrary winds, we were at last proceeding on our course with all our studding-sails set. We saw in the distance the town of Malaga. It was quite a delightful sight to look at, the grounds around the bay highly cultivated, and the hills rising behind the town, spotted with country-houses, and covered with fields and gardens. And now we had arrived at our long wished-for goal. The “Rock of Gibraltar” lay before us. But, Mary, ere we proceed further

you have to tell me something of this wonderful place.

M. Gibraltar is the most southern promontory of Spain, and is situated in the province of Andalusia. It was anciently called Calpe, and the opposite point of Africa, Abyla, now Ceuta point; these two capes form the narrow strait of Gibraltar, the entrance into the Mediterranean.

E. Very right, indeed! Calpe and Abyla were called the "Pillars of Hercules," who, among his other wonderful exploits, laid hold of a rock in each hand and rent them asunder, and thus permitted the Atlantic Ocean to rush into the Mediterranean Sea by a rapid current which still continues: the ancients supposed, that before this the two hills had been joined together. Both Gibraltar and Ceuta are very like each other: both are high rocks jutting into the sea, surrounded on three sides by water, and joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus of sandy ground. Gibraltar is acknowledged to be the Pillar of Hercules on the European shore; but geographers and antiquarians dispute whether Ceuta is the African pillar. Some say the Ape's-head is the right point, as it lies nearly opposite Gibraltar, whereas Ceuta, properly so called, is three miles more eastward. But I see that you are more inclined to hear some account of Gi-

braltar and Ceuta, than to listen to the arguments used by the disputants on this important point.

M. Dear sister, surely you attach no importance to such a controversy ; as it is not well known if such a person as Hercules ever existed.

E. Oh ! you incredulous little girl. Calpe, the ancient name of the rock, is a Greek term signifying a *pitcher*. There is a deep cavern in the rock, supposed to resemble a pitcher, and it is thought this gave rise to the name. The cavern is at this day called "St. Michael's cave," and is famed for producing stalactites. Gibraltar is composed of two Arabic words—*Gibel al Tarick*, the "*Rock of Tarick*." When the Saracens first entered Spain, in the year 711, they crossed over at the strait, took Mons Calpe from the natives, and changed the name of the rock to *Tarick*, the name of the Moorish general who led them over. This was afterwards corrupted to Gibraltar. The rock was alternately in possession of the Spaniards and Moors, when it was taken from the former by the combined fleets of the English and Dutch in 1700. By the treaty of Utrecht it was confirmed to the English ; in whose hands it has ever since remained.

M. And now, Ellen, that you have kindly given me the history of Gibraltar, will you tell me what you saw of it ?

E. We were lying becalmed about three miles to the east, when I first saw the "*Rock*." It is

a stupendous white mountain rising out of the sea, joined to the main land, as I before told you, by a narrow isthmus of sandy beach, called the "Neutral ground;" for on it, even in time of war, both English and Spanish can walk without fear of molestation from either party. The side of the Rock looking down on this narrow strip of land is all excavated, and port-holes made for cannon. I could distinguish, quite plainly, some of the embrasures. A gentleman who had visited Gibraltar a few years before, and was now with us in the ship, told me that this excavated part was most curious inside; it consists of a number of chambers, each holding a cannon; the vibration and noise which these guns produce when they are all fired off, is quite astounding; the gunners themselves can hardly bear it; it is like thunder shaking the whole rock.

M. It must be awful, indeed.

E. When we approached nearer to the land I had a very fine view; to my right was the Promontory and Isthmus, on which were to be seen houses and trees; opposite was the point of Cabrita, forming the termination of the other side of the great bay of Algesiras or Gibraltar. To my left, on the African shore, we could see Ceuta, which belongs to the Spaniards; and more westward, still in Africa, the high mountain called Ape's-hill. At the foot of the "Rock," in a nook seemingly inaccessible, under the high steep cliffs,





GIBRALTAR.

we observed a small town and bay, called Cata-ban ; it bore a neat appearance, but looked very solitary, and in summer must be very hot ; situated, as it is, on the beach. The highest point of the ridge is crowned by a ruined tower, which had been erected for an observatory, but two days after it was built it was shattered by lightning. It is now called the "Ragged Staff." As we slowly rounded "Europa point," the most southern point of the promontory, I could easily understand why Gibraltar had been compared to a lion. It appeared exactly like a huge lion crouching, ready to spring on its prey. We entered the great bay, and there a new scene presented itself : the town, its houses sheltered by the green foliage of innumerable large trees, lay on our right, covering the face of the rock ; on the opposite side was the Spanish town of Algesiras, built by the Moors ; on a hill at the head of the bay was the little village of San Roque, and, lying between it and Gibraltar, I was told were the ruins of the very ancient town of Carteia, supposed to have been built by the Phœnicians.

M. Why, these Phœnicians were most enterprising mariners ; they erected the Giants' Tower at Goza, and the town of Carteia at Gibraltar, at least, I mean, on the shores of the bay.

E. They were the most adventurous men of ancient times. I must tell you a curious fact,

that the Rock of Gibraltar is the only spot in all Europe, where there are monkeys living in their wild state. They feed on a species of small palm, which grows in great abundance amongst the interstices of the stones, on the summit of the hill ; they eat the root, and a gentleman who had been on the top, in the very centre, I may say, of their abode, had seen quantities of this palmetto torn up, the roots either entirely gone, or partly eaten, and the leaves scattered about. This work, he was told, had been done by the monkeys, but he saw none of the little animals themselves. In order to preserve the race, and keep it from becoming extinct in Europe, there is a strict prohibition against molesting or destroying these miniature men.

M. How I should like to sit on the top of the Rock and watch them playing about. There is not an animal in the Zoological gardens I am so delighted with, as one of the gambling monkeys.

E. When we entered the harbour we hoisted the yellow flag, to show that we had come from the East, and were considered in quarantine. The health officers came out to us ; and having heard the captain report the state of the plague when he had left Constantinople, which statement was, by the by, very favourable, he left a boat with a guard to watch us, while we were taking in water and fresh provisions. It was most amusing to

see the men from the town trying to take our casks, and to fill them without touching them, or approaching too near our ship. When we were receiving the full casks on board, the terror of the boatmen was quite ridiculous, for they had to fasten each barrel to a hooked rope, to permit it to be drawn up: how the steersman did keep pushing off the boat with his iron-headed pole, for fear he should come in contact with the ship's side!

M. How droll it must have seemed to you and your ship's company, who were all in perfect health, were you not?

E. Yes, quite well. In the evening we had completed taking in water, vegetables, &c., and delivering letters for Constantinople. I regretted very much our being in quarantine, for otherwise I should have gone on shore, and might have spent the day visiting the wonders of Gibraltar, instead of being only able to see the town, the Almeda or public walk, and the people, from the deck of our vessel. About six o'clock we weighed anchor, and stood out of the harbour, our guard-boat not leaving us until we had quite doubled the mole, and were bearing into the bay of Algesiras. My dear Mary, you know all the rest of my voyage home. We passed Cape Trafalgar, the scene of Nelson's glorious death. This cape on the Spanish coast, and Tangier Rock,

or Cape Spartel on the African, form the western entrance into the Straits of Gibraltar, and are usually the last land seen after a vessel has passed from the Mediterranean. For twenty days contrary winds and calms detained us in the wide Atlantic, completely out of sight of land; certainly we had large fishes to amuse us, and we sometimes saw a distant sail; but these things had ceased to interest us; I was quite satiated with the sea. At last a breeze, a favourable breeze, sprung up; and to our great joy, at the end of that time the white cliffs of Old England gradually burst on our view. A wet and gloomy day was that on which we first saw the English shore; but who could or would heed the weather when they were looking at the long wished-for home. We were a week longer beating up the Channel and River, but at last were fairly anchored in Standgate Creek, where we were to ride our quarantine, and where you, dear sister, came with mamma to visit me; and although you were not permitted to come on board to embrace me, at which prohibition I remember you were very angry, still I had the pleasure of talking to you, and hearing tales and tidings of all the dear, dear friends I had left at home. And now, thanks to God's good providence, I am safe at "Home, sweet home." Let me, ere we end our morning's conversations, give one word of advice to my dear Mary on her

trust in God. During all my perils by land and by sea, I placed my whole reliance on His care and providence; and, blessed be His name, I was never disappointed. Sister mine, whatever may be your future lot in life; whether you travel abroad, or remain in comfort at home, in poverty, in riches, in sickness, in health, in joy, or in sorrow, never fail morning and evening to kneel in prayer to our God, to thank him for his mercies past, and to implore his blessing for the future; and place your whole reliance on Him, who loves us, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground. But do not look so serious, my dear girl; come to the piano, and join me in singing the ninety-first Psalm.

VER. I.

He that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide :
Thus to my soul, of Him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

VER. III.

His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence :
He over thee His wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head ;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

VER. IX.

Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the Highest dost rely:
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

THE END.

INTERESTING AND USEFUL W O R K S

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